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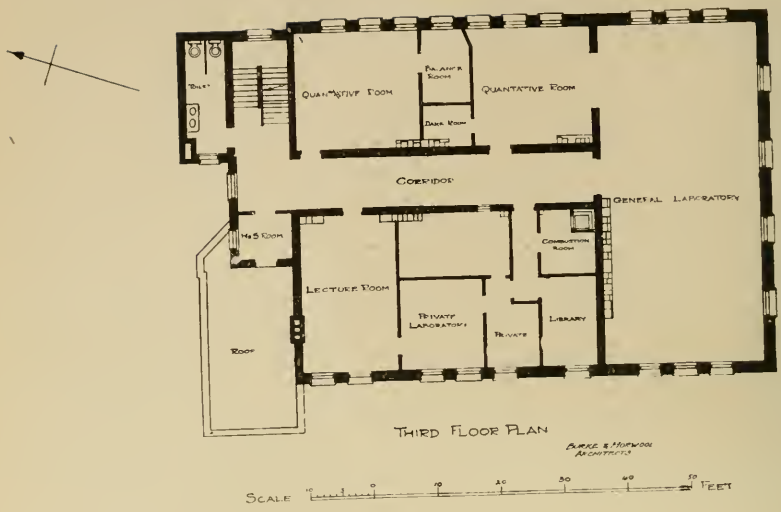
McMASTER SCIENCE BUILDING
BLOOR STREET WEST



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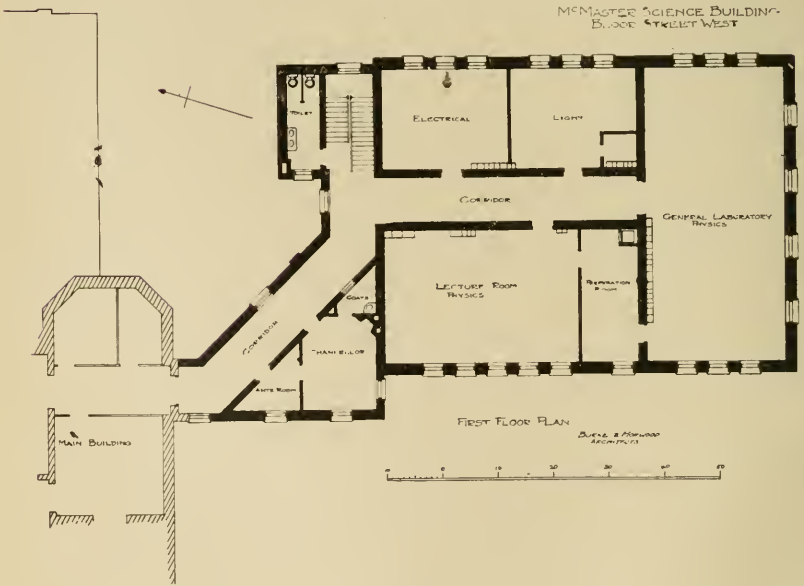

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THE

McMaster University Monthly

OCTOBER, 1907.

THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING AT McMASTER UNIVERSITY.

MR. CHANCELLOR, Members of the Faculty, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have to acknowledge the great assistance given me by the Chancellor in the general scheme of planning of the Science Building, and by Mr. Cohoe in connection with the intricate details involved in the planning of the various fittings and appliances, many of which, I must confess, were "Greek" to me before they were so ably and graphically translated by him.

When land was plentiful and cheap in the eighties, the site of McMaster Hall, then simply a Theological School, was thought none too large for that building, and when a new Chapel became a necessity it was thought that structure was sufficient to add to the occupancy of at least the eastern end of the plot. But, as necessity knows no limits, room had to be found at that end for another structure, and to-day the Science Building occupies all the available land to the southeast of the present buildings.

What burdens and encoachments on the western and southwestern end of the property the Chancellor has in contemplation is another story; but, unless more land is obtained, two more buildings must positively be his limit—his elastic limit.

The new building makes no claims as to style other than that secured by simplicity and directness of construction and fitness for the purpose in view. The stern decree of the Board of Governors left no option. It was to be a plain workshop, or nothing, and plain workshop it is. It is located immediately

in the rear of the Chapel and is reached through the former old library, as well as through the dining room in the basement, by a diagonal corridor or passage, so arranged as to shut off a minimum of light from the main building. Automatic fire doors are arranged to cut off communication between the old and new buildings, if such a remote contingency as a fire should occur.

The Chancellor's office opens off this corridor and is located in an intermediate structure to the north of and lower than the Science Building proper. This building also provides three private rooms or offices for as many professors.

The building proper is three stories and basement in height and 58 feet by 76 feet in extreme dimensions. The basement, owing to the sloping nature of the ground, is entirely above the surface, while a sub-basement is well out of the ground on the east side. All the rooms are lofty and well lighted, having almost a surplus of window openings.

The new city by-laws imposed fire resisting construction for a building of the height required, while the nature of the operations to be carried on made such construction equally desirable. Prices have risen so considerably since the contracts were let that a similar building with inflammable wood floors and roof would cost more to-day than this building, into the structural parts of which, other than for doors and windows, practically no wood has entered.

The walls, both external and internal, are of heavy brick, the partitions of metal lath and cement plaster, and the floors and roof of steel protected by concrete. The stairs are also of concrete, and the railings of metal. There is nothing in the building to burn except the fittings and furniture.

The building is heated by steam on the direct system, with radiators in each department. Provision is also made for the introduction at a later date of an auxiliary indirect system by which warmed fresh air will be driven into the various rooms by an electrically operated fan. Ducts for the conveyance of this fresh air and for the removal of the foul air are already installed, but will be to a large extent inoperative, pending the installation of the fan referred to. Incidentally I may remark that provision for a similar, though smaller, fan was made

several years ago for the ventilation of the class rooms in the Main Building, but it has never been installed. I do not think any greater boon could be conferred on professors and students than provision for adequate ventilation and change of air in the class rooms, and there is no doubt but that better work would be the result. A powerful fan is installed in the roof with exhaust ducts from the various fume cabinets, and other places producing odors not conducive to pleasant sensations.

The sub-basement contains rooms for storage and for the ventilating fan first mentioned. The basement has a professor's room, a storage vault, a large apartment for the museum, a general store room, a workshop (to be fitted with iron and wood lathes and dynamos), and a department of Mineralogy with a lecture room and laboratory.

The first (or ground) floor, on the level of the Chapel, has the Chancellor's office with an ante-room for his secretary or stenographer; a lecture room in Physics, accommodating 100 students, with a preparation room adjoining; a general Physical Laboratory, and Optical and Electrical Laboratories.

The second floor has three professor's rooms; a lecture room for Elementary Chemistry and Biology accommodating 100 students; two preparation rooms; two Biological Laboratories, suitable for microscopic work; a professor's private Biological Laboratory, and a lecture room for advanced classes in Biology.

The third floor has a professor's private room; a professor's private Chemical Laboratory; three store rooms; a large Chemical Laboratory accommodating 80 students; a lecture room for Physical Chemistry; a special laboratory for quantitative work, and a balance room.

Upon the roof, which is flat, is located a small greenhouse with propagating beds, and a water tank for Biological study.

The total cost of the building is in the neighborhood of $53,000. Through its fireproof qualities, the insurance rate should be the minimum, and from its simple and substantial construction it should be in good and serviceable condition when the youngest freshman now present is a hoary-headed Senator.

EDMUND BURKE.

TO AUTUMN.

SONNET.

Fair Autumn, welcome to our land again!
But yesterday we gazed far down the dell
With tearful eyes, and waved a last farewell
To Summer at the turning of the lane.

Fled is her sunshine, fast the year doth wane,
Yet thou hast entered, with thy magic spell
And voice of melody like silver bell,
To ease the heart-ache and assuage the pain.

Sweet Sorceress! thou comest crimson-clad
And girt about in eerie golden glow:
With thy fresh charm the stricken earth is glad
And sings new lullabies in accents low,
The leaves are woo'd to rest, while Nature, sad,
Sinks soft in slumber sweet ere comes the snow.

THOMAS WEARING, '09.

A REMINISCENCE.

IT was six o'clock of a glorious August morning. The mirror surface of Lake Joseph still reflected the rose and gold of the eastern sky. Here and there in the narrow channels between the islands a curtain of fog shut off from view the more distant vistas of lake and island.

The hour was early, but the boy sprang out of bed with alacrity when called. That day was to see the beginning of his first fishing trip into the forest waste lying between Lake Joseph and the Georgian Bay. The boy and his father worked quickly, packing the necessary supplies into a carrying sack—a frying pan, a coffee pail, two tin plates, knives, forks and spoons, small cotton bags of oatmeal, coffee, salt and sugar, a couple of loaves of bread, some matches, a generous sized piece of cheese and a jar of butter. Then the big, gray blankets and a few other articles were rolled into a bundle of a shape convenient for carrying.

Now came a halloo across the water and there was a boat load of three coming to the landing place from the direction of Belle Marie Island. In the boat were two men and a lad. This made up the party—three elders, and two juniors of about eleven years of age.

When the boat landed there was some little rearrangement of baggage, checking off the necessaries, and so on, and then the whole party embarked for a row of several miles to B——.

After almost two hours of rowing the party reached its destination about eight o'clock. The boat was pulled up on the sandy beach and drawn into a clump of bushes to shelter it from the sun. Then each took a long drink of water, the boy shouldered the roll of blankets, his father took the carrying sack, the hunter of the party primed and shouldered his Winchester rifle, the others took up their packs and the long, eight-mile portage to Lake Cah-pee-gog was begun.

The pathway at first lay through a small clearing. It skirted the edge of a hay-field. Then it passed a patch of rather poor

Indian corn. Next it wound in and out among burnt tree stumps at the edge of the clearing where the ground had not yet been tilled, and soon it led into the shadows of the trees. Just here the trees were comparatively small and scattered, but after fifteen minutes of walking the party found themselves in the depths of a great silent forest of beech and maple trees.

There was in this trip through the forest a flavor that, to the boy, smacked of adventure. He knew that before him as far as the rocky shores of the Georgian Bay and for many miles on either side of him, lay the forest, unbroken save by some woodland lake or rapid coursing river. What might it not hide in its depths! Then, too, the trail was old and indistinct. Sixteen years before it had been blazed by lumbermen and roughly opened. But now the trees had almost hidden their scars, moss filled the ruts worn by the "jumper" sleighs, while hazel-bush and stalwart young maples grew in the gaps made by the cutting of a few trees. Indeed, it was on this very trail that two of the elders of the party, with their guide, had been lost. The guide had at last deserted them, and the two had spent a night and a day in the woods.

The party pushed on. Now and then the leaves rustled as a frightened hare scurried away, or the silence was rudely broken as a squirrel scampered up a tree and from a secure height angrily scolded the intruders. Now and then a flash of crimson gleamed as a scarlet tanager, modest beauty of the silent places, flew across the pathway. The boy's roll of blankets grew heavy. He became warm, and the deer-flies annoyed him, but he said nothing. About the middle of the morning Young's Lake was passed. The boy suggested getting a drink, but when it was remarked that the lake was difficult of access he said no more. To have urged it would have seemed to admit weariness. So the march continued.

But at last the noon hour came. The boy was very grateful for its rest and refreshment. A fire was built and a pot of coffee was boiled. Of course, the coffee was black and strong, but what a fine flavor it had! And bread and butter and cheese had never before seemed so satisfying. The boys ate in attentive silence, while the men exchanged yarns. There were stories told

of how Lake Joheph teemed with finest bass in the early days; of twenty-five pound maskilonge caught in Crane Lake; and the hunter told of his chases after bear and deer.

Dinner was over and presently burdens were shouldered once more. As the settlement was left farther behind, the path became more and more difficult to follow. Frequent stops were made, while all scouted for old blazes. Here and there a pine tree, sole survivor of its race, raised its huge bulk, sentinel-like, above the beech and maple. What tales it could tell of the forest primeval! A tree freshly blazed some short distance from the trail attracted attention. Written on the white wood these words were found, "Hang young B——!" Thus, wandering so near the path, but yet lost, the two elders had given vent to their feelings regarding their faithless guide but a fortnight ago.

At one point a beech tree had fallen and its bulky trunk and bushy top now blocked the pathway. Rather than crawl under or climb over the obstruction, one of the elders thought he would walk around it. The rest of the party were suddenly startled by a crashing of boughs and a cry of pain. The elder, hatless and packless, was in full retreat before a swarm of wasps, whose anger he had kindled by an unwitting invasion of their territory. With ill-suppressed mirth his companions looked on while he beat off his assailants. Then with slow and reluctant steps he once more invaded the enemies' domain, recovered his cap and baggage and the company proceeded.

About four o'clock the path rose to the top of a little knoll. A glint of sunlit waters was seen and there lay Cah-pee-gog, a lake soon to become famous as the home of monster bass.

Arrived at the margin of the lake, the hunter uncovered a câche, wherein was hidden a small canvas boat. In a few minutes the party was rowing to the western end of the lake, which was several miles in length. It was a pleasant change to feel the coolness of the lake breezes and to see the brightness of the sunshine after the long march through the silent, sombre greenwood.

Camp was made on the south shore, after rowing about half the length of the lake. At this point, many years before, the lumbermen had established their camp and there still stood a

large log stable at the back of which there was a lean-to wherein the men had slept. This apartment was once more appropriated for its original use.

The boy and his father were left in camp to prepare supper and to get ready for the night. It did not take long to build a fireplace of flat pieces of rock. Then the fire was started. A large pail of water was put on to boil for the coffee, and the frying pan was put on to warm in readiness for the fish which would presently be brought in. Then boughs of fragrant balsam and cedar were cut and piled high in the shanty. The beds were ready for their occupants.

The fishermen had good luck and in less than an hour returned with several fine bass. These were soon done to a turn under the cook's skilful hand and supper was ready.

The hungry party were satisfied at last. Each one washed his tin plate and cup at the shore and laid them on the rocks to dry. And now the sun was setting in a blaze of glory. Its levelled rays lodged like golden arrows in the tree-tops. Little, fleecy clouds, delicately embroidered with gold or tinted with the most beautiful rose hues, floated along the western horizon. A pathway of shining gold led across the rippling waters straight into the west. The sun, like a great ball of fire, fell fast and faster, and with a plunge sank behind the tree-tops.

Almost immediately the air grew chill, and twilight fell upon the land. The trees, silhouetted against the still glowing west, stood black and silent. The shadows of the nearby forest grew dark and forbidding. But great logs were heaped upon the fire, and soon the gloom was dissipated by the warmth and cheery crackling of the flames. The hunter lighted his pipe and once more the elders yarned, while the boys listened in respectful silence.

However, it was not late when all retired for the night to the couch of balsam boughs. It was very pleasant to stretch one's weary limbs at last in so comfortable a resting place. When all were well settled silence came upon the company. The deep breathing of those around him told the boy that all the others were sleeping. He was wide awake. The silence became oppressive, tangible. In the midst of his sleeping companions he felt

a sense of loneliness creep over him. He could hear the rustling of twigs as some timid woodland creature stirred outside the open door of the shanty. From afar off the murmur of a waterfall was borne across the stillness. Somewhere on the lake the cry of a loon, in weird, wailing cadence, rose and fell. This was too lonely and the boy tried to sleep, but sleep would not come. Was it hours he lay there? So it seemed. Suddenly the silence was broken again. There was a hail from the water, "Hoo-hoo-oo"! The boy sat up and listened, and again it came clear and loud, "Hoo-hoo-oo"! Surely somebody needed help. He roused his father and together they listened—"Hoo-hoo-oo"! "It's an owl" said the father and slept again. Somehow the boy's nervousness had gone and he too slept.

There was a lantern light in the shanty when he awoke again. The hunter was hastily examining the priming of his rifle. The other two men were drawing on their shoes and the boys did likewise. They followed the hunter when he went into the old stables in front. There was a porcupine, which, dazzled by the glare of the lantern, made no attempt to escape. He had been gnawing the old mangers for the taste of the salty wood. The noise had roused the ire of the hunter and the porcupine paid the penalty with his life. The boy went back to bed to sleep till the light of the rising sun, streaming in at the open door, awoke him.

The air was chilly and a mist yet skirted the shores of the lake. But a fire was quickly built and a simple but satisfying breakfast of porridge, fish and coffee was prepared and eaten. Then the boy and his father went fishing. The warm sun soon dispelled the mists and chased away the shadows of the night. The boy's cup of joy was full when he presently landed a monster bass, whose weight was five and one-half pounds.

But this was in the good old days. To tell of the return journey and how a bear's tracks were seen, of how the great bass have disappeared from Lake Cah-pee-gog with the advent of the insatiable American fisherman, and of how the railroads have pierced that forest wilderness, all this is another story.

N. S. McKechnie.

STIRLING AND ITS ENVIRONS.

LYING some miles up River Forth, from where it widens out into the Firth, is the old historic town of Stirling. Situated on the main highway leading northward into the mountainous and rugged grandeur of the Scottish Highlands, and with its castle battlements flaming in the setting sun, Stirling seems to keep its eternal vigil by the "Gates of the North."

Around this old town of "Striveling," as it was at one time written, every spot is reminiscent of the living past. It was one of the four original royal boroughs of Scotland, and still keeps the heavy gold ring given it by David II., bearing the inscription, "This for the Deine of Geild of Stirling." In the Smith Institute can be seen the "Jug," the ancient standard pint measure of Scotland, found in 1745 amongst the rubbish in a tinsmith's garret. The natives can point you also to the site where the ancient mint stood, when copper from the native hills was coined. It was from this fact that the name "Sterling," as applied to English money, was derived.

In front of the "Town House," in Broad Street, there is an upright post marking the place of the old market cross, to which in 1569 four priests of Dunblane were chained for saying mass. Less than a century later, it was the scene of the Royal Proclamation for the use of the Liturgy, which was one of the first steps in a policy that cost Charles I. his life.

Lining one side of this street are the old stone houses in which "Prince Charlie" quartered his Highlandmen after the retreat from Derby and preceding the battle of Culloden, in which the Stewarts' cause received its death blow.

The main interest of Stirling, however, centres round its old castle. This is built upon the summit of a mighty rock which towers many hundreds of feet in the air, and which rises perpendicularly on all sides but one; that side has been graded to its present level as a means of entrance. This grade has been

broadened out to make a parade ground for the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders, who are quartered in the castle. On the parade stands a statue of "Robert the Bruce," facing Abbey Craig; another towering rock about a mile distant, on which is built a monument in the form of a large tower to the memory of Wallace, the Scottish patriot.

As you enter the castle by the drawbridge you are faced by two large, iron-studded doors leading into the courtyard, across which another door leads into the "Douglas Room," filled with the curios of a past day—one thing of note being the pulpit of John Knox. It is made of oak and is barrel-shaped, about four feet across and three deep, into which the great preacher entered by a door at the side.

From the battlements of the castle a magnificent view is obtained of the country around. Westward the windings of the Forth are seen in their beauty, the river traveling twenty-seven miles to reach a point seven miles distant. Some people with lively imaginations claim to be able to decipher the name Stirling from the windings.

At one of the windings, near the old Abbey of Cambuskenneth, the battle of Stirling Bridge was fought. One half of the English army had crossed the river, when a wooden pin which kept the bridge in place was knocked out, and the bridge fell, leaving the English army divided, and defeat resulted. As a result of the part that was played by the man who drew the pin, he was ever afterward known as "Wooden" (Wilson) and the name became a family heritage.

Turning our eyes northward, we see the old cathedral city of Dunblane, and just above, Sheriffmuir, where the battle was fought that ended the Jacobite rebellion of 1715. A few miles north is the village of Braco, near which lies one of the best preserved Roman camps in Britain.

Running northward out of Stirling is the road which leads through a country of hills and valleys and lakes made famous by Scott's "Lady of the Lake." The hills rise, height above height, from the edge of the peaceful lakes, with their "viewless waves," first in stretches of verdant pasture land and gradually merging into the rugged and snowbound grandeur of the summit,

which once echoed, and re-echoed, and "loved to prolong" the gentle voice of the "Lady of the Lake."

Just at the base of the battlements of this old castle is the "Mote-hill," on which there is still seen the beheading-stone where many a political intrigue has ended in death. In the days of James IV. the castle was the scene of a curious incident. An Italian named John Daiman having made the King believe he could turn baser metals into gold, was made court physician and alchemist. He was not very successful in his efforts, however, and finding it necessary to do something to retain his place, gave out that on a certain day he would fly from the walls of the castle to France. On the day in question he stood upon the walls with a great pair of wings attached to his shoulders, and amid an assembled and believing multitude he set sail, and was fortunate enough to be picked up with nothing worse than a broken thigh bone.

Here also James VI. was whipped and taught by George Buchanan, who once finding his royal pupil killing a tame sparrow, boxed his ears and called him "A true bird of a bloody nest."

Nestling at the foot of the rock, sheltered from the north winds, is the quiet spot where the bones of many an illustrious one repose. Here lie the bones of that great and noble man, Henry Drummond, resting in the shadow of that castle rock, while his spirit reposes in the shadow of the Living Rock. Not only is there many a holy text strewn around, to teach the city moralist to die, but also many illustrious names which teach mankind to live. Here also, in a shady corner, is a marble statue to the memory of the Solway martyrs, who "Tho' dead yet speak."

Leaving Stirling by a south-going road and continuing for about three miles, we come to Bannockburn. The field where the decisive battle was fought, which won Scotland independence, in 1314, lies about a mile south of the village. On the top of the hill, overlooking the battle-ground, is the "Borestane," a large stone on which the Scottish standard was placed, and from which Bruce viewed and directed the efforts of his brave followers. It must have been a scene of fearful interest he looked

upon. Watching his little host swaying first hither, then thither, now backward, now forward, well he knew the destiny of his country was at stake. Crash followed crash; horses, bleeding and riderless, fled through the ranks; the groans of the wounded and dying swelled the din of battle. At last there was a pause in the English ranks, and at the same time the Scottish camp-followers appeared over the hill. This decided the day; the English turned and fled; Scotland was free. Many times since, from the top of this Borestane, have the glories of patriotism been held forth to the assembled crowds. No farther back than the coronation of the present King, a mass meeting was held to protest against what seemed to those present the insult to Scotland, in crowning Edward as "Seventh" instead of "First" of Great Britain.

Continuing south another three miles, we come to the old ruined castle of Torwood, the mustering place for Bruce's army before Bannockburn. Its great massive walls, three or four feet thick, now stand gaunt and grim, the nesting place of bats and owls. As you move silently, and almost reverently, through those eerie, deserted chambers, there loom up before the mind "The forms of ages past away." This old castle is connected with Stirling Castle by an underground passageway, some six miles long, which was a means of communication and escape in troublous times, but is now disused. A story is current to the effect that a certain man for a wager determined to go through; he entered playing the bagpipes, and with a dog as his companion; the dog came back bleeding and torn, but the man never reappeared. It is supposed that rats which infested the tunnel caused his death.

About a mile farther up the ridge of high land on which the castle is built, is a cave called "Tappoch," used by the Covenanters as a place of refuge from religious persecutions. It is excavated in the hill, about twelve feet deep and twenty across. In its original state it was covered over with earth, and was grass-grown, so that it could not be distinguished from the surroundings. Four or five secret passages through the ground were the only means of entrance. Nearby stands the hawthorn tree under which Thomas Cargil, a Covenanting leader, read the excommunication sentence of Charles I.

Just above this point, there is a ledge of smooth rocks with a surface of wave-like formation, which, we are told, is an evidence that they were at one time washed by the sea, which is now eight miles distant and many hundreds of feet lower. Half a mile distant stands the hollow tree in which Wallace was hiding when he was betrayed by Monteith into the hands of the English, who, after a mock trial, beheaded and quartered him, and hung the parts of his body in prominent places in London.

Near this old tree is a large moor, or "muir," where three great annual cattle markets were held. They were known by the name of "The Falkirk Trysts," and were so called because this was the trysting place of the Highland and Lowland cattle dealers before the days of railway facilities. Those Trysts, which were at one time of very great importance, thousands of cattle, horses and sheep being brought here from all parts of the country, have of late years, owing to the rise of local auction markets, almost died away. These are the Trysts mentioned by Scott in his story of "The Two Drovers."

It was here, and in the surrounding neighborhood, that the battle of Falkirk was fought between Edward I. and Wallace. Grim reminders of that battle are discovered from time to time, as the bones of some soldier who fell that day are unearthed in the sand-pit now being worked there.

These are a few of the many interesting historical places which make a day spent in and around the old city of Stirling one of pleasure and profit.

Archibald Ward, Theol., '09.

A GLIMPSE OF AULD REEKIE.

WHATEVER beauties Edinburgh may hold for the expectant traveller, the first sight is not especially conducive to any feelings of admiration. After the train from Glasgow has run for a few moments through the grimy brick-lined ravine that invariably marks the path of a railway through a British city, it glides smoothly into the spacious murk and ringing clamor of the Caledonian railway station. As we cross the concrete platforms and gaze at the distant stone walls, unornamented except for the usual covering of tin placards announcing the merits of Pear's soap, Bovril and Dewar's whisky, we somehow feel that the Heart of Midlothian will prove to be just like Glasgow, or Liverpool, or Manchester—a huge hive of human activity, grim, solid, robed in an atmosphere of mingled smoke and fog. We resign ourselves to the disappointment of finding all the romance and charm in some museum around which flows the restless pulse of a modern city's life.

Edinburgh is not slow in showing us our mistake. As we emerge into the subdued light of a cloudy afternoon, we cross the street to the opposite sidewalk, walk to the low stone coping and are awakened!

Princes Street, on the right side of which we stand, stretches away before us to the east. Parallel with it, and unfolding itself at our very feet, is a deep green valley, and beyond, just opposite, rises in grandeur the majestic ridge of dark gray rock which is crowned by Edinburgh Castle—lofty, forbidding, yet inexpressibly beautiful in its ivy-covered walls, its wealth of turret and tower and bastion, all dark gray against the cloudy sky. The scarred face of the rock is steep here, and the deep green of tree and ivy stand out beautifully from the rough stone. The ridge slopes lower further on, like the reclining figure of some great lion whose upraised head gazes westward past us on the right. Between the ridge and

Princes Street stretches the green valley, sweeping around the foot of Castle Rock in front and out of sight behind. Eastward, where the ridge is lower and covered with houses, the valley is crossed by stone bridges, here it is dotted with great buildings—the University, the Museum, St. Cuthbert's Church, all granite-gray on the emerald sward. The broad, soul-satisfying vista is closed eastward by the height of Calton Hill, crowned by the observatory and the monument of Scotland's shame—an unfinished though mighty memorial to the heroes who fell in the Crimean War. Beyond the castle, away to our right, the modern residential section of the city stretches to the foot of Blackford's Hill. On our left, the row of magnificent stone edifices on the north side of the street closes the view. But twilight is settling down and the lights shine out into the soft summer evening, and we reluctantly turn to the prosaic necessity of hunting out a suitable lodging place.

We must not think because the Queen City of the North is so much a unity about its dominating castle that in getting the general view we have seen all. In the streets north of Princes, in the sweep of city to westward and southward, in the crowded banks of gray-stone buildings which throng the eastward slope of Castle Rock, there is many a sight well worth seeing. The brow of the slope along Princes Street has been converted into the famed Gardens, a splendid sight on a sunny morning. Here, and in many of the public squares, stand monuments to many a famous Scot, and these, with the natural dignity of the buildings, which all seem to have been constructed with as much regard to beauty as utility, give the city a charm which is characteristic. Then there are the places of historical interest, first the Castle itself, with its wealth of historical associations, its dungeons, battlements, and collection of relics from every period of Scotland's somewhat eventful history. The parade ground presents a diversion in the shape of an open-air concert by the pipers of the regiment quartered here. Personally, there is no sound the writer knows more melancholy than the dismal squeal of a single bagpipe as played by some misguided enthusiast on an Ontario board sidewalk—and none more inspiring than the skirl of a dozen

full-toned warpipes as played, to the thunder of the drums, by the 42nd Royal Highlanders at Castle Barracks. Especially when the "Black Watch" is in motion, and the dark blue kilts are swinging all in unison with the tramp of a thousand men, do we feel the force and inspiration of this wild mountain music.

But time fails to tell of the great churches—St. Giles', where the outraged covenanter hurled her stool at the Southron preacher; St. Cuthbert's, Free St. George's, and others of equal fame; of Holyrood, of Calton Hill, of the University, of the little red outline in the street which marks the site of the Heart of Midlothian; of the houses, each with gray-stone front, green hedge, and iron railing; of the thousand attractions of this most beautiful of all cities. But through all its diversity there is unity, and you feel that the castle is, as has been said, the crown of a great couchant lion of monumental rock, around whose front and sides sweeps this great city.

But the beauty of this "Empress City" has not been seen in all its fulness until it has been seen from Blackford's Hill, to the south. This is the scene Scott describes in "Marmion"; and a sunset over Edinburgh seen from this vantage point is wonderful indeed. Far away to the north the purple highlands have caught the sunbeams. Just beyond the city the great Firth of Forth stretches away eastward to the sea, while its islands ride its surface "like emeralds chased in gold." From the foot of the hill the city stretches where once the Scottish army was encamped, but in the distance is the eminence

> "Where the great castle holds its state,
> And all the steep slope down,
> Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky
> Piled deep and massy, close and high,
> Mine own romantic town!"

The fog comes stealing in from the Firth. Softly it flows over the houses and lawns and valley, blotting out all that wonderful harmony of green and gray, till the rock, the castle, the crowded buildings of the old city seem floating on a billowy sea of pearl. Then the setting sun looks forth—and it seems

easy to be a poet in Scotland. There reigns the Queen of the North on her granite throne, the mists touched by the level rays into a sea of molten gold. The Firth, the far blue hills, all flash into color as they must have glowed when Scott himself saw them. So this proud city must have looked to her foes in the troubled days of Scotland's history—stern, terrible, magnificent in her strength and beauty; rising black against her background of far blue highlands. The multitudinous roar of the city seems hushed, its form blotted out, and we seem to stand in far centuries as we gaze at the great castle over the pearl-gray evening mists.

We watch with bared head till the splendor has faded to twilight, and the twilight to darkness. Then we return through the broad, well-kept streets with a new grandeur and awe in our hearts and our souls richer for acquaintance with one of the influences that have done much to mould the Scottish character—a nature so deep, so tender, so susceptible to the grandeur and melancholy of the scenery of its native land.

J. B. McL.

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Editorial Notes.

AS all our readers are probably aware, McMaster University begins the work of the coming year under the most favorable circumstances. In attendance, in equipment, in the teaching staff, the impetus of the forward movement has made itself felt. Humanly speaking, there is nothing to prevent the school from having the most prosperous year in its history. Of our new professors, Rev. J. L. Gilmour, who takes the chair of Practical Theology, needs no introduction. The place he has made for himself in the denomination tells his worth more eloquently than many words. Prof. J. B. Tingle, the new Professor of Chemistry, was the almost unanimous recommendation of his profession on this continent to the position he now fills. It is certain that these men, by their character and scholarship, will prove themselves worthy members of the McMaster faculty.

It is rendered all the more necessary by all this prosperity that we keep our eyes on "the main chance." We must not forget that what has carried us to victory in times past

was not numbers, but our spirit of unity; not equipment, but loyalty to Alma Mater and her highest ideals. While congratulating ourselves on our material development, let us see to it that we do not lose the now famous "McMaster Spirit," —that spirit of unity, of enthusiasm, of faith in our university, her aims and destiny, and which, let us never forget, is based primarily on that common inner life amongst us which finds expression in the McMaster motto: "In Christ all things consist."

Book Reviews.

THE NEW HUDSON SHAKESPEARE.*

The special characteristic of the New Hudson Shakespeare, beside the revised text, are the introductory notes by Henry Norman Hudson, LL.D., which are valuable and quite complete.

SHELLEY: SELECTED POEMS.*

An excellent selection from this great poet's works for student use. The introduction by George H. Clarke, M.A., the well-known McMaster graduate, contains a life of Shelley and an estimate of the poet's worth. The selections are made with care and judgment.

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*The New Hudson Shakespeare: Ginn & Co., Boston, Mass.

*Shelley Selected Poems: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Paper, 45c; Cloth, 50c., postpaid.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"Well, here we are again," as the Governor-General says when he opens Parliament.—*The Eyeopener.*

WHILE brown autumn, with its seasons of mist and mellow fruitfulness, sustains an important relation to every person, it is to the student particularly that it appeals. This is not the case because it is the harvest time of the year or because Nature at this period decks herself in her most charming colors. No, it is because college opens again. In the spring, as he jammed his lecture books into boxes and put moth balls in his college gown before placing it in storage, he felt from the bottom of his heart what a splendid thing was vacation. Four months lay before him in which to forget the lore of the class room. On all sides the land beckoned. East and west and north and south, in cottage, farm house, and hall, watchers waited for the home-coming of the absent. And east and west and north and south went the student from Toronto for his summer. He never thought of college for the first month, except with a feeling of relief. He was busy. Idly busy or busy, the summer passed quickly. But when the night began to grow cool again, college memories revived. College walls wore an inviting aspect. By middle September he was all aglow again with college spirit. Down came trunk and grip and a ticket was purchased which read Toronto. When he arrived on opening day, what a time he had. The old hall, with its wealth of ivy, looked welcome. Classmates were coming in on every train and the familiar buzz of conversation in the corridors set his nerves tingling. He was in the midst of it as soon as he could find a convenient place to lay his grip. He gathered news. He saw that one trusted friend had grown a mustache during the summer and learned that another had found a sister where he sought a closer relationship. In an hour he became a perfect mine of news. At half past two chapel service was held. Of course, he went. Inside he "sized up" the new professors and the freshies and listened to the term

announcements. Oh, it was a great day he had. He was very tired that night. But next morning at seven o'clock the gong rang and he tumbled out. At 8.15 lectures started and almost before he knew another year's work had begun.

The Autumn Convocation.

The Autumn Convocation of McMaster University was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, October 4th, at 8 o'clock. Dr. E. M. Keirstead opened the meeting with prayer. Following the prayer came the Chancellor's address. After welcoming the new students and the large number of friends of the University who had assembled, the Chancellor announced that the work of a new college year had been begun under most auspicious circumstances. This year's enrollment was the largest ever in the history of the institution. Both faculty and students possessed greater facilities for their work than ever before, and the University as a whole enjoyed the loyal and enthusiastic support of an undivided people represented in the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec. As evidence of this support, the Chancellor referred to the fact that in the last three years an addition to the University endowment in buildings and equipment of nearly $200,000 had been made.

The Chancellor next introduced Professor J. L. Gilmour, who had been appointed some time ago to the Chair of Practical Theology, but who had been prevented by illness from assuming his duties last session. Professor Gilmour briefly acknowledged the kindness and indulgence which had been shown him since his appointment, and promised to give to his task the very best he was capable of giving.

Professor J. Bishop Tingle, newly appointed professor to the chair of Chemistry, and formerly of Johns Hopkins University, was also introduced. In the course of his address he dwelt upon the necessity and value of systematic chemical research, and upon the importance of a training that would give a student confidence to attack new difficulties.

The prizes and scholarships won last year were then presented to the winners by the Chancellor and by other members of the faculty.

Dr. Cross was introduced as the lecturer of the evening. He dealt with some of the questions which arose in connection with the Protestant Reformation, and indicated the direction of their historical solution. The problems which he selected were the relation of the Protestant reformers to the established Roman

Catholic Church, their relation to the civil governments of the time, and the relation between the Christian religion and the Bible. He showed how these problems had been solved, and indicated some of the results that had followed.

One feature of this year's convocation was a descriptive address on the new Science Hall, by Mr. Burke, of Burke & Horwood, the architects. At the close of the convocational proceedings, and after the singing of the National Anthem, this new building was opened for inspection. Many availed themselves of the opportunity of seeing the new class rooms and laboratories.

"LITTLE things worry one very much this year," explained a senior, mopping his brow repeatedly, as he climbed the stairs one Saturday evening about 10.55. The students had to wait, however, until Lit. Night to discover which one it was.

"I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud," might have been the exclamation of a certain well-known and well-beloved professor the other afternoon. Seldom does anything come to mortals here below that proves to be an unalloyed blessing, and the fine new Science Building with all its splendid equipment and commodious lecture rooms has proved to be a perpetually recurring mortification to certain ones. This particular professor, not being familiar with the minute particulars and intricacies of the scientific world—although, perhaps, closely connected with a nationality noted for great progress in that field—well this, particular professor was on the point of beginning a lecture to a class in one of the rooms of that building when he suddenly discovered that he had the wrong book. It would take but a moment to step down a flat for it and back, so down he stepped, but unfortunately came down two flats instead of one and bobbed into a lecture room occupied by another class. Excusing himself he bobbed into another occupied room, and then the real paper chase began. Into one lecture room and out, into another and again out, upon one flat after another, that wild search went on. Like a certain famous king, he marched him boldly up the stairs and then marched down again. But still that book—that—ahem! book lay peacefully in its unfindable hiding place. Time flies. Someone has made this observation somewhere before. At any rate, time flew—and so did the professor. However, the flights were somewhat mixed, and so, by the way, was the professor. Meanwhile, the waiting class, which consisted of a well-matched number of firm disciples of co-educational methods, had embraced the opportunity. Unlike a great hero in the matter of love, they

waited not unwisely *nor* too well. When the book and the room were at last discovered it was at that same moment discovered that the class, like time and the professor, had taken a flight.

CLASS ELEVEN.

Some travellers from earth to heaven
Form the class of noughty 'leven.
They are a hopeful little band,
All they lack is a little sand;
But let us hope they will grow more cheerful
And not go round with faces tearful.

FRESHMAN delivering a speech on the night of initiation: "Fellows, I always thought I was a good speaker, but I never thought you would pull me out of bed at midnight to hear me give you an address." They let him sit down.

INNOCENTS ABROAD.—Two freshmen at the letter box in front of the hall. First freshman: "You say we are to post our letters here?" Second Freshman: "Yes, but I fail to see where they put them." First Freshman, critically examining the box and slipping his letter back into his pocket, "Nor I, either. Why it is nothing like our post office at home." Both walk off in the direction of Yonge street looking for a box like the one "at home."

A certain professor of science,
With great nerve and much self-reliance,
Smoked cigarettes
On McMaster Hall steps,
And set the school rules at defiance.

THE LONE EXCEPTION.—Chancellor to Freshman playing Sonata Appassionata on the piano at 9 a.m. on the top flat: "No person but Paderewski is allowed to play between nine o'clock and twelve." He stopped.

SCRATCH a sophomore and you will find a freshman.

INITIATIONS.—Climax and anti-climax sometimes follow each other quickly. Monday night, September 30th, after the Bloor Street Church reception, freshmen initiation began. The event was heralded by sounds like a march at a Chinese wedding. The freshmen were walked out from the rooms in ones and twos and conveyed to an empty class room on the second floor. In the corner of the room a little table was set on to which he was energetically invited to climb. Moral suasion was generally sufficient to secure his elevation, but in any event he was gotten

up. Once up he was asked to sing or speak. Meanwhile, the sophomores, learning by their own experiences last year, painted their feet and legs to the knees a good black and green—McMaster stripe. As each was finished he was stood up against the wall. When the last individual had got his share of the paint three sides of the room were lined with the freshmen. In the dim light, as they stood sleepily along the wall, with their streaked feet appearing below their night gowns, it required a very slight touch of imagination to see, instead of the rising hope of McMaster, a row of monstrous pickles just out of the curing vat. The second degree, as usual, required the use of a large quantity of water. A skillful use was made of it. After the feet-painting ceremony, the candidates were formed four abreast and in close formation invited to climb the stairs. Sophomores on the upper floor invited them to climb. Sophomores below urged them upward. Thus encouraged, they started the ascent. As they climbed, however, they were deluged with water, and before any one of them reached the top any necessity for a shower bath the next morning had been entirely obviated. With this final salvo the freshmen were taken as well and truly initiated and they were allowed to disperse. The night had another unpleasant surprise for them, nevertheless, for they found that a second detachment of sophs had been busy and pulled their beds. The funniest incident of the evening was the fact that a junior, who volunteered and gave generous assistance to the sophomores, found when he returned to his room that his own bed had been pulled with the others. What he thought or how he said it has not been reported, but it is beyond the shadow of a doubt that he slept on a narrow lounge as the price of doing good by stealth.

Bloor Street Young People's Society extended a very cordial and kind welcome to the students of McMaster and Moulton on Monday night, September 30th. The gathering, which was quite informal, took place in the Sunday School hall adjoining the church. After a spirited contest in identifying prominent men, a short programme was given and a pleasant evening was brought to a close by serving light refreshments.

The freshmen are not as green as they were last year, but they are more "chesty." Of the two characteristics the former, being more on the surface, wears off quickest.

"Buy the truth and sell it not," says the proverb. Second hand text books, however, continue to be trafficked in, with the advantage generally in favor of the seller.

Freshmen Organize.—On October 2nd, in a class room in the Science Building, a momentous event took place. The straggling groups of freshmen, who, from the day term opened, had been somewhat conspicuous because of their general appearance of lostness, finally got together and organized as a class. Upon R. Gould will devolve the responsibility, as president, of leading the little band past the pitfalls which beset a freshman class. Ordinarily this is an onerous position. This year, however, it promises to be light, as the sophomores, the natural enemies of the freshies, have so far shown a marked degree of inepitude, and it is quite possible they may continue to allow themselves to be walked over until the end of the college year. The other members of the executive are as follows: Vice-president, Miss Denovan; Secretary-treasurer, L. McCrimmon; Bard, E. Newton; Historian, Miss Arkell; Musician, Miss Tucker; Rugby Captain, A. Murdoch; Association football, Fred McLachlan; Track Captain, E. Newton; Representative to Lit., A. Affleck; Representative to Athletic Association, E. Whan; Student Body, G. Holmes; Hockey Captain, A. Cornwall.

The freshman hustle is no more. Strong and healthy as an institution a year ago, it gave every evidence of permanency and bade fair to do its office on whole generations of freshmen yet unborn. But who can peer into the future? McMaster, blessed since its founding with a sturdy sophomore class, could hardly forsee that a year should enroll which so lacked the spirit of *noblesse oblige* that it should allow a freshman class to organize, appear with blatant colors on sports day, and generally make itself a blot on the landscape, without making one desperate effort to rub a little of the green off and to knock out of it its "chestiness," and generally emancipate it from the verdant high school stage. The unexpected, however, has happened. Field Day came and went on Oct. 11th, but there was no hustle. On the contrary, when every person was expecting it, an announcement was made that the sophomores would entertain the freshmen class at 8.30 that evening in the dining room. As this just occurred after the freshmen had made a daring attempt to pull down a bolt of yellow ribbon floating from a telephone pole, the year ten rose perceptibly in the estimation of all present. It is small wonder that the upper classmen in the evening employed the time, while the two first years were fraternizing, in pulling the beds of the sophomores. But no amount of bed pulling will take the place of the hustle. This was clearly evidenced in the morning, when one of the sophs, who was a sufferer, was accosted in the hall by a freshie, who inquired gleefully "If the sophies

hadn't got their's last night?'' A hustle may not be an ideal method of inducting new students but neither is a banquet. Hustled first and banquetted after would be much more satisfactory.

Student Body Officers.—Mr. C. S. Edwards has been appointed Second Vice-kakiak in succession to Mr. S. Bates, B.A., who has not returned, as he expected. As the Kakiak, the two Vice-Kakiak's and the Secretary of the student body have their rooms in residence on the second floor, two flat masters were needed for the first and third floors respectively. These positions have been filled by the appointment of Mr. D. A. MacGibbon, '08, on the first floor, and Mr. G. G. Vichert, '08, on the third floor. The freshmen on the top flat and the theologues on the first floor had better take note and walk discreetly.

The first chapel service took place on Monday, September 23rd at 2.30 p.m. Chancellor McKay made the term announcements and introduced Dr. J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D., professor-elect to the chair of chemistry. Professor Tingle put himself *en rapport* with the student body at once in a short witty speech. With extreme gravity he explained McMaster had been spoken of to him as a big family. As the youngest member of the family, he ought, therefore, to make himself heard, youngest members generally did. He then went on to say that he had heard that McMaster students were such hard workers the professors had difficulty in giving them sufficient work to do. He hoped, however, to be equal to the occasion. Dr. Whidden, a graduate of McMaster, '94, was also on the platform, and addressed the students briefly.

Registration.—Registration up until October 14th is as follows: Fourth year, 36; third year, 32; second year, 45; first year, 31; partial students, 12; theology, 53; post-graduate work, 8; registered twice, 3; total 214. Of this number 70 have registered for the first time.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"The lady shall say her mind freely,
Or the blank verse halt for't."

AMONG the newly-returned girls in the fall, when time-tables have been arranged and offices taken stock of, there is evident in the mind of each a strong impression that she, sophette, junior, or senior, is the busiest girl in the school. In addition to the routine duties of the class-room there are many varied and conflicting calls that make large demands on her time, yet which contribute so largely to the true charm and value of college days that it is dangerous to ignore them. To one or two the most insistent and persistently recurrent of these calls comes early in each month to the tune of "Little *bas bleue*, come, blow your horn," and it is a sign to them that before many days they must render up a more or less true and faithful account of the works and ways for the past month of the forty-odd "co-eds." of McMaster.

While the girls as students of McMaster have their part in the various interests of the school as a whole, they have as well their separate interests, and to a certain extent a distinctive school life. It is to this life as represented in the meetings of the various organizations and in the freer atmosphere of the Ladies' Room that this department seeks to give expression. The various doings and sayings must be carefully gathered, sifted, compounded and turned out in the form of that decorous and supposedly appetizing concoction, the Woman's Department, and woe to the editor if there are not enough plums in it, or if it is heavy, or stale! The material, moreover, must be strictly feminine in quality, or it will be confiscated by the editor of "Around the Hall," who walks to and fro in the halls, and up and down in them, seeking what he way devour in the way of news; and yet anything so superlatively feminine as the exchange of crochet patterns or fudge recipes must not be countenanced. Between these extremes our predecessor has kept a true and successful course, and ably backed as the new editor finds herself by a fairly large (5 ft. 6 in., weight 136 lbs.) and enthusiastic

and capable reportorial staff, we hope that we may maintain the standard, making the department of some interest, and in a measure, at least, a reflection of the delightful life among the women students of McMaster.

"The Picnic."—To the girls one of the most enjoyoble events of closing week last spring was the L.L.L. picnic to Long Branch. It was the first of its kind, but proved such a success that it was most heartily agreed that it should not be the last, and another was planned for the opening of the fall term. As the girls were wearying of the diversion of having the freshettes perform mental gymnastics in the chapel, it was decided to initiate them at this picnic, where entertainment of another order could be safely indulged in. On the afternoon of October 4th, then, about thirty-five girls started out, the freshettes carrying baskets of green corn and grapes and the rest neat packages that had no suggestion about them of "Murphies" or "wiener wursts." After a long walk from the Lambton car a desolate spot by a rocky stream was chosen as the fittest place for the dark deeds where were to follow. Material was gathered with grim haste and a roaring fire built, which blazed higher and hotter, while the freshettes shivered in spite of the heat and turned a delicate shade of Nile green, and the face of heaven darkened over, low and threatening . . . But, fortunately for them, the freshettes proved too green to be combustible, and the fire was left to burn down to glowing coals and smouldering stumps while all crowded about a new attraction—a circus parade on the bank. A small but remarkable collection of animals brought to the city a couple of weeks before was here on exhibition, each neatly placarded, and the ones of wilder nature attended by their keepers. The intelligence and docility shown by these animals as they were put through various tricks was on the whole admirable, though a few proved rather difficult to handle, and one even succeeded in breaking loose and roamed at large for some time before being recaptured. After the performance the circus disbanded with remarkable alacrity, and there was a general stampede of both performers and audience for the fire, where refreshments were toasted and disposed of with as much enjoyment by the most reverend senior as by the erstwhile performing pig or baby elephant. When the company finally turned city-ward, dusty but happy, one of the jolliest events of the year was over with, and the Literary Society the richer by a dozen staunch members.

The Ladies' Rooms.—After the long vacation, it is rather good to be back in McMaster halls. We are particularly glad to

have a new Ladies' Room, and the other is now disparagingly spoken of as "the old ladies' room." But we feel as though we have room enough to turn around and not poke an elbow into another girl's eye, and are very grateful, indeed, for the extra room. The old one seems a little bare without the table, but there have certainly been fewer collisions this fall than there were formerly. It is the ambition of the girls to furnish the new room more adequately, as there seems to be a lack of furniture and "homelikeness," and, as yet, the old room seems to be the favorite. The new room witnessed registration. Some common expressions just at the time when this was going on were: "Do give me that calendar, and let me see what I have to take." "Say, for goodness' sake, will somebody *please* tell me what exams. I've passed?" "Oh, girls, I'll have to work just awfully hard this year, I'll have *so* many lectures!" One question that is asked on the registration slip was considered rather superfluous by some: "When and in what subject have you passed supplemental examinations?" This was especially the case as the results of the recent "sups." had not been published. Indeed, one light-headed sophette put an interrogation point as her answer to this somewhat embarrassing question. . . . The freshmen seemed to think that giving the ladies two rooms, dispensed with the necessity of a table in the library for their exclusive use, for the librarian found it her task to inform some of those "verdant freshies" of the fact that one table was sacred to the use of the other partakers in co-education, for, at least, a part of the day . . . In speaking of some good thing one often enumerates many of its good points, and then rather detracts from its merit by the little word "but," followed by some disparaging remark. We cannot claim to be different from other mortals. The second ladies' room necessitates the discomfort, on the part of the men, of trying to look into two doors on opposite sides of the hall, at once.

Second only to the new ladies' room in importance is the new science building. The girls, as well as the other students, are glad to have it open at last, although we have heard that a professor once lost himself in the mazes of that labyrinth.

One of the greatest pleasures to which the old girls look forward is welcoming the freshettes. As usual, the seniorettes are grave and dignified; the juniorettes, jolly; the sophettes, "as wise as serpents," though, perhaps, not "as harmless as doves"; and the freshettes, green and frightened. We have a larger class than ever before, of freshettes, who number 13, making the total number of girls 40.

With the renewal of lectures comes the call to "eight-fifteens," and hurried exclamations of "Oh, am I late again?" five minutes after the bell has rung. Of course, there has been some trouble about always finding the right room at the right time—the freshettes had to be chaperoned a little at first; an over-wise sophette wandered, by mistake, into the room in which the "reverend" theologues were to have a lecture on Church Polity; and another sophette arrived at nine-fifteen instead of eight-fifteen for a certain lecture.

L. L. L.—The society has held three meetings already, and if "well begun is half done," then, surely, we must be "half done." The executive committee, as it stood at first, was composed of Miss Emma Kennedy, '08, president; Miss Florence Edy, '09, vice-president; and Miss Ruth Denovan, '10, pianist. Our president is evidently not proud or haughty on account of her exalted position, for a freshette mistook her for a member of year '11. The first meeting of the society was held on Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of September, when the old girls met in solemn conclave to deliberate concerning the welcome they should give to the freshettes. The second meeting was attended by the girls of the first year, as well as by the others, although they were not, as yet, members of the society. Nominations were received for honorary president, secretary, and treasurer. Miss McColl, '10, had been elected to the office of secretary, but has found it impossible to be back with us this winter. At the last meeting, Friday, October fourth, elections took place. Mrs. McLay was elected honorary president; Miss Etta Pugsley, '10, secretary; and Miss Munroe Tucker, '11, treasurer.

There are rumors various and sundry afloat as to a freshman expedition of rescue that started out on Thursday of "The Picnic" to save from the clutches of the senior girls the fair members of class '11, and anything in the line of provisions that might be found in their possession. This gallant company of knights-errant became lost in the weary wastes of High Park, and returned at last sans supper and sans freshettes, but, let us hope, a little wiser and less presuming than when they started.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLES, B.A.

THE KICK OFF.—Already the ball is well in the game. The duties of the scribe of the pig-skin centre mainly around the same, and when he thinks of the sinewy array of previous athletic editors of this column he feels like sitting on the fence with the small generation and doing nothing but yell. There was "Doc." McLay, who once upon a time chronicled the feats of the mighty, then there came Cranston, and he too has since become great. "Cy" Eaton took up the quill, and now he is manager of a gas works. Woodburne edited this column and then sailed for India; "Dick" Craig lifted the ink-horn, and it is said, completely emptied it of the black fluid; and now once more comes the task of putting on the athletic spectacles and narrating what is seen. Here's hoping that the list of events seen through these glasses may be as glorious as in the past. McMaster has not secured the gilded baubles known as championships just yet, but the green and black has always put up a pretty strong argument for the aforesaid. Let us hope to see one of the mugs this year.

Athletics have, and rightly so, a large place in university life. The friendly struggle does more for a man than he sometimes thinks. May every man in college this year give athletics his ardent, enthusiastic support is the sane wish of all who realize the importance of the campus, but more of this anon. We have kicked.

THE ANNUAL EVENT.—The annual Field Day was held on Thursday afternoon, October 10th. Despite the fact that weather conditions were not as favorable as in the past, the day was a successful one in every way. The attendance was good, but it might have been better. It is a strange and hard-to-be-explained fact that more of the friends of the University do not patronize a good Field Day when the Executive of the Association work hard to make the event a success. All that is needed now on Field Day is a larger attendance of those who are interested in the University. Herewith a cordial invi-

tation is extended to all who read to be present at the annual Field Day of 1908. The usual procession, with the unusual banners, somewhat resembling a Chinese religious walk in Pekin, filed solemnly through the portals (i.e., doors) of the Hall at 23½ seconds past two o'clock. A brass band and a drum, both of which livened up the whole event, preceded the celestials with the banners with the strange devices. It was all very interesting. About 15 minutes past two Mr. Ashley, physical director of the West End Y. M. C. A., fired the first gun, and the games were on. The events were well contested. R. C. Bensen, B.A., easily won the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's medal with 28 points to his credit. W. Hayden, '09, laid claim to the first Association medal, and N. McNaughton, B.A., will decorate his watch fob with the second Association medal.

The theologs, as during the last two years, carried off the greatest number of points. This year they laid hold of 43 points. Year '10 came second with 32 points, and year '09 third with 20 counters. The senior year and the freshmen worked hard for last place, but the newly-arrived won out with 6 points, the senior making that bewitched number commonly known as 13.

Mr. C. H. Ashley and Mr. S. P. Grant very kindly officiated in a most capable way as starter and time-keeper respectively.

The following is a list of the events and winners:

1—100 Yards—1, Bensen; 2, Scott; 3, Weston. Time, 11 seconds.

2—High Jump—1, McCrimmon; 2, McNaughton; 3, Weston. Distance 5 feet ¼ inch.

3—Half-Mile Run—1, Curtis; 2, Hayden; 3, Cornwall. Time, 2 min. 18 sec.

4—Broad Jump—1, Bensen; 2, McKechnie; 3, Robertson. Distance, 19 feet 4½ inches.

Mr. Bensen broke the college record in this event. The old record was 19 feet 4 inches.

5—Pole Vault—1, Hayden; 2, Ritchie. Distance, 9 feet.

6—Throwing 16-lb. Hammer—1, Veals; 2, McNaughton; 3, Whan. Distance, 79 feet 7 1-5 inches.

Mr. Veals broke the old college record of 75 feet 10½ inches in this event.

7—220 Yards Run—1, Bensen; 2, Weston; 3, Wilkes. Time, 24 2-5 seconds.

8—Mile Run—1, Bryce; 2, Scott; 3, Anderson. Time, 5 min. 14 sec.

9—Putting 16-lb. Shot—1, Bensen; 2, McNaughton; 3, Veals. Distance—29 feet 8 inches.

10—440 Yards Run—1, Bensen; 2, Curtis; 3, Weston. Time, 1 min. 2-5 sec.

11—Throwing the Discus—1, Robertson; 2, Bensen; 3, Veals. Disance—80 feet 8½ inches.

12—Hurdle Race—1, Chadwick; 2, Hayden; 3, Anderson. Time, 20 2-5 sec.

13—Team Race—1, '10; 2, '09; 3, 08. Time, 4 min, 44 2-5 sec.

The Aftermath.—The first and second years set up a new ideal, and then nearly knocked it over. They almost had a struggle. A fresh freshman climbed one of the electric light poles and tore down a yellow streamer placed thereon by the sophomores. This occasioned a slight disturbance, which was soon quelled. And thus was the calm serenity of this peaceful occasion maintained.

The second year won out in an eating contest given to year '11 in the dining-hall on the evening of Field Day. This reception is a revival of an old-time custom. Who will say but that this is more gentle treatment than the hustle? Thus and so do we improve. Evolution is at work, and perhaps five years from now the gentle sophomores will blacken the shoes and carry the baggage and serve breakfast in bed to all the incoming freshmen. "It was not like that in the olden days."

Field Day would not be complete without Mr. S. P. Grant. For a number of years he has kindly given his presence and knowledge to the event. The heartiest thanks are due Mr. Grant. May he ever continue to follow his good example of the past!

Those class banners cost a lot (except the banner of the theologs), they resemble pagan war dances, and they collect dirt. Now, that we are "evoluting" why not do away with this ancient custom as well as the freshmen hustle? This is a suggestion to the sophomores.

Mr. C. J. Cameron and his constant companion, the camera, were both at work under difficulties. They performed among other labors the remarkable feat of photographing the sad seniors. The camera wept out loud, the solemn seniors flooded the field with their tears, and Mr. Cameron has not been seen since.

Moulton College gracefully decorated the event, much to the delight of the freshmen and the theological veterans who crowded close around their Graeco-Hebraistic banner.

The brass band and the drum did good service. That is an institution that ought to be kept at work. A college band is one of the most useful and entertaining features in college, *i.e.* apart from lectures.

The First Struggle of the Gridiron.

McMaster 27, O. A. C. 5.—On Saturday afternoon, October 12, McMaster met the O. A. C. at Guelph in the first scheduled game of the season and the one-sided score is a fair indication of the play. Capt. Cohoe won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. Then it was that all the fun began. The ball was forced into O. A. C. territory and Bensen was over for a try. Jordan's long punts brought the pigskin again to the opponents' line and a drop kick from the twenty-yard line notched up four more counters for the green and black. A try by MacGibbon, five "dead balls" and a rouge made the half-time score 20—0.

In the second half the O.A.C.'s rallied and by a succession of fierce line plunges, which the McMaster forwards could not stop, secured their one lone touch down. At no other stage of the game, however, were they dangerous. Bissett tumbled over the line for a try in the last quarter, and two kicks over the dead line by Jordan finished the scoring, making McMaster victorious by 27—5.

McMaster line-up: Back, G. McKay; halves, Jordan, Bensen, McCrimmon; quarter, Bissett; scrimmage, Whan, Vichert, Jackson; wings, Vail, McKechnie, Cohoe (Capt.), MacGibbon, Leckie and Moyle.

Here and There.

Editor: M. H. Long, '08.

IN some respects the editor of an exchange department reminds us of the gentleman who found himself confronted on the one hand by the deep sea and on the other by his most Satanic Majesty. His situation stands thuswise: The exchange editor is writing for two constituencies—his brother editors and the general body of subscribers to his magazine. Now, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are of a very peaceable disposition and that the figure used above is intended to be broadly impersonal. We were simply stranded for an illustration, and so no one need call on us in a belligerent mood for the making of invidious comparisons. Well, the subscriber wants a column that is bright and interesting and that will fill in a leisure half hour between the heavier tasks of the day: on the other hand, our brother editors want to know what we think of their magazines; what, in our opinion, constitutes their defects and what their excellencies. Now, we have yet failed to see a column composed of detailed criticism which could prove interesting to a large number of readers, nine-tenths of whom have no acquaintance with the journals under consideration. At any rate, we feel inadequate to the task, and so our predicament is obvious. A compromise of some kind must be made and this, we think, can be accomplished by emphasizing the literary side of our material. Every one is, or *ought to be*, interested in literary effort. The cream of the poetry and humor that appears from month to month in the college journals ought to prove interesting to our own readers, while we hope that our brother ex-men will see in the enrichment of our own columns with their material the most sincere compliment which we can tender them. It shall be our policy, then, to strive to present to our readers the best things that appear in our exchanges. In their selection we anticipate many a happy hour and we hope that their appearance in Here and There will give wholesome entertainment to its readers.

Up to date none of our exchanges, except a single number of the Notre Dame Scholastic, have reached our den. So we dutifully rooted out a huge mountain of papers that had accumu-

lated since last spring, and began to explore its depths. Fatuous odes on the advent of spring—painful attempts at flippancy under the overshadowing spectre of exams—high-phrased spoutings redolent of the new-fledged graduate and his farewell to Alma Mater—and, above all, a persistent cloud of impalpable dust, loaded no doubt with all the latest microbes, which settled thickly on our clothing and gave us a most disagreeable alternation of choking and sneezing. Altogether, when we had burrowed to the bottom of the file, we began to feel that comfortable glow of self-complacency which accompanies the accomplishment of an unpleasant duty, and we were considerably incensed at sundry grumpy remarks delivered by the business manager concerning the den in which the term "pig pen" figured somewhat prominently.

But when the editor-in-chief blew in we struck such a verbal cyclone—our chief has an admirable command of the English language—that there was nothing for it but to gather up our clippings in righteous indignation and beat a retreat to disinfect and paste together our copy amid reflections on the prosaic ingratitude of business managers and editors-in-chief.

The following forceful and vigorous lines are contributed to the University Monthly from the pen of Bliss Carman, the well-known Canadian poet, who is one of the University of New Brunswick's most noted graduates:

HACK AND HEW.

Hack and Hew were the sons of God
  In the earlier earth than now;
One at His right hand, one at His left,
    To obey as He taught them how.

And Hack was blind and Hew was dumb,
  But both had the wild, wild heart;
And God's calm will was their burning will,
  And the gist of their toil was art.

They made the moon and the belted stars,
  They set the sun to ride;
They loosed the girdle and the veil of the sea,
  The wind and the purple tide.

Both flower and beast beneath their hands
  To beauty and speed outgrew,
The furious fumbling hand of Hack,
  And the glorying hand of Hew.

Then, fire and clay, they fashioned a man
  And painted him rosy brown;
And God Himself blew hard in his eyes:
  "Let them burn till they smoulder down!"

And "There!" said Hack and "There!" thought Hew,
  "We'll rest, for our toil is done";
But "Nay," the Master Workman said,
  "For your toil is just begun.

"And ye who served me of old as God
  Shall serve me anew as man,
Till I compass the dream that is in my heart,
  And perfect the vaster plan."

And still the craftsman over his craft,
  In the vague white light of dawn,
With God's calm will for his burning will,
  While the mountain day comes on.

Yearning wind-swift, indolent, wild,
  Toil with those shadowy two,
The faltering restless hand of Hack,
  And the tireless hand of Hew.

THE CHAUFFEUR.—The chauffeur is a flying animal new to our fauna. Its original habitat is France, but it is hardy, adapts itself to all climates, and multiplies rapidly so that it now abounds in most parts of the world. Its habits are yet undetermined. It flies by night as well as by day, low toward the ground. It does not hibernate, strictly speaking, although it shows some preference for warm regions. Its reason for killing its prey is still in question. It does not feed upon its prey, but since increase of speed in flight accompanies each death some have supposed that the chaffeur draws vigor in some way from the victims. The creature is difficult of capture and languishes in confinement, hence owners of rare specimens pay largely to protect them from the perils of capture. No nest has yet been found nor any immature specimens. The chauffeur first appears full-grown and may be taken in his haunt, the garage, about which they settle in flocks.—*The Naturalist.*

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating some concentrated lye,
  When his mother came in
  He had emptied the tin—
And they'll meet in the sweet bye and bye.

—*Ex.*

MARINA.

"Left her in tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort."—"Measure for Measure," III., 1.

Over the dusky strands
  Low in the western sky,
She looks across the glowing sands
  Where worlds of the sunset lie.
And her thoughts go back to the days
  Of joy and love and song,
When her eyes shone gay as the lightsome rays
  Of the myriad starry throng.

She hears the rustle of leaves,
  The sprites of the night passing by,
And the lilt of the stream that gloams and grieves,
  As she peers in the western sky.
The shadows gather and fall,
  And cluster 'round her head,
And she thinks of blisses of long ago,
  And the days that were, and are dead.

The prattle of children is hushed,
  The night bird wheels in his quest,
And her lonely heart is bruised and crushed
  As the sun sinks to his rest.
Over the dusky strands,
  Low in the western sky,
She looks across the glowing sands
  Where worlds of the sunset lie.

Arthur A. McGivney, '08, in Xavier.

Language of Umbrellas.—There is a language of umbrellas as well as of flowers. For instance, place your umbrella in a rack, and it will exchange owners. To open it quickly in the street means that somebody's eye is going to be in danger. To shut it quickly signifies that a hat or two will probably be knocked off. An umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain signifies courtship. When a man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To swing your umbrella over your shoulder signifies "I am making a nuisance of myself." To put an alpaca umbrella by the side of a silk one signifies "Exchange is no robbery." To lend an umbrella means—well, never mind what it means, nobody ever does that.—*Ex.*

Hits and Mrs.—Good old nurse, Mrs. Callahan: "Moike! Moike!! Wek up, ut's toime t' take y' insomnia medicine."—*Ex.*

LIFE.

Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow—then
To-day becomes a mem'ry; and again
Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow—soon
Another night is lost in sunlit noon.

Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow—thus
Life's mystic tale is quickly told to us.

Yesterday, To-day, To-morrow—yet
If that were all, Life were a sad regret.
Yesterday, our shattered dreams; To-day,
New opportunities strewn by the way.
Yet, To-morrow—ah! then Death steals in—
Nay, only then does Life itself begin.

La Fayette Lentz Butler, in the Nassau Lit.

Bill Jones is a country storekeeper in Pennsylvania, and last summer he went to Philadelphia to purchase goods. The goods were shipped immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes of goods were delivered at his store by the draymen his wife happened to look at the largest. She uttered a loud cry and called for a hammer. A neighbor, hearing her screams, rushed to her assistance, asking the cause of the trouble. The wife pale and faint pointed to an inscription on the box which read as follows: "Bill inside."—*Ex.*

DEDICATED TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

The constant drop of water wears away the hardest stone,
The constant gnaw of Towser masticates the toughest bone,
The constant wooing lover always carries off the maid,
And the constant advertiser is the one who gets the trade.
—*Ex.*

Little Tommy.—"Can I eat another piece of pie?" Mamma (witheringly)—"I suppose you can." Tommy—"Well, may I?" Mamma—"No dear, you may not." Tommy—"Darn grammar, any way."—*Ex.*

The pretty girl was lavishing a wealth of affection on her mastiff and the very soft young man was watching her. "I wish I were a dog," he said, languishingly. "Don't you worry," she replied. "You'll grow."—*Ex.*

When you see a man holding up a post, the post is either loose or the man tight.

Jack loved Amanda dearly;
  She gave him all her heart
But intimated clearly
  That he and she must part
Unless he gave up trifling ways,
And cut out "them three ring displays."

Jack threw away his brier,
  Tobacco and cigars,
Chucked cards into the fire;
  Quit drinking at the bars;
He gave up everything almost
Excepting milk and tea and toast.

Amanda, proud at seeing
  Her Jack another man,
Got all her friends agreeing
  To imitate her plan;
And started buying right away
Her trousseau for the wedding day.

Jack's love of self-denial,
  Robust with exercise,
Drove him to one last trial—
  The crowning sacrifice,
Though almost more than he could do,
He gave up sweet Amanda too.

—*Brooklin Life.*

THE

McMaster University Monthly

NOVEMBER, 1907.

PERE LA CHAISE.

OF all the spots in the great capital of France no one claimed from us visitors from over the seas more interest, nor offered more fascination than did Pere la Chaise. Its very name arouses more than passing interest. Pere la Chaise, superior of the Jesuits in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, was famous as the father confessor of the great monarch himself. After the expulsion of this order from Paris this magnificent property of theirs passed into the hands of the city, and all that remained to it of its former owners was the name of their great superior—Pere la Chaise.

This fine cemetery, situated at the height of St. Louis, in the north-eastern part of the city, covers an area of about two hundred acres. Broad walks and drives, resembling streets more than anything else, extend through all parts of the ground. These are lined with the handsomest and most costly collection of tombs to be found anywhere. From the heights of the cemetery a fine view of the city may be obtained. The busy, bustling streets are below you, and you cannot repress the intruding thought that those who are treading yonder gay thoroughfares are but hastening to fill these silent avenues which lie around you—a solemn contrast.

Pere la Chaise will amaze the stranger at first sight. Not a green park, nor a hillside, such as we are accustomed to, but a vast area of pavements and driveways, including within its walls a Jewish and a Mussulman burying-ground and a crema-

torium. And—what seems strangest of all—no grass. For this is a veritable "city of the dead," and its streets are paved. Moreover, they are long streets, crossing one another regularly and formed by rows of tombs, many of them very handsome, but most of them square structures of stone lining each side of the street with uniform monotony. There are twenty thousand such tombs. Looking through the barred door of one, you see a small altar fitted up more or less elaborately, and we see that these small stone edifices are not vaults, but monuments marking the graves—or better the grave of whole families; for, coming later to a narrow opening formed by the removal of a slab from the pavement, we saw that the ground, dug to a great depth, was shelved out on either side, so that into the one grave many coffins might be lowered.

Strange indeed are some of the customs of which we learned during our brief tour of this remarkable place. As we passed from spot to spot our attention was frequently caught by the words, "Concession à perpetuité," engraven on a tomb. Our inquiry brought the following explanation: When a family has paid for the interment of one of their number the grave is theirs only for five years, after which time it reverts to the authorities, is resold, becomes the grave of another for a period, and so on through all time. Now, by paying a goodly sum a family may hold the ground as theirs for ten, fifteen, or more years, and in cases where money is no object, families may perpetuate their ownership, and then the words we had noticed are cut upon the tomb. There are really three classes of graves in Parisian cemeteries; those just mentioned as having been perpetuated to their owners, and it is over such that the splendid monuments are raised; those in which payment has secured undisturbed occupancy for a longer period; and last of all those known as the "fosses communes," long open ditches, into which the coffins are placed in rows, close together and on top of one another. When the ditch contains its allotted number the dirt is thrown in. Plenty of lime assists decomposition, and every five years the ditches are cleared out. It is hard that in this great city the poor canot repose in peace even in death. Look down into the ditch and read the chalk marks on the poor boxes below. Here

is an old "ouvrier," as rough in life as the box which holds him now; here a tiny case contains a baby form—the poor mother places her wreath now while she may, a few years and this will be the grave of another. Here is a box marked "Buried by charity," and here is one covered with cloth, holding one too dear to be put in the common coffin.

Standing nearly in the centre of the cemetery is a monument of most peculiar significance, the explanation of which follows the account of the system of reselling graves. In Paris they have a day called "jour de deuil," on which all the city goes into mourning. All day long they repair to the cemeteries and decorate the graves. On that day, it is said, all Paris goes into black for the dead, and those who have lost no friends mourn anyway—for those who have. A certain philanthropic man, touched with pity for the large number of people whose friends' graves had reverted to Government ownership, erected this monument that they might come hither. And there it stands as the representative of all the graves that have been resold. On the "jour de deuil" multitudes mourn around this column, which is half-buried in flowers, for to do this is a right and proper substitute for decorating the actual graves.

Yet another peculiar custom was called to our notice. Funerals in Paris are public, not private concerns. The instant the breath leaves the body the corpse becomes the property of the State, and the duty of laying it away rests with the city. But this is not done free of charge by any means. You may pay anywhere from two to a million francs, and according as you pay so is the splendor and impressiveness of the occasion. For instance, a printed card informs you that for so much—naming the price—you may have a magnificent hearse, silver mountings, six black horses, forty carriages, black hangings for the church, high mass with a cure, eighteen priests and two vicars, everything to be managed on a most splendid scale. From this the scale descends to the lowest class, in which the wooden box is borne to the grave on the shoulders of four men. And so any rogue may be buried with the honors of a king, if his family can pay high enough.

But the outstanding attraction of Pere la Chaise is that it is the last resting-place of so many brilliant and distinguished men and women. Here are graves of world-wide interest. Baron Haussman, right hand man of Napoleon III., who, it is said, made modern Paris, who devoted all his powers to beautify the city, and to whom its supremacy in that respect is due, is buried in the plainest tomb in the place, while President Thiers, a very small man both in stature and accomplishment, reposes in a monumental mausoleum. "The largest tomb in the cemetery for the littlest man," say the Parisians. Here we saw the tomb of Rossini, the composer; of Viscounte, architect of the Louvre; of Alfred de Musset; of Gericault, whose masterpiece, "The Raft," is reproduced in bronze on his monument; of La Fontaine, Moliere, and Racine; of many of Napoleon's marshals, and many more, among them the brightest names of France. They lie so numerous about you in this silent city that you grow weary of reading the high-sounding inscriptions.

But the tomb which holds precedence for the majority of visitors is that of Abelard and Heloise, the disappointed lovers. The story of these two is well known to many. Abelard, canon of Notre Dame, famous as scholar, teacher, and philosopher, held such sway in his day as few teachers ever did. Surrounded by crowds of students, enriched by their gifts, distinguished in all countries and universally admired, he rose rapidly to the height of his fame. At this very juncture a new passion stirred within him. There lived within the precincts of Notre Dame a young girl, Heloise, fair, and still more remarkable for her learning. Becoming tutor to the maiden, he used the unlimited power thus given him to winning her love, which she returned with unparalleled devotion. They were married, but in utmost secrecy, that his prospects of advancement in the Church might not be marred. All too soon the secret marriage came to light, steadfastly denied, however, by Heloise, whose singular and unwavering purpose to the last was to shield the great abbe. Torn apart by furious relatives and outraged ecclesiastics, they dragged out their separate existence—she, a nun in the cloister, he, a monk, turned from one thing to another in lonely unrest. Here at last in Pere la Chaise they rest together, stretched in

effigy side by side under a magnificent canopy, and this has been the shrine of disappointed lovers ever since, who come in great numbers to bemoan the fate of these—and of themselves.

Pere la Chaise has historical associations vastly incongruous with its present peaceful aspect. It is hard to realize that these pretty heights were once a battlefield, yet it was here in 1814 that two assaults of the Russian army were repulsed, while a third attempt was successful and the Russians bivouacked that night in the cemetery. More terrible, however, are the later horrors of May, 1871, when the Communists made their last stand here against the Government troops. Here the wretched Communists were cornered and shot down in droves, while those who sought escape from the fatal mitraille by hiding in the tombs were walled up in their gruesome refuges and left to a worse fate.

Approaching the cemetery, we had noticed that the streets leading to the entrance were lined with shops and stands selling artificial wreaths and other floral tributes. These are mostly of wire and bead work. Now, upon leaving, we understood better the meaning of this. Scarcely a flower had we seen, but hundreds and hundreds of these tawdry ornaments. Enormous sums are expended for them annually, and on the "jour de deuil" the sales will run up to a million francs.

Pere la Chaise leaves its spell upon you long after that of the palaces, gardens, and avenues has passed off. Pondering as I came away on the tomb of the Rothschilds lying within the same area as the "fosses communes," I remembered suddenly one of the inscriptions I had read: "Death sinks us all to the same level, and the differences of rank are lost in the tomb."

L. M. S., '05.

THE NOVICE.

She had a lover in the world,
A lover wooing her to wed—
"And does he live, or is he dead?"

She knows not, but she bows her head,
And broods upon the blessed beads,
And spends the day in holy deeds.

"Mary, for one," she intercedes,
"Who is not good, thy grace I crave;
Madonna, grant his soul to save!

"He is not good, but, ah! so brave,
And strong, and tall, and careless—glad—
Careless and proud, my lover-lad!

"Madonna, I am very sad:
I do not know, I cannot hear—
And once I held him passing dear.

"O Mother, let me breathe my fear
Into your bosom true and pure:
I am not sure! I am not sure!

" 'To wed the Christ shall be my cure,'
"I thought; 'I must no earthly love,
But fix my heart on Him above.'

"Bear witness, Mary, how I strove
To melt *his* image into thine,
And thy dear Son's, incarnadine!

"And wilt thou not bestow a sign?
May not my rebel heart be blest?
Or is't unworthy of thy rest?

"Here in the twilight I've confest,
Mary, to thee alone—thou knowest
How I, among thy maidens lowest,

"How I, even I, adore; and owest
Thou not thy votary a grace?—
Once more, but once, to see his face!

"Mother, I clasp thy knees, embrace
Them, kiss them, in abandonment!—
But once—and I shall be content!

"Too weak and wrong for thine assent?
Nay, Mary, she was not a nun
Who bore thee, and who yearned to *one*.

"And thou thyself didst bear a Son
(Whose name be praised!)—Saint through
and through,
O Mary, thou'rt a woman too!"

George Herbert Clarke, '95.

In *The Independent*, New York;

AMID THE GLORIES OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES.

GLOBE-TROTTERS declare that "earth has not anything to show more fair" than that which is to be seen among the Canadian Rockies. The play of colors to be witnessed there is as dazzling as it is delightful. No wonder great hearts often find an outlet in floods of tears as they stand face to face with a sight "so touching in its majesty." He is indeed dull of soul who is not overwhelmed by this vision glorious. Above you tower the snow-crowned peaks. Beneath you stretch the sleeping lake, the dashing mountain torrent, and as far as the eye can see the nodding pines, which seem to be keeping silent sentinel upon the passing pageant in nature's lonely loveliness.

Laggan, Alberta, which is but a few miles from the summit of the Rockies, is a noted spot to every tourist. Here is to be found a rare combination of scenery. Three thousand feet up from the railway depot, nestling in the side of one of the mountains, stands the C. P. R. chalet, "beautiful for situation." In front of the hotel seven snow-clad summits rise pure as the white-winged clouds overhead, which drape their shoulders in variegated colors, now blue, now grey, then sapphire, thus affording a constant change of view as baffling to describe as it is beautiful to look upon.

In front of the piazza stretch the placid waters of Lake Louise, which serves as a sort of prism revealing all the colors of the rainbow as one scene of beauty is followed by another. Here the student of color will find a laboratory on a large scale in which to take post-graduate studies in this fascinating field of scientific research. The breath from the Arctic snows and ice above savors of winter even in the middle of summer. To your left a swift mountain torrent is pouring its flood of green and blue into the Bow River, which rises in these glazier-fed mountain streams. This is the only murmur, save the call of a passing bird, that disturbs the silence of these glory-crowned hills.

The sight is strikingly beautiful on a clear day. You can see for many miles. Everything that the eye rests upon seems to be tremulous with beauty. Verily a garden for the gods! Peak above peak! lake above lake! torrent calling to torrent! earth seems to be receding and heaven opening! A sight to make angels tremble with delight! Such is the valley, well called "Paradise Valley." On every hand you see God's handiwork majestic and sublime. The mighty convulsion that belched upon the Rockies, when nature fell sick centuries ago in the grey dawn of history, has left behind its marks, which tell us of that great catastrophe. The chiseling effects of a Master sculptor are seen on a magnificent scale, as ages of ice and snow have wrought out the divine plan in aeons of time.

The world will always appear different to one who has been privileged to stand on these sublime altitudes and to look down upon it from these magnificent highlands. To enter with right feeling into such a scene is to widen the horizon of one's life, to get a larger world-view. Standing alone on one of these dizzy heights, it is not hard to forget the fevered life of the busy world beneath you. There "the tumult and the shouting cease." Where the sky-line and earth's summit kiss each other, a great peace floods the soul of the weary traveler. There kindly Mother Nature seems to say, "My child, I will rest you if you will get alone with me and be still."

"Be still, my soul, be still!
Something that earth has never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unborne by wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the Fatherland afar,
Comes to thee if thou art but still."

Llewellyn Brown, '96.

Cleveland, O.

THE FRONTIER LABORER.*

FRONTIER life has a thrilling charm that makes its story irresistible to the average mind. There is in the heart of every man and woman a secret yearning for primeval nature, a whispered "call of the wild," an irrepressible desire for adventure spiced with danger; and, when the story of camp life is told, instinct asserts itself and claims an affinity. The mining camp suggests the majestic grandeur of the mountains; the ranching camp, the wild liberty of the plain; the lumber camp, the beauty and hidden secrets of the forest; the river-drivers' camp, the thunder of the cataract and the roar of the rapids. Moreover, these camps are so full of the element of danger, so remote from the homes of civilization, that the lives of the men who labor in them suggest brave deeds, perilous tasks, hair-breadth escapes, wonderful adventures.

It would seem a far cry from frontier camps to college halls; the intensely rugged conditions and essentially physical activities of the former have apparently nothing in common with the academic surroundings and intellectual pursuits of the latter. It is a fact, nevertheless, that not only have hundreds of Canadian students been recruited from the ranks of frontier laborers, but also that a systematized effort has been made in Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan to extend the educational and moral influences of college halls even as far as frontier camps.

Some eight or ten years ago Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, then a student at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, found it necessary to make a personal search for a long-lost brother. Mr. Fitzpatrick traced his brother to the Pacific slope, and there discovered that he was engaged in the lumber industry somewhere in the Rockies. Month after month was spent visiting lumber towns and camps, and at last the brother was found in a

*This article from the pen of one of our students, Mr. J. Wearing, '10, appeared in the October Westminster, and is here reproduced by courtesy of that magazine.

small town south of San Francisco. That search opened the eyes of the young student from Queen's. He saw that thousands of intelligent men were forced by their occupation to live many months at a time far removed from the moral and intellectual influences of civilization. Further, he perceived that, though these men were brave, generous, and true at heart, the total absence of any elevating and refining influence, the unsupplied want of legitimate entertainment and means of intellectual development during the evening, the forced separation from the uplifting presence of loved ones, had smothered all the innate spiritual ambition in the souls of the men, had restricted their knowledge of things outside of their daily life, had demoralized the whole character of their thoughts, and had made these camps hotbeds of vice and degradation, fruitful sources of profit to licensed hotels and houses of evil reputation. The revelations made such a profound impression upon the mind of the student that, during his search, he formed the resolve to devote his life to the work of improving the moral condition of frontier laborers and bringing spiritual and intellectual light into the darkness of frontier camps.

After completing his college course Mr. Fitzpatrick began his efforts towards establishing a system of education in the lumber camps of Northern Ontario. His aim was to erect in each set of camps a building suitable for a reading camp, to supply the reading camps with newspapers, periodicals, and an assortment of the best books, and to place in charge of all the reading camps Christian students who would labor with the men through the day and instruct them during the evening. The reading camps would provide a place where the men could spend the leisure hours in comfort and quietness and away from the offensive atmosphere and vile conversation of the main camp; the reading material would furnish means of profit and entertainment for the long winter evenings; the student would influence the men for good by personal contact through the day and develop their minds by a course of instruction at night. The need of a clean, quiet, and well-lighted room in which the men could spend the evenings was evidenced from a knowledge of the cramped quarters and the filthy condition of the sleeping

camp; the necessity of giving the men an oportunity for instruction in the elementary branches of education was suggested by the fact that at least thirty per cent. of them could neither read nor write; and the absolute demand for healthy literature and Christian influence was manifested by the scenes of debauchery which took place when the camps broke up in the spring and the men poured out into the frontier towns.

Such a scheme could not fail of being ultimately successful because of the extremely humanizing character of its nature, but, as is the case with every pioneer movement, the opening of the campaign was marked by serious difficulties, constant checks, discouraging defeats. The lumber companies were apathetic, the shanty foremen hostile; the former cared nothing whatever about the condition of the men after working hours, the latter were jealous of any infringement of their feudal authority and shared all the old-time prejudice against any effort towards the education of the laboring classes. Added to this was the hindrance arising from a lack of funds, for at that time people not directly associated with the lumber industry knew very little either about the daily work of the shanty man or his moral and social condition. One instance will illustrate the difficulties which Mr. Fitzpatrick had to overcome. After repeated endeavors, he obtained the consent of a certain lumber company to establish a reading room in one of their lumber camps near Sault Ste. Marie. The foreman of the camp was a French-Canadian, and an old-timer, and for a long time he positively refused to allow any such place to be built in his set of camps. Nevertheless Mr. Fitzpatrick persisted in his request even in the face of blasphemy and invective, and at last received the curt permission to "go ahead and build." Then a new difficulty presented itself; the foreman would not allow any of his men to put up the building unless they were paid by Mr. Fitzpatrick, and he would not grant any of his stock of lumber to be used in the construction. Discouraged but not dismayed, Mr. Fitzpatrick went back to Sault Ste. Marie, begged and borrowed money for material and wages, hauled lumber into the camps, cut logs out of the bush himself, hired a few men for a couple of days, and built the reading room.

As soon as lumbermen began to understand the value of the reading camps Mr. Fitzpatrick was given opportunity for his endeavors, and with the help of a few public men, who realized the importance of introducing the elements of civilization into the Canadian backwoods, he gradually extended his system. In time the Government was persuaded to do something in the matter, and now traveling libraries are circulated among the camps by the Department of Education, and lumber companies are forced to build reading camps for the benefit of their men. Moreover, as a result of the efforts put forth for the benefit of the shanty men, the laws governing the sanitary arrangements of the camps are more rigidly enforced than formerly, and every foreman is compelled to build a hospital in connection with his camp. The compulsory attendance of a doctor at least once a month to each gang has also been instituted.

Much of the success that has attended the work of the reading camps in the lumber woods has been due to the splendid service of many of the instructors placed in charge of them. Every instructor sent out has been a college man, and some have been university graduates; these fellows have worked right with the gang in the white pine forest throughout the day, and at night done everything in their power to develop moral, intellectual, and social culture in a place where formerly gambling and dancing had been the only evening occupation, and filthy stories the only topic of conversation. The writer has seen reading camps full of men and boys poring over newspapers and periodicals; eager classes of young French habitants learning to read and write English; big, strong, English-speaking axe men and teamsters sweating over their lesson in reading or arithmetic; and even an old man of seventy standing before the blackboard learning the alphabet. He has also known of boys sixteen or seventeen years of age who lived near the camp and far from school to be sent by their parents to work in the woods that they might "get a little schooling" from the reading camp instructor.

After a few experiments in lumber camps had proved the practicability of camp education, the work was organized under the name of the "Reading Camp Association," with an executive

composed of public men having interests in the north country. Reading rooms were also established in mining, fishing, and railway construction camps; in reading camps erected in the famous Cobalt country, miners have received scientific instruction from Government experts; at the fishing camps connected with the whitefish industry at the north end of Lake Winnipeg, the Gospel message has been given to the Icelandic and the half-breed fishermen of Keewatin; and along the lines of railway construction in Algoma and Temiskaming box cars have been utilized for the purpose of reading rooms operated by the Reading Camp Association.

This year the Macedonian cry came from the West. The enormous amount of railway construction between Fort William and Edmonton absolutely demanded a considerable extension in the system of camp education, and as a result fine large reading tents were bought and distributed among the camps extended along the three main trunk lines. Most of the laborers in these camps are newly arrived immigrants, and the peculiar conditions arising from the fact seemed to demand; first, that the British should be provided with facilities that would enable them to spend the evenings in reading—for no class of men is more assiduous in reading than the British workman; second, that the foreigners should be taught the English language—for the welding together of the races can only be accomplished by teaching them a common tongue; third, that the gospel of Jesus Christ should be promulgated among these camps not so much by public exhortation as by the daily life of Christian students working among the men and quietly telling the blessed news in moments of confidence. The efforts of the Association have been directed towards these ends, and so far with encouraging results. Swedes, Italians, and Galicians attending evening classes in English; prospective farmers from the British Isles taking lessons in geography and agriculture; men of different languages and customs co-operating in sacred concerts directed by the students; surely these reports from the camps may be taken as forecasts of splendid results.

The steadily-rising stream of immigration that is flowing into the Western Provinces from Europe and the British Isles is en-

riching the prairies by its deposits of intelligent, able-bodied men capable of building towns and cities and tilling grain-producing homesteads. It must not be forgotten, however, that these deposits are by no means homogenous; they represent men of different languages, different customs, different standards of morality, different ideals. Can these men live together in amity and concord? Will their social and political relations be productive of civil peace? Is it possible for a country with such a population to make national progress? It is evident that these heterogeneous deposits must become homogenous; that the babel of tongues most lose itself in a common language; that British ideas of equity and justice must prevail; that Christianity with its lofty principles of integrity and high character must be the dominant influence. Only by such a metamorphosis can the West hope to reach the highest state of national development; and let it be known that this change can never take place except by constant effort and unwearying perseverance. At the present time the large majority of the immigrants who come West begin their sojourn here by going into construction camps; surely no better opportunity for beginning the welding of the races could be imagined than that of commencing operations in these very camps.

The striking characteristic of almost every class of immigrants that enter this country is the feverish eagerness to become something more than penniless aliens. In most cases some degree of wealth will be obtained because of the unlimited opportunity for money-making which our land affords. But the possibility of losing the alien caste during the process of acquiring wealth is not so certain; if these people ever become imbued with true Canadian spirit it must be the result of aggressive action towards a unity of sympathy and interest on the part of those who are already Canadians. The "strangers within our gates" are strong in potentiality and eager for power; the obvious policy is to place them in such circumstances as will develop them into citizens worthy to be called Canadians, and possessing a knowledge that will lead them to use their power aright.

JOSEPH WEARING, '10.

THE RISE OF PROTESTANTISM.

PROTESTANTISM is a term which may be used in a narrower or in a wider sense. In its broader aspects it represents a combination of forces operating through a long period of time and extending over many centuries. When the ancient Roman Empire sank into a decline, and the neighboring barbarian peoples swarmed over her borders and occupied the lands which her enfeebled soldiery were unable to defend, they found themselves in possession of a double inheritance—the Roman civilization and the Roman Christian religion. They received both from the hand of the Catholic Church, for the sceptre which fell from the nerveless hand of the Empire was quickly grasped by the Church. But the barbarians appropriated a mere veneer of the Christianity and the civilization, and, being little concerned with either, they submitted to her authority in both. But by-and-bye these peoples outgrew her tutelage. When they had become firmly settled in their new homes each separate body of people began to exhibit distinct characteristics and to develop a civilization of its own. They formed institutions acording to their own liking and resented increasingly any interference with them. Out of the obscurity and confusion of the dark ages there gradually emerged new nations—England, Scotland, France, Spain, Switzerland, Poland, and the German, Dutch, and Scandinavian States. They all became ambitious to work out their own destinies in their own way. The nations began to slip away from the Church's grip.

There was more than that. New interests arose in many quarters and new ideas were astir in many minds. Commerce sprang up on an extensive scale. New lines of trade were opened across the English Channel, up the Rhine, over the Alps, down the Adriatic, away to the East, then up the Danube by the Vistula and the Elbe to the Baltic and North Seas—out of the Mediterranean into the Atlantic, around the Cape to India, and

across the ocean to the new world. New bonds began to unite the peoples, new thoughts began to course along the great highways of traffic. With a growing intercourse intelligence awakened and sympathy broadened. Ignorance and exclusiveness slunk away. Great cities grew up. Societies and unions of many kinds were formed in them. Through these and the improved facilities for travel, the wandering propagandist of new ideas found easy access to the minds of great multitudes of men. The common people were beginning to think and act without the previous consent of their superiors. A new intellectual world came into being. Not only so, but the ancient world had been rediscovered—its poetry, its science, its philosophy, its morality and its religion. Old and new came together. As the world grew larger the thoughts of men became vaster. They became restive under their restraints and sought more room for the play of their intelligence. New inventions were beginning to make the common man the equal of his lord and the layman a match for the priest. New ambitions and new purposes began to be formed in men's souls, and woe to him who dare oppose them! The many streams united at length in one great river, whose powerful current might be dammed back for a moment, but must finally sweep every obstruction away. All these forces (working for the regeneration of Europe) were united in Protestantism.

But in its narrower reference the Protestant Reformation stands for a distinctly religious change. Those great movements just spoken of had their chief source in religious faith. When Western Europe accepted Christianity it was mainly in a superficial way. The hearts of the people remained for a time mostly heathen. They knew enough of the new faith to see that its advocates were their superiors, and in a docile manner they accepted its dogmas, its codes of morals, its ceremonies and its institutions, as divine. To their minds Christianity and the Church were one and the same. Such a conditions of things facilitated the transformation of primitive Christianity into something very nearly its opposite. Christianity came into the world as a free Gospel, a living faith and a loving fellowship. But in the course of centuries the church politician and the church theologian so worked it over that the Gospel disappeared

under the church laws, the living faith was lost in the creed and the fellowship of love was turned into a hierarchy that claimed power over men in this world and the next.

But there came a change. Those long centuries seem never to have been entirely destitute of protest against the usurpations of the Catholic Church. The knowledge of the Gospel was not quite lost. The Church itself had not forgotten the Gospel altogether. Dissenters without the Church gave their witness to a purer Christian life. A response was given by reformers from within. The Scriptures, especially the New Testament, began to appear in the vernacular and to be read by the people. The conscience of Western Christendom was aroused. Men began to contrast the life of the human Jesus with the pride and violence of the ecclesiastic, and the simple but high morality of the early Church with the coarseness and brutality of their own times. When at length the shameless personal immorality of pope after pope found its counterpart in the open selling of pardons for sin, the awakened but outraged conscience of thousands needed only the bold denunciations of a Luther to flame out into a fiery revolt.

The Reformation was then essentially a religious movement. And, indeed, the religious awakening of Europe was the secret source of most of those other popular changes, which have been mentioned. What is, then, the inner meaning of the religious awakening? In a word—it is the revived Christian consciousness of the immediacy of man's relations with God. Men were beginning to grasp anew the meaning and worth of their own personal life, the directness of their responsibility, the awfulness of the moral law, the guiltiness of sin, the need of a redemption that could become an assured possession here and now; and over against these, the asurance of the accessibility of God to seeking men, the sufficiency of the atonement of Jesus Christ and the possession of His spirit in the heart. Such convictions demanded that the human theories and institutions which darkened the truth of God should be purged or swept away.

This new movement assumed various forms. Among many of a radical temper it took the form of a certainty of personal inward illumination and an attempt to do away with organized

Catholicism and to restore primitive Christianity in its purity and simplicity. With Luther and his followers it took the form of an assurance of justification from sin by the gracious self-revealing act of God in Jesus Christ and a protest against the system of salvation by works. With Calvin and his school it became an awful sense of the majesty and authority of God, the irresistibility of His will, and the weakness and wickedness of man. But whatever peculiar characteristics appeared in this community or that, everywhere there was a demand for a Christianity purified of the accumulated corruption of centuries.

That is, the Reformers were no mere theorists: They were Christians first and theologians or philosophers or statesmen afterwards. They aimed at a practical change. They strove to bring the revelations of the Christian Gospel within the field of Christian experience and of intelligent understanding and conduct. They tried to exhibit the moral content of the Gospel in purified human lives. But the great Church refused to hear them. The proposed reforms were rejected. The controversy became so violent that an open separation took place. The breach could not be healed and the schism became permanent. The reformers soon found themselves outside the Roman Church. And so it came to pass that that great mass of Christians who came accidentally to be called Protestants began an independent career, which has continued to the present time.

Here then was a religious revival reposing on spiritual experience and profound convictions, and reinforced by powerful tendencies in many lines of human activity. Among the converts in this revival were hundreds of earnest and highly gifted men. But they found their efforts to purify Christendom opposed by the great Church which most of them had been accustomed to regard as their spiritual mother. Their proposed reforms could be carried out and permanently established only by overcovering her resistance. This meant that the reformers must *organize* the forces opposed to Catholicism. The great problem was, how to do it?

George Cross.

THE FIFTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

DURING past years some of the best stories McMaster Monthly has published have been those inspired by the rewards of the Annual Story Competition. This year the Publication Board has decided to again hold the contest, under substantially the same conditions, except that an effort will be made to draw contributions from our more recent graduates. Two contests will be held, as usual, one for graduates and the other for students in attendance, as follows:

First Contest.—For graduates in Arts and Theology of not more than ten years' standing and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University within the last ten years. First prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars.

Second Contest.—For undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology). First prize, ten dollars; second prize, five dollars; third prize, three dollars.

Rules:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than January 8th, 1908.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Each writer must certify that his story satisfies this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

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Editorial Notes.

THE WOODSTOCK SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

ONE of the most interesting and memorable days of the recently closed Convention in Woodstock was that given up to the educational interests of the denomination. At that time was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Baptist educational work, and at the collation held at the College men who have since grown grey in the service of God and humanity joined with the more recent graduates of the old school in expressing their loyalty to Woodstock College, and their deep sense of indebtedness to her Christian influence. Many were the reminiscences of the days of the Canadian Literary Institute and of Woodstock College, and many the tributes paid to the lives of the great men who had originated and guided the work. Great was the satisfaction at the large and solid growth of Woodstock College and its work, and great the enthusiasm as this was compared with former days, and a still larger future predicted. And, indeed, the very spirit of the old school on the hill, with its broad acres, its magnificent buildings, its equipment, its every corridor and class-room alive with memories, was enough to thrill the spirit of anyone who came within its walls that day.

The greatest lesson of the day, and the dominant note of all the addresses was undoubtedly that of personality. The story of the Canadian Literary Institute and of Woodstock College is the story of the lives of Christian men that have been given to the work. The dominant figure of Dr. Fyfe, the self-sacrifice of Deacon Burtch, the forceful personalities of Wolverton, Huston, Bates, McCrimmon, MacNeill, stood out prominently as the story of the work was unfolded. Woodstock College has run no easy course. It is not founded on the munificence of a few, but on the sacrifice and denial of many. It has received its impetus and characteristic life, not from scholarship alone, but from the personalities of men who have patterned their lives on that of the Master, and through disappointment, reverse, and success, through rain cloud and sunshine, have pursued their ideal with the courage and steadfastness born of a mighty purpose. It is little wonder to us that Woodstock is a mighty force in the denomination and in the work of the kingdom, when we are reminded, as we were that anniversary day, of the lives that have been so freely given up to it.

We are to-day building on the foundation that these men have laid, and our hundreds of students at McMaster, Moulton, and Woodstock are reaping the advantages of those early sacrifices. The time for lives of devotion and consecration is, however, by no means past. We are, in turn, building for future years, and loyalty to the great ideal of Christian education is as much the duty of every Baptist in Canada as it was recognized to be by our great founder in times when the future was not so bright as it is to-day.

The thanks of all McMaster students are due to the men who this year have upheld the name of Alma Mater on the Rugby field. Although defeated in the second game of the semi-finals, there is not a man in the School who has not the fullest confidence in the ability of the team to win out if playing at full strength and under ordinary weather conditions. Captain Cohoe and his stalwarts have proved themselves, both as Rugby players and as men, in every way worthy representatives of McMaster University.

An event of far-reaching importance was the recent organization in McMaster of a branch of the International Y.M.C.A., whose officers are to be those of the Fyfe Society, and whose membership is to include all the Christian students of the university. For some time it has been felt by a number of the students that our university was not sufficiently in touch with the great missionary world-movements which are represented in the collegiate world by the International Y.M.C.A. and the Student Volunteer Movement. When we look at the record of McMaster along missionary lines we cannot help but realize that it leaves much to be desired. Our contribution in men to the foreign work of the denomination in India and South America has been, to say the least, insignificant, as far as numbers go. The denomination must look more and more to our colleges and universities for men to carry on the foreign work, and it is well that the task of interesting the rank and file of the McMaster student body in matters pertaining to foreign missions is being energetically taken up and systematized in connection with all the schools and colleges of North America.

In the past the Fyfe Missionary Society has been in sole charge of this work, but for some reason the students have not been giving it the support they should. In addition to this, the Fyfe Society has had general oversight of all the religious activities of the school—the evangelistic band work, prayer meeting, and a number of open meetings being all carried on under its auspices. Changes in the constitution altered matters very little, and it was felt that the claims of missions were not of late years receiving their fair share of attention in the school.

By its alliance with the federations of the student world it is hoped that the Fyfe Society, while remaining unchanged in name and character, will be able to push its missionary programme much more energetically. The students will be privileged to listen to those men who are the leaders in the great evangelical missionary movements of to-day, not only through their representatives at different conferences, but at our own meetings of the Fyfe Society. We will receive the uplift which comes from united effort with members of the other student missionary societies not only of Toronto but, also, in as true a sense, of the whole student world.

This step is, after all, necessary in view of the mighty impetus which missionary enterprise is receiving all about us. For many years the Fyfe was the strongest, if quietest, force in the lives of the students. Its influence permeated the whole school life. It carried on work in the city, and many now prosperous churches have reason to thank the Fyfe Society for timely aid. But in the last five years the great increase in the number of students, and the tendency of the spiritual life of the university to find an outlet in other channels, has created problems for the Fyfe which have not been easy of settlement. The attendance at its meetings has not been at all representative of the student body, nor has its yearly programme afforded a sufficient outlet for the activities of the Christian students. Meanwhile the evangelistic work flourished greatly, and much interest was taken in the student volunteer work of the city.

There is ample evidence, however, that the getting in line with the student world will do good. The speakers at the last meetings were such as would command a packed house at any of our city churches. Let us remember, however, that no executive, however able, can make the society a success. It needs the earnest co-operation of every student, and there is no reason why this should not be given during the present year. Let everyone make it a point to support the Fyfe Society in every way, for the executive have shown that it is their intention to instal it in its rightful place as the most influential of our student associations.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR, D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

"When dark November glooms the day,
And takes our autumn joys away,
We welcome with renewed delight
The studious day and social night."

FYFE Elections:—Elections in the Fyfe Society were held on October 23rd, when the following were chosen for the coming year: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, G. G. Vichert, '08; Vice-President, W. Raithby, '08; Corresponding Secretary, C. L. Timpany, B.A.; Recording Secretary, H. S. Mullowney, '09. The Fyfe Society occupies an increasingly important place in the school. Last year the students' prayer meeting and the band came under its control. This year it is fostering a Y. M. C. A.

REGISTRATION for this year is about complete. The total shows a slight increase over last year, and comes chiefly in theology. The theologues number this year 56, as against 42 in 1906-7. The figures for the Arts year are as follows: Fourth year, 37; third year, 35; second year, 52; first year, 37; partial, 13; for M.A., 8; B.D., 3. Total 239. Registered twice 3. Net total 236, or an increase of 15 over last year.

THEOLOGY:—The divinity students have elected the following executive: Honorary President, Dr. Farmer; President, H. R. Nobles, B.A.; Vice-President, C. L. Timpany, B.A.; Secretary, A. Ward; Lit. Representative, L. H. Wilkes; Fyfe, T. McC. Dadson; Student Body, R. Segsworth; Athletic Association, W. A. Cameron; Rugby Captain, E. R. Fitch; Association Captain, L. H. Wilkes. With fifty-six members theology outclasses in point of numbers any of the Arts years. On Field Day they carried off forty-three points towards winning the Matthews Cup. However, this feat is nothing to the prodigies they will doubtless perform when the Dorcas Societies in the city churches begin to get in their deadly work.

Mr. A. F. Smith, '09, has been appointed censor of the bulletin boards. Daily he scans the notices with eagle eye and any card which offends his aesthetic taste is removed and cast into outer darkness.

McMaster students were favored with two short but pleasant addresses at chapel service on November 5th. The speakers were Dr. John McLaurin, missionary on furlough from Conoor, India, and Rev. Alex. McDonald, from Leduc, Alta. Chancellor McKay, in introducing them, said he had met these two "old boys" in the hall and had insisted that they come in to chapel. Dr. McLaurin and Rev. Mr. McDonald are graduates of the Canadian Literary Institute.

Class '08 has organized as follows for the home stretch: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, R. D. Moyle; Vice-President, Miss Blanche Edy; Secretary-Treasurer, G. G. Vichert; Bard, W. F. L. Edwards; Musician, Miss Marie Harris; Track Captain, F. W. Weston; Rugby Captain, F. R. Jordan; Hockey Captain, N. Ware; Association Captain, Boyd Ritchie. With such an executive the year will doubtless pursue the even tenor of its way and score as many successes as usual. The year has added several new members to its roll and lost none. If the fates are propitious thirty-seven students should receive their degree in the spring.

The Freshmen's Yell:—In the matter of year yells the juniors probably have the best of any of the years. The freshmen's yell, which we herewith give, is distinguished only by its length:

Boom-a-lac-a,
Boom-a-lac-a,
Bow-wow-wow,
Ching-a-lac-a,
Ching-a-lac-a,
Chow-chow-chow,
Boom-a-lac-a, Ching-a-lac-a,
Who are we?
Year eleven, year eleven,
Sis-boom-zee.

After getting off the first seven lines why the necessity of the question, Who are we? That should be palpably, painfully apparent without any explanations.

STUNG AGAIN!

Where are you going, my pretty maid?
I am going to the college, sir, she said.
May I walk with you, my pretty maid?
You're only a freshman, sir, she said.

Dr. Madison Peters:—McMaster students had the pleasure of listening to a bright, breezy address from Dr. Madison Peters of New York on Wednesday, October 30th. Dr. Peters, who has a style of his own, spoke on success in life. He handled his threadbare theme in such a witty, genial manner that he held the attention of every student from start to finish. While keeping his auditors in a state of merriment, he enforced with renewed emphasis the old rules for getting on in the world. McMaster students were fortunate in hearing him.

Our Staff:—At a meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening, November 8th, two names were added to the staff of The Monthly. Mr. C. S. Edwards becomes editor of "Our Graduates," in place of Mr. D. A. McGregor, B.A., who has not returned this year. Mr. Caleb Haris, '09, will take the place of Mr. E. P. Lewis, who was appointed to represent the juniors, but who resigned on becoming president of his year.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

A student there was "just too sweet,"
Who smilingly went to Ben Greet.
The attraction, you know,
Was not really the show,
But the maiden who had the next seat.

O. A.

Fyfe Society:—The first meeting of the Fyfe Society took place on Thursday afternoon, October 7th. It was decided to organize a Y. M. C. A. in McMaster. The thought of one has been in the minds of a number of the students for a year or more, and if it makes such a contribution to the Christian activity of the school as many expect there is no doubt it will become one of the really indispensable organizations. The leading features of the afternoon session were two addresses, one by Dr. Soper, Education Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., and the other by Dr. Zwemer, F.R.G.S., of Arabia. Dr. Soper clearly and concisely presented some phases of the work among young people, a work, he said, to which all Christian students should be looking forward. The great problem, to his mind, was how to reach the young people and put them to work for Christ. The earnest, thoughtful address of Dr. Zwemer on "The Mohammedan World" portrayed to the Society a sphere for missionary work which up to the present time has received but little notice. He spoke of the millions of followers of the Arabian prophet, of the vastness of the territory flooded by his religion, of the ignor-

ance, the social degradation, and the hopeless spiritual condition engendered by it, and every listener realized the need of letting in a flood of the Christ-light.

Evening Session:—The evening meeting was public, and many friends of the University were present. After the devotional service, led by Dr. Farmer, the University Quartette sang most acceptably. Mr. Vichert then introduced Mr. Murray, International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Murray, after speaking a few words of congratulation to the Society on the step made in the formation of a Y. M. C. A., took up the question, "The Awakening in the Orient." He dwelt upon the necessity of thinking imperially in view of the fact that new nations are being brought into existence in the Far East. In particular he emphasized the necessity of a broader and more intelligent view of the missionary problem, which involves the future destiny of the East, and perchance of the West as well.

It was most befitting that the closing address should be that of Mr. W. A. Cameron, B.A., on "The Call to Service." With his usual power he held the attention of his audience throughout, emphasizing the fact that spiritual power is the highest attainment of man as realized in service and that the call comes from the past, the present and Christ himself for service not only for others but supremely for love of the Christ himself.

Professor in English:—"In the eighteenth century there was a tendency to arrange lines of poetry so that the poems would appear in the shape of squares and hexagons. Others were egg-shaped." Student: "Would you call the latter a lay, professor?"

Debating Society:—That the students have not lost sight of the importance of this phase of college life was evidenced, not only by the large attendance, but also by the spirit of enthusiasm so manifest throughout the opening meeting, which was held Saturday, November 9th. President Bingham, in his opening remarks, said that the executive had decided to give music a place on the weekly programmes, believing that such an innovation would make the society still more attractive. Mr. E. Newton, '11, gave a solo, which was well received. The subject, "Resolved, That the prohibition of Chinese and Japanese immigration to Canada would be in the best interests of the Dominion," was upheld on the affirmative by J. B. McLaurin, B.A., and on the negative by R. C. Bensen, B.A. Dr. Cross, who acted

as judge, decided that the affirmative had the best of the argument. Prof. I. G. Matthews, after commending the general efficiency of the debaters, said that there was a lack of spontaneity on the part of a number of speakers, and as a remedy against artificiality he urged the individual speakers to become more enthusiastic over their subject.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH: "These writers gave the people merely a milk and water diet; they had no *force.*" They ought to have boarded in McMaster Hall!

THE LITERARY SOCIETY:—The members of the Literary Society were treated to a very interesting programme on Friday evening, October 25th, in Castle Memorial Hall. After a piano solo by Mr. B. Farmer, '11, who received an encore, Mr. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., in his own inimitable manner reviewed the "News of the Week," recalling to the minds of the theologues who were present several matrimonial items of interest. Miss Arkell, '11, then delighted the audience with a piano solo; following which Miss G. Pratt, '11, recited "The Knight and the Lady," a long poem from "The Ingoldsby Legends." In conclusion, Mr. N. S. McKechnie delivered an address entitled "Woodstock Echoes," in which he gave an interesting summary of events in connection with the recent semi-centennial exercises at Woodstock College.

The first number of a most enjoyable programme on November 8th was an instrumental duet, mandolin and guitar, by Miss F. Verney and Mr. H. Verney. After the applause which followed and the desire for "more" had been somewhat appeased by an encore, Mr. O. E. Rutledge, '09, favored the audience with a reading entitled "When Betsy and I Fell Out." The next number was a vocal solo by Miss L. Senior, '05, which was very acceptably rendered and much enjoyed. Mr. N. J. Ware, '08, then made the address of the evening on "Social Evolution." This discourse contained many good thoughts, and the speaker's pungent humor added interest to the discussion of his subject. The meeting was brought to a pleasant conclusion by a banjo solo by Miss F. Verney.

MESSRS. H. S. MULLOWNEY, '09, and Jos. Wearing, '10, have been appointed reporters by the student body for the evening and morning papers respectively.

THE Lit. should be favored with a large number of good musical selections this year. The quartette has been reorganized again under Mr. D. H. Williamson, '08. Mr. E. C. Fox, B.A., is also training an orchestra. This latter contains about fifteen members, and it should be highly successful.

HALLOWE'EN PARTIES:—Members of the senior year had the pleasure of attending two very enjoyable Hallowe'en parties—one at the home of Miss Pugsley and the other at the home of Miss Murray, both members of the year. In order not to conflict and on account of the number going home for Thanksgiving they were held on October 22nd and 28th respectively. In each instance a very pleasant evening was spent.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR, ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"The lady shall say her mind freely,
Or the blank verse halt for 't."

A FEW tardy stragglers are still gathering in to the Ladies' Room. One morning it is a belated freshette, who must go forever uninitiated; another, when we rush in hot-footed after an "8.15." we find it is a browned and beaming Senior, fresh from the West, and the 8.15 is forgotten for the moment in an enthusiastic welcome. But even while we remark upon their late appearance the freshette has found her place among us and is no longer new, and the senior has disappeared behind the pile of "back notes" she must copy out.

W. L. S.—By amendment of Article I. of the constitution of the Ladies' Literary League, the name of that society has been changed to the "Woman's Literary Society of McMaster University," or, as we get more accustomed to our new title—"W. L. S," for short. Article III. has also been changed. By the substitution of the word "women" for "lady" it now reads, "all women students in attendance upon lectures at McMaster University are members of this society by virtue of their connection with the said institution." This change has not been found desirable because of any alteration in the character of the women students of McMaster themselves, we understand, but rather because the term "lady" has fallen upon evil times; it is thought in these days to savor rather of bargain-counter fights than of high and sweet ideals, and consequently suffers disfavor. May its eclipse be short; and in the meantime, "What's in a name?" McMaster girls by any other name would be as—studious. Privately, we still cling to the opinion that

"Conceal it howsoe'er she will,
A college girl's a lassie still."

It is interesting to notice in this connection that at a meeting in 1899, when the draft of our present constitution was being voted on, a motion was made that the name of the society

be changed from "Ladies' Literary League" to "Woman's Literary League"; which motion was voted down "after much discussion."

It is the custom for the Literary Society to choose each fall some one topic for consideration at its meetings during the year. This year the subject chosen was "The status of woman in all nations, and what she has contributed to literature, music, and art." Two papers are prepared for each meeting, dealing respectively with the "status" and "contributions" of woman in some country. The subject has proved an excellent one, and the papers have been worthy of the subject. The lighter part of the programme is equally good; talent seems to be both plentiful and varied among the girls, and the numbers range through dialogues, readings, and vocal and instrumental music. This last is supplied not only on our old standby, the chapel piano, but by Miss Carey's mandolin and the Freshettes' Comb Chorus as well.

The unusually large attendance of ladies at chapel service this year has been remarked upon. Perhaps one reason for this is that a certain spice of mild excitement has been added to the occasion by the rearrangement of the seats. We are "kept guessing" as to how we will find them next—three in a row or six; against the wall or away from it; facing the faculty or turned toward the student body; many in number or so few that we may be driven to seek shelter under the gallery—with a theologue for chaperone.

Y. W. C. A.—The society met this fall under the leadership of Miss Anna Macintosh, '08, with Miss Hope Gray, '09, as vice-president; Miss Hope Simpson, '10, as secretary, and Miss Gladys Jackson, '11, as treasurer. Mrs. TenBroeke was re-elected honorary president. At a couple of business meetings it was decided to hold the meetings on Monday, instead of Wednesday, for the convenience of all members with the exception of the freshettes, who have no lectures on Monday afternoons, to adopt a missionary policy, by which we are to have one meeting every month devoted to the study of missions; and to hold a reception. Mr. Laflamme, from India, spoke to us concerning the missionary policy of the Y. W. C. A.

The reception to the wives of the professors and to the freshettes was held in the chapel from four to seven on the fourteenth of October. Miss Latter, the secretary for the College Y. W. C. A. of Canada, spoke, and Mrs. McLaurin of India gave a very interesting talk on the work of the Association in that country. A vocal solo by Miss Gladys Jackson, '11, and a reading by Miss Etta Pugsley, '10, were very much enjoyed. After

the programme all went to the new Ladies' Room, which was prettily decorated. Refreshments were served, and after a social time the guests departed for their several homes. A number of the hostesses then sat down to help to diminish the quantity of refreshments still remaining. In this arduous task, especially in clearing away the grapes, members of the University who were *not* members of the Y. W. C. A. nobly aided.

Four very helpful meetings have been held since the reception. The topics have been: "The Development of Character," "My Bible and My Use of It," and "Glorifying God in Daily Work." Mrs. Grigg of Burmah spoke to us at one of our meetings on the work of the Association among the young women in that country.

At a recent meeting of the Lit. two important appointments were made. It was decided to appoint a curator to look after the magazines and papers in the Ladies' Room, which have in past years acquired a habit of straying into the reading room upstairs, and in some cases have not found their way out again. The Ladies' Home Journal and the Woman's Home Companion were especially commended to our new curator's care.

The second appointment was made from among the freshettes, who are to be appointed monthly by twos to see that our Ladies' Rooms are kept in order. It has long been felt that there should be a systematic arrangement for keeping the rooms in something nearer to ladylike order, but beyond an occasional spasmodic attempt at "tidying up," nothing had as yet been done. Unfortunately the members of Year Eleven do not seem to rise to the occasion. They do not appreciate the dignity of the office, nor yet are they inclined to lend dignity to the task by the performance of it. It it sadly to be feared that the case is one of evil communications corrupting good manners, and that the ill effects of belonging to an unhustled year are showing themselves even in the modest freshettes.

The disturbance caused in the ranks of the freshettes by this edict found expression in the following poem, which was found pinned to the bulletin board:

WITH APOLOGIES TO LONGFELLOW.

The shades of night were falling fast
When in the Woman's Lit. was passed
A resolution—most unjust!
To make the Freshettes sweep and dust.
How they did roar!

They were quite mad. Far, far beneath
Their dignity it was, and grief
Gave place to rage. At first they said
They would not driven be, or led
To touch a floor!

Ah, sorry job! Ah, sorry sight!
Were e'er Freshettes in such a plight?
Above the spectral gas lights glowed;
Around the Seniors laughed and crowed
Their victims o'er.

"Don't work too hard, Green Ones," they said;
"Nor try to paint McMaster red.
Go, clean our rooms by two and two;
You'll be less fresh when you are through."
An insult sore!

Beware, O Seniors, wise! No jest
It is. "Who laughs last oft laughs best."
The pretty maids of Year Eleven
Are not quite ready yet for heaven.
'Ware, I implore!

They are not meek enough as yet
For realms above. And you just bet
They will not heed your edict stern,
Unless they want to, just to learn
New arts galore.

For maybe we shall live to see
A university degree
For those in Household Science classes;
And then—hurrah for 'Leven lasses!
Excelsior!

—E. McGillicuddy.

Open Meetings of the W. L. S.—The W. L. S. has decided to give a reading from "The Merchant of Venice" at its open meeting after Christmas. For the open meeting of the fall term will be substituted a reception to the wives of the professors and city pastors and to the alumnae of the University.

"From Log Cabin to White House."—The versatile member of year '08, of whom it was reported in our last number that she was claimed by the Freshettes as one of their class, has proved that the mistake was not caused by any lack of dignity on her part. On her way to the Hall the other day she met with a distinguished educationist of the city, a friend of McMaster, who, knowing that she had some connection with that institution, could only decide that she must be the wife of one of our professors, and addressed her as such. Truly, as those who know this young lady can testify, "custom cannot stale her infinite variety."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR, H. R. NOBLES, B.A.

ON MISSING MUGS:—McMaster has had a Rugby team in the intermediate series of the C. I. R. F. U. for six seasons. As yet the championship mug has gone elsewhere. Twice the team lost by the narrow margin of two points in the finals, once to R. M. C. and once to Queen's II. This year prospects were bright, and yet once again the same old story. Some people are beginning to ask the question, Why? There are many reasons. Just here we do not want to indulge in that easiest of all criticisms, "I told you so," but we desire to face this little problem fairly. May we advance a reason or two in answer to the question? First, McMaster has been unable thus far to produce a team of strong finishers. When everything is in our favor we are winners, but when the opposing team pulls itself together and goes over for a try we lose our heads. Varsity has the reputation of staying in the game if it is all against them. They die hard. May there not be something in this then? Many have said, and perhaps justly, that McMaster has always had a team which has been brilliant in spots, but they throw up the sponge too quickly. Then, again, is there not the tendency to think that because we win the first few games of the season everything else in sight is coming our way as a matter of course? Every game is a fight to a finish, or ought to be, and then if the score is 500 to nothing in our favor that is no reason why we can win the next game on our past greatness. We are making no complaint because we lost again this year. The cup goes to another team, along with our best wishes. We trust that we go down this year as good sports and not as soreheads. If we do lose the cup we are still in the game. and will be. Then some day we hope that piece of silver will take up winter quarters tied with green and black.

MCMASTER 11, O. A. C. 2:—Such was the score when "Whit" Lailey blew a long blast on his whistle, whereby the second game of the series with the Guelph Agriculturists was terminated on Saturday morning, October 19th. The score was not so large as in the first game a week before, owing largely to

Bensen's absence from the McMaster half-back line and Jones' presence in the same division for the Agricultural College. The first half of the game was largely in the territory of the visitors, the score at half-time being 7—0. In the second half the Guelphites pressed hard, but the best they could do resulted in only two counters. McMaster's only score in this half was from a neat drop by Jordan.

The O. A. C. has plenty of good material, and with more practice should develop a dangerous team. Jones and Treherne were always at work for O. A. C., while Jordan, Moyle, and Cohoe were the most aggressive for the green and black. The teams:

McMaster—Full-back, McKay; halves, Firstbrook, Jordan, McCrimmon; quarter, Bissett; scrimmage, Whan, Vichert, Jackson; wings, Moyle, Cohoe (captain), McKechnie, Vail, McGibbon, Ritchie.

O. A. C.—Full-back, Treherne; halves, Murray, Hay, Jones; quarter, Krauss; scrimmage, Clames, Middleton, Moorhouse; wings, Van Buskirk, Surrett, Claverly, N. McKenzie, Kennedy, D. McKenzie.

The officials were:—Referee, "Whit" Lailey; umpire, Moon Lee.

McMaster won the series from O. A. C. by the score, 38 to 7.

A Series of Shocks:—Shock the first. McMaster 21, Varsity II. 6. This was a shock to Varsity. It occurred on Varsity Field on Saturday morning, October 26th. As this was the first of the home-and-home games for the championship of the Western section of the Intermediate League, it was necessary that somebody should do something. The stalwarts in the green and black stockings happened to be somebody on this occasion. McMaster clearly outplayed Varsity at every stage of the game, barring the last eight minutes of play.

In the first half the winners were ahead, 12 to 0. Fitch was the responsible party for a try, having made a pretty catch and a neat run. All the other points were individual counters, and happened in several ways. Jordan's punting was a feature in the play throughout.

In the second half Bissett and the ball had a head-on collision, which finally resulted in a try, which was not converted. Then toward the end of the half Varsity suddenly let loose the dogs of war and all the furies, and it was pandemonium for a few minutes. When the smoke cleared the blue and white had 6 points to their credit. It all happened with a rouge and a try by Sifton. The whistle blew, there was a slight mix-up over the

possession of the ball, and McMaster was 15 points in the lead. It certainly looked good, but that is another yarn.

Vail and Cohoe did stellar work for McMaster, while Cory and Park were the bright spots for Varsity. The teams:

McMaster (21):—Full, McCrimmon; halves, McKay, Jordan, Dales; quarter, Bissett; scrimmage, Jackson, Vichert, Whan; wings, Vail, McGibbon, Fitch, McKechnie, Cohoe, Moyle.

Varsity (6):—Full, McArthur; halves, Park, Ferguson, Henderson; quarter, Cory; scrimmage, Bell, Carroll, Hopkins; wings, Willison, Duncanson, Doherty, Kingstone, Sifton, Douglas.

Referee, Roy Benson; umpire, Ken Hall.

Shock the Second:—McMaster 3, Varsity II. 27. This was a shock to McMaster. It happened on the McMaster campus on Saturday morning, November 2nd, in a downpour of rain. The McMaster line-up was not as strong as on the previous Saturday, while the Varsity line was stronger. Lawson played centre half for Varsity and was largely responsible for their victory. There are no apologies to make, but we would like to say this, that to play an important game in a downpour of rain on a field covered with pools of water is to play anybody's game. Unfortunately, McKay and Cohoe were forced to retire from the game, and Vail was absent. However, it is all over and now Varsity meet McGill in the finals. As total points count in the series, Toronto wins with the neat margin of 9 points, the total score being 33—24. Thus and so do dreams of cups fade and the uncertainties of football are made more real.

As the score gives a fairly good indication of the play, we will not give a detailed account of the game. Jordan did good work in the second half especially, and Fitch did a lot of heavy and aggressive line bucking. Cory and Lawson were always good for Varsity. The teams:

Varsity—Back, Evans; halves, Henderson, Lawson, McArthur; quarter, Cory (captain); scrimmage, Carroll, Hopkins, Bell; wings, Duncanson, Hunter, Patterson, Kingstone, Sifton, Doherty.

McMaster—Back, McKay; halves, Jordan, Dales, McCrimmon; quarter, Bissett; scrimmage, Jackson, Raithby, Vichert; wings, McKechnie, Cohoe (captain), Moyle, Fitch, Ritchie, McGibbon.

Referee, C. M. Johnston; umpire, C. Malone.

The order of the day from now on will be inter-year games, both Association and Rugby. Keen contests are expected.

Some More Shocks:—McMaster II. 0, Varsity III. 8. The first game in the junior Rugby series was played on the McMaster Campus on Saturday morning, October 26th. Varsity did nearly all of the scoring in the first half, the half-time score being 7—0 for the winners. In the second half McMaster settled down and played the game like veterans. However, they were unable to score, and Varsity notched another counter, making the score 8—0. The Varsity back division was in excellent form and played a strenuous game throughout. Scott for McMaster was responsible for some good work, making several nice tackles.

Varsity's scores were made by a safety touch, a try (unconverted) and a rouge. The teams:

McMaster II.—Full, Scott; halves, Waters, Firstbrook (captain), Robertson; quarter, Edwards; scrimmage, Saunders, Lewis, Raithby; wings, Newton, Wearing, Gray, Ritchie, Jury, George.

McMaster II. 5, Varsity III. 32:—On Tuesday afternoon, November 5th, Varsity III. defeated McMaster II. by the score above indicated. McMaster played poor Rugby. This is the explanation of it all. Varsity was largely strengthened by the addition of Lawson, who played for the seconds on the previous Saturday. This man seems to be a movable feature at Varsity. He certainly plays the game, but we advance the view that it would have been a better victory for Varsity, with perhaps a smaller score, had they left Lawson off the team. At least it would have looked more like good sportsmanship. Varsity wins the round by the score, 40—5. That is a pretty comfortable margin. McMaster's only score was made by Newton, who managed to secure the ball in the second half, and by a fast run in which he outstripped the Varsity halves crossed the line for a try, which was unconverted. The team:

McMaster II.—Back, Scott; halves, George, Firstbrook, Waters; quarter, Edwards; scrimmage, Lewis, Sloat, Raithby; wings, McLaurin, Gray, Wearing, Poole, Newton, Crowe.

Referee, Lailey; umpire, Bensen.

GRANDE LIGNE.

THE school year began under the best of auspices and is so continuing. If anything is to be noted in the personnel of the student body it is that the Roman Catholic pupils are of an exceptionally superior order as to age, intellectual ability and seriousness of disposition.

THE teaching staff has been strengthened by the coming of Mr. A. E. White, McMaster, '07. Miss Senior and Miss Ward are replaced by Miss Laing of Kingston and Miss Rollin of Springfield, Mass. They are all established in our esteem and affection.

A YEAR ago it was stated on this page that we hoped to send one of our number to McMaster before long, namely, Ed. Tyson. God willed it otherwise and took Tyson to Himself last summer. Another of our young men died last week, Emile Roy. Both these fellows had been successive presidents of the Feller Y. M. C. A.—last year's leaders in Christian work among the boys. We believe that our loss is infinite gain to them.

THANKSGIVING DAY and Field Day coincided with us. The day was perfect. The features of the sports programme were the 440-yard run, won in a rush from third place to the front by Stuart Greenleese, and a challenge tennis match between H. B. Miller, last year's champion, and H. P. Lovell. It was beautiful tennis on both sides, but Lovell showed superior form throughout and captured the title. The track championship was won by Stuart Greenleese with 24 points. Omer Jette took 23 points.

Last Saturday, November 2nd, our Rugby team defeated Montreal High School, 6—0, on the latter's grounds. Montreal High School have held the Interscholastic championship for two years (Province of Quebec), having won 33 consecutive games. This is the record that FELLER spoiled last Saturday. We are virtually the champions of Quebec, in our class.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

EVENING.

The wind has dropped, and 'round the placid lake
The twinkling ripples die along the sand.
The silent pines, like solemn watchers stand,
Nor even sound of sighing do they make.
Athwart the gilded sky the slow crows take
Their homeward flight. A churchbell far inland
Summons to peaceful worship. Near at hand
A rustling of dry leaves 'neath fern and brake.

God of the Evening; teach me how to pray,
With full forgiveness—true humility—
To turn to Thee with this departing day,
And through my life endeavour still to see
The blessed straightness of the narrow way
Thou didst point out, of yore, beside the sea.

—L. M. Thompson, in the Nassau Lit.

ATHLETIC life is writ large on the face of college journalism, especially at this time of the year. It is the season of the gridiron, and the knights of the pigskin hold sway. East and west and south and north the doughty warriors have donned their armor and hied them forth unto the fray. In the grappling clutch of the line, in the crushing, chaotic turmoil of the scrimmage, in the lightning pass and run they have endangered life and limb for the honor of Alma Mater. And from the side lines thousands of comrades have watched the struggle, following with painful, breathless interest the approach of the enemy towards the fateful line, or heralding the winning touch with the wild slogan of victory and encouragement. The football story, the football poem, the overflowing columns of athletic news and comments are all in abounding evidence, and we may well at this time put to ourselves the question as to the significance of Rugby and athletics in general.

Of late a marked opposition to the more strenuous forms of sport, particularly Rugby, has grown up in certain quarters. It is alleged that sports have overshadowed to an alarming degree

the more important work of the classroom. But, even granted that such is the case, surely the remedy simply calls for the relegation of sports to their rightful sphere—not for such drastic measures as eradication. The long list of killed and injured is also referred to as an argument for the curtailment of certain forms of athletics, particularly Rugby. It is indeed a most regrettable feature, but medical examination and supervision of the players and a strict revision of the rules so as to eliminate unnecessary roughness would go far towards obviating this difficulty. Some, again, on account of the apparent increase of professionalism, are inclined to bring all sports under the one condemnation. But there is no realm in which pure amateur athletics are fostered to a greater extent than in the college and university. And hence it becomes the duty of one who believes in sport at all to lend his rational interest and support to its purer forms. But there are those who take an uncompromising attitude against sports in general. These we would like to take with us in our reading of the fall exchanges. Through the medium of college journals as they give expression to the life of athletics we would wish to place them in touch with the healthy, active life of the student world. We would like them to feel the manly ring which pure athletics imparts to the college life—to see how sports form a medium for the cementing of friendships —how they unite and vitalize the college spirit by affording a common outlet for student energy and interest—how they broaden the college life by bringing different schools into touch—and, above all, how they teach the student to give and take the knocks of life in true manly fashion. If they could see and feel these things we are sure there would remain no doubt that athletics, properly indulged in, are capable of filling a place of no mean importance in college and university.

But there are not only indications that athletics are performing a useful work in the academic life. Signs are not lacking that students and faculties are intelligently alive to the problems of the situation and are taking steps towards their solution. With regard to the employment of professional coaches, for instance, we find the current number of the Queen's Journal indignantly repudiating the report that Queen's was anxious to engage the services of one for the present season. This year, on the contrary, they have found an amateur ex-player a most efficient coach and seem to be well satisfied with this solution of the question. The opinon of the Journal is outspoken: "To pay a man to teach our Rugby men the art of disabling opponents and other forms of roughness is utterly bad. A man who will earn a living by these means is unfit to be the preceptor of col-

lege men.'' The Journal admits, however, that there are circumstances tending to give the professional coach a standing, for in McGill, Yale and Harvard, where such coaches are eminently gentlemen, the evils of the system are at least minimized.

The relation of athletics to study is also well placed by the Ottawa University Review: ''Study and athletics, apart from the case of abuse of the latter, are quite compatible things. The oft-repeated saw, *mens sana in corpore sano,* represents as fittingly to-day as it did centuries ago what ideal manhood is expected to be. If a thing is beautiful or perfect in so far as its several parts are in proportion one to the other, it follows that a mere combination of one hundred and sixty pounds of bone and muscle, however highly developed, does not constitute the perfect man, any more than the splendid cranium plentifully supplied with brains and tapering off in a rickety physique by any odds approaches the standard. There is a pitfall against which young men in college, especially if they are physically gifted, must sedulously guard: it is the tendency to exert and develop their bodily limbs, not only beyond all need, but to the total neglect of their mental faculties. All young things as much delight in motion and physical exercise as they detest enforced inactivity. The true college man loves athletic games and generally becomes proficient in them; but he loves his studies better, not so much from inclination as from a sense of rigid duty and a wise foresight with regard to his future usefulness. He recognizes the necessity of making athletic activity subordinate to intellectual training; the former he properly regards as sugar and sauce, imparting savor to the drink and solid food of the latter. Fails he in this, his course is dwarfed. The student cannot be too firmly convinced that to derive permanent benefit from athletics he must do at least as much brain-work as foot-work.''

The same question of the relation of athletics to the academic life received deserved attention in President Falconer's inaugural address to the students of the University of Toronto. Dr. Falconer touched on the importance of athletics to the development of college spirit, their relation to the intellectual life, the desirability of extending them more widely among the student body and the necessity of upholding in them a high sense of honor. From his address as reported in Varsity we extract the following: ''This comradeship is also intensified through athletics, which serve to arouse the enthusiasm and satisfy the pride of a very large number of students. I know that I am touching upon a difficult subject. A large section of the community know little else with regard to the university

than its record in the world of sport. But I do you the honor of believing that few among you place athletics first and the duties of the class-room second. You know that athletics should be engaged in for recreation, and that they cease to be recreation when they usurp a place as an absorbing interest. Educated men should be able to distinguish their use from their abuse. A student should engage in athletics not only for recreation, but that he may keep in such good bodily condition as will enable him to use all his powers to the best advantage. While men broken down prematurely because of excessive bodily training are pitiful spectacles, even more so are students of high intellectual distinction who are physical wrecks, having disregarded the plain truth that if the mental strain is unrelieved the strength will be sapped and collapse follow. Athletics should not be left to the few; nor is their function served when a score or so of men do all the play and the great body of students simply stand by as interested and often excited spectators. Too few instead of too many are engaged in the athletic life of the University. * * * * * * In Canada to-day we need the strong body and the sound mind along with moral control and buoyancy, that we too may go forth to uphold the university ideals. From the university a standard of clean sport should be shown forth; here above everywhere must be exhibited a true discernment of values; and honor be so supreme that a game won in any other way than by what is square and manly is not only no proof of worth, but is such a disgrace that we shall seek to forget that the game was ever won."

As long as such sentiments as the above form the spirit in which academic athletic life is pursued we have no doubt that the problems which confront it will be successfully solved and that athletics, as forming a real basis for the more complete intellectual and moral life, will maintain an assured and honorable place among the activities of the university.

We would acknowledge the receipt of the following October exchanges: University of Ottawa Review, Acta Victoriana, Manitoba College Journal, Mercerian, Philomathean Monthly, Collegian, William Jewell Student, Manhattan Quarterly, Solomon, Mitre, O. A. C. Review, College Index, Queen's University Journal, Notre Dame Scholastic, Varsity.

"It's the little things in this world that tell," remarked the young lady as she pulled her younger brother out from under the sofa.—*Ex.*

SONNET.

As when a lover of the forest stands
In silent wonder, in some sylvan dell,
And hears the spring come bubbling from the sands,
And yields his whole self to the magic spell
Of beauties, filling ear and heart and eye,
Yet knows not which he loves the most: the sight
And smell of growing things, the glimpse of sky,
Or waters singing in the sunbeams' light:
So stand I lost in wonder when thy face
Across my fancy comes; nor can I say
Which gracious virtue or sweet maiden grace
Is dearer to my heart from day to day,
Since all charms make in thee one perfect whole—
The flower-like beauty of a maiden soul.

—Tertius van Dyke, in the Nassau Lit.

The Bishop of Oxford was pursuing his dignified way down Pall Mall when he was accosted by an urchin.

"Wot's the time, my lord?"

"Half-past five, my lad," said the bishop.

"At 'arf past six go to 'ell," said the boy, and bolted round the corner.

The bishop pursued him hotly and ran into the arms of the Bishop of London.

"Where so fast, Oxford?" said he.

"A boy asked me the time and then told me to go to h—l at half-past six," responded the Bishop of Oxford.

London's eyes twinkled. "Why such haste," said he. "you have still an hour!"—*Ex.*

The following sonnet from the pages of the Oxford Magazine savors markedly of its chaste and classic origin:

ODYSSEUS.

He stood upon the threshold, with his bow
Strung in his hand, his arrows on the floor;
But in their craven hearts fear wrestled sore
With anger, and one said, "Enough of woe,
Odysseus, we have sinned, yet let us go,
And choose the plenteous treasure from our store,
Or surely we will thrust thee from the door,
And cry to rescue in the town below."
Then spake Odysseus, and his bitter words
Stung them like arrows: "None of you this day
His guilty life shall ransom, though he spend
His substance all; yea, though ye seek your swords,
Not so shall ye prevail; I will not stay
Mine hands till I have killed and made an end."

The University of Colorado has lately received a bequest of $250,000 from a private donor. Larger gifts than this are frequent enough to privately endowed colleges, but this is probably one of the largest gifts ever made to a State institution of learning.—*Ex.*

Chicago University this year expects to pass all previous records of enrollment of students. Last year 5,070 students matriculated.—*Ex.*

THE DAWN.

When I looked into your eyes of gray,
  Ah, then, sweetheart, I knew, I knew
That Love was not so far away,
When I looked into your eyes of gray
And saw Love dawn in their depths to-day,
  To tell me, dear, that you were true,
When I looked into your eyes of gray,
  Ah, then, sweetheart, I knew, I knew!

—B. E. A., '07, White and Gold.

According to newspaper despatches, Yale's athletic reserve fund now amounts to $123,000, of which $18,000 came from the profits of the season of 1906. The receipts from football for that year, the accounts of which have just been closed, amounted to $73,429, while the expenses were $35,552. It took a large part of this to pay the deficit on account of rowing, which cost some $8,000 more than it brought in. A peculiar item from the expense list published is an entry of $200 for press clippings.—*Ex.*

The following cheerful little ditties we clip for the special delectation of McMaster Rugby enthusiasts:

OUR RUGBY TEAM.

Ours was a husky team,
  With plenty of ginger and snap,
And we needed no fire and no water for steam,
  For we carried it ready on tap;
And we kicked, kicked, kicked,
  Aye, we kicked as sporty as mules;
But we lost the game and got fairly licked,
  When we played by the Rugby rules.

—The Collegian.

"Seems to me," murmured the kid, as his mother came at him with a hair brush and his father with a slipper, "it seems to me that they both have the same end in view."—*Ex.*

AN ADAPTATION

(With All Due Apologies.)

He thought he saw a centre half
A-falling on the ball,
He looked again, and saw it was
A splendid funeral.
"The similarity," said he,
"Is very plain to all."

He thought he saw a quarter back,
Who got away quite clear,
He looked again, and saw it was
The remnants of an ear.
"Poor fool," he said, "poor silly fool,
What makes you look so queer?"

He thought he saw an outside wing
A-diving at a back,
He looked again and saw it was
A doctor in a hack.
"Our relatives," he sadly said,
"Will soon be wearing black."

—The Varsity.

"What you say goes," he sadly said,
With eyes and heart aflame,
She glanced at the clock and turned her head
Then softly whispered his name. —Ex.

A LITTLE PUZZLE IN PUNCTUATION.

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing comet pour down hail
I saw a cloud all wrapt with ivy round
I saw a lofty oak creep on the ground
I saw a beetle swallow up a whale
I saw a foaming sea brimful of ale
I saw a pewter cup sixteen feet deep
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep
I saw wet eyes in flames of living fire
I saw a house as high as the moon and higher
I saw the glorious sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this wondrous sight.

I saw a pack of cards gnawing a bone
I saw a dog seated on Britain's throne
I saw King George shut up within a box
I saw an orange driving a fat ox
I saw a butcher not a twelve-month old
I saw a great-coat all of solid gold
I saw two buttons telling of their dreams
I saw my friends who wished I'd quit these themes.

—Ex.

TO MELANCHOLY.

O Melancholy,
  Thine is the sweetest, though the saddest spell,
Thine, pensive Goddess,
  Who lovest the twilight and the lonely dell,
Who wanderest in that hollow land
  Where only shadows dwell.

O Melancholy,
  Thou hast a cavern by a vacant sea,
The Lonely Ocean,
  Whose waters roll forever wearily,
Whose waves in forms fantastic rise
  And beckon over the sea.

O Melancholy,
  Those waters roll like echoes of the past,
In mournful grandeur,
  Swept by slumbrous shadows, vague and vast;
And on them shines a setting moon,
  Shines long, yet sinks at last.

O Melancholy,
  Thou, like a syren calling from her shore,
Beside thy waters
  Art singing to the stars forevermore.
Art singing to the lonely stars
  Along thy lonely shore.

O Melancholy,
  Whose classic brows with thought are ever pale,
Sweet were not evening,
  Nor sweet the lingering twilight of the dale,
Without thy threnodies that rise
  When day's last glimmers fail.

—Tallifer in the University of Virginia Magazine.

THE

McMaster University Monthly

DECEMBER, 1907.

THE CONVENT GUEST.

A TALE OF OLD SAVOIE.

THE orchards and ploughed lands which formed the domain of the Convent of St. Irenee were barren, and the corn fields so sterile that the few nuns who dwelt in that gloomy building were, of all the inhabitants of the Voiron foot-hills, by far the most wretched.

Now it chanced that one stormy night in the bleak December, by the road which leads through Annemasse, there came a stranger woman to the convent gates; she lifted the brazen ring of the knocker, smote hard—the sound re-echoed through the ruined and deserted court-yard and rolled along the cloisters—so that the old palsied porter full quickly peered out through the wicket's rusty bars.

"I believe thou wilt receive me," said a sad voice out of the darkness, "for I fly the world's deceit and guile and crave asylum in your holy walls."

The wicket closed; long, long she waited. At length the ponderous oaken door groaned on its hinges, and the porter led her to the Lady Abbess.

"Thou art welcome, sister, whoe'er thou art; I ask not whence thou comest, nor for what thou art come to this our poor house —none the poorer for thy coming—for thee hath God sent."

The woman who came thus to the convent was fair to look upon, young and lovely, with hair like threads of gold, and a skin like the milk-white field of the banner of our lord of France.

She carried herself majestically, and seemed of noble strain, yet was she ever humble before the Abbess and the other sisters; she had a wonderful skill in needlecraft, either the colored broideries of Flanders, or the delicate lace of Basel. She could broider fair pictures of holy saints and angels, and knew how to blazon arms on silk or ivorie.

And with her came good fortune to the convent, for one day the Abbess bethought her to send a silken broidered picture of the Twelve Apostles with our Lord, to their liege, Amadee, Duke of Savoy. The Duke was delighted with the lovely images and tracerie, and shewed it to all that visited the castel, so that soon from all the Duchy came nobles and bourgeois to ask for the like broidered pictures. In return for these, many charters were granted to the convent; gold clinked in the treasury, and the community became great and flourishing.

One bright day in the merrie spring-time, the sound of trumpets was heard before the gate. It was the son of the Duke of Savoy, a bold and preux cavalier, yet withal both young and gentle in manner. He came with a herald and men-at-arms, and asked the Abbess to speak to the wondrous craftswoman, and so, with the Abbess, he entered the scriptorium, where the stranger was busied at her broidery frames.

"I have come," said the cavalier, "to ask a present for the fair Isobel, my promised bride; for our marriage day which is fixed for Trinity. I ask thee for my portrait broidered by your skilful fingers, and if I count not the cost in gold, I ask, O my sister, that it be thy masterpiece. Here I will bide for three hours till thou hast limned my portrait as a copy for thy picture."

The fair needle-woman bowed low, then looked steadfastly at the young lord, who stood as if spellbound by the clear and beauteous gaze of her bright eyes, the while she limned his portrait on clear white vellum. The stranger wrought night and day for the space of three weeks, until at length the likeness of the young lord stood forth in beauty upon the fine panel of linen, framed in gold and ivorie. The Abbess sent the aged porter across Lake Leman to Nyon, to bear the precious portrait to the Duke's strong Castel of Chillon.

The Duke's son had no rest till he had in his own hands the wedding gift to the fair Isobel. He felt the silken broidery as it had been the velvet of soft and living flesh, and admired with wonder the blazoning of his family arms. As for the portrait itself, he saw that it was his very image.

So admired he the work, that, on the third day before his wedding, he spent his hours alone with the beauteous portrait. That night it slept beneath his pillow. The red break of morning over Alps found him in his tower room gazing at the portrait, while in the chapel the acolytes were strewing rushes on the damp stones, and the servitors were preparing tables against the wedding day.

Finally, enclosing the portrait in a sad colored cloak, the young cavalier fled from the castel by a postern door, bearing away his treasure. He went straight to the convent, rowing madly across the lake and plunging through field and wood, by what sense he wot not, nor by what road, but he reached that holy dwelling as one borne on the wings of the wind.

The young knight asked once more to see the fair craftswoman alone in the oratory, and when he entered, found her kneeling amid the mystic swirling of the incense smoke, before the altar in the darkened chapel.

"I come," said he, "because I have read in this picture the thought of your heart. I have seen therein all your love—that love which alone could have helped you to such a precious work, a miracle of toil done only for God or the best beloved—but in this case I am not deceived for it was for love that thou wroughtest it"—here the kneeling figure on the altar steps seemed shaken by weeping—"but since I cannot be for thee, having deserted my promised bride, and renounced the honors of the duchy, I shall give myself to the most Holy Church, and in some far off cloister shall I pray for thee and me."

Never again did the stranger put a needle to the linen. In vain the Abbess prayed her, in vain did the world crave the broidered images of the Saints. She refused all with a sweetness that would not be denied.

One night the Abbess heard a sound within the lonely chapel. She heard a voice which seemed in an agony of prayer say, "O

my beloved, how hard it is to correct a heart like mine! How often have I repented only to fall again, and to seize again that love which I thought uprooted! Sometimes I pour out the tears of repentance before the throne of God, then thy image appears —once more I am cast down. Whether I pray in my cell or chant with these innocent and holy sisters; whether silence reigns or the winds howl from the mountains, it is thy voice and thy image which seem to call me, which torment and rejoice me." The Abbess heard no more.

So that one stormy night in the bleak December, the stranger went her way, God knows where, by the great highway whereby she came, even the road which leads through Annemasse. And with her going has misery once more become the convent's guest.

"RONSARD."

OUR NEW COVER.

THE MONTHLY appears this year in a new dress, having adopted the cover designed for the '07 graduating number of last spring. For many years THE MONTHLY made its appearance in a sombre, buff-colored cover, whose substantial aspect was an excellent preparation for the nature of its contents. Four years ago the students desired a change, and from among a number submitted, the chaste and appropriate design of Mr. E. J. Bengough, '03, was chosen. This has formed THE MONTHLY'S cover up till the present. Last spring Mr. C. J. Holman, B.Th., designed, as the '07 graduation number cover, the pleasing design which we have adopted as cover for the year. We desire to thank both Mr. Holman and the graduating classes of '07 for permission to utilize this design.

THE PATHOS OF ONE LOVE-LYRIC.

Love's Pilgrim.

Far from thy shrine,
With sterile plains of weary days between,
Hope whispers ever from the void, unseen,
Thou still art mine:
When, 'mid the stress of life, with thee-ward face,
I make my vows toward thy dwelling place.

At radiant morn,
As the new day first slants into mine eyes,
Steal thoughts of that glad dawning of surprise
When love was born:
And in that place where night and morning meet
I cast my life, a love-gift, at thy feet.

Beats the fierce noon
Of sorrow on my head, while skies as brass
Roof all the path my daily feet must pass.
Peace cometh soon:
Prone on the sands of absence, lo, I kiss
Thy hands in thought, and find an oasis.

Cometh the night—
I will my carpet of remembrance spread
Till dreary space and absence all are sped
Far from my sight,
And down the corridors of silence deep
Thy white hand beckons me to thee, and sleep.

The above poem does not specially need any commentary. Like any other poem, it contains within itself all that is necessary to make it intelligible to the mind, and to give it access to the heart, of those who are ready to make the imaginative response

required of those who would know the secret of a work of art. And yet, though this be so, it will surely reveal its pathos and beauty completely only to those who read it in the light of the circumstances of its composition. For these, as well as for the first publication of the poem itself, we are indebted to a recent article in "The Globe," by Dr. J. D. Logan, of Toronto, who is himself a poet and the author of "Preludes." The present writer missed the poem and Dr. Logan's article at the time of their appearance, but having had them brought to his attention has been greatly interested therein. Thinking that not a few readers of THE MONTHLY may not have seen them, he ventures to reprint the lovely poem and to give, partly in his own words, the gist of Dr. Logan's narrative of its origin and history.

"Love's Pilgrim" is the work of John Killick Bathurst, a young Welsh school teacher, who in the year 1895 was living in Toronto. He had come to Canada in the hope of making a home for his wife and children, whom he had left in the Old Country. In 1895 conditions in Canada were not propitious for the stranger within its gates, and consequently the young Welshman, though he secured clerical employment, did not make speedy headway in realizing his hopes. In order more quickly to secure the money needed to bring his wife and children to Canada, he employed whatever time he could save from his clerical duties in working as a laborer on the Robert Simpson building, then in course of erection, at the corner of Queen and Yonge streets. "And so," to quote Dr. Logan, "under the most depressing melancholy, caused by absence from his loved ones and the fear that he might never see them again, * * * under the pain and inspiration of a great love," he eased his heart with this "lyric cry."

In view of these facts, can any one doubt the sincerity of the feeling that is expressed in "Love's Pilgrim"? Surely the poem is an authentic utterance of deeply-felt love and longing. Many persons are suspicious of poetry. Prose, they think, is the language of truth, and poetry, they suspect, is the dress of mere fiction. John Killick Bathurst, earning a few extra dollars by the sweat of his brow in 1895, could have enlightened such persons. He "learnt in suffering what he taught in song," and if

he wrote a lyric, and not an essay, it was because poetry was the truer expression of what his heart felt. It may be that "Love's Pilgrim" came from his spirit complete and perfect; it is more likely that only the informing idea flashed upon him and that he strove to give it perfect expression, if there can be such a thing as perfection in the expression of the deep things of man's emotional and spiritual life. If he thus strove, it was to utter his feelings truly, not to catch the fancy of others by pretending to feel what he did not feel, or to win fame or even the money he needed so badly. For observe that "Love's Pilgrim," though composed in 1895, did not appear in print until 1907—and then its author was dead. He sang his song for the comfort of his own heart. How often in the midst of his hard toil, or at the close of his day's work, he must have solaced and fortified his spirit by crooning it over to himself! How little his fellow-laborers on the Simpson building can have known what secret source of joy he had within his breast!

The history of the poem reads like a romance. To quote Dr. Logan again, "it existed only in the mind of the author, who by some sort of accident became acquainted with Mr. John Innes, staff artist with The New York Sunday American. It was repeated several times *viva voce* until unconsciously it had become thoroughly embedded in Mr. Innes' memory, and then in the passing of time it was seemingly lost forever. The news of the death of J. K. Bathurst announced in the British papers revived the memory of the poem in Mr. Innes' mind. He repeated it to Mr. J. H. Woods, now editor and managing director of The Calgary Herald, Alberta, who in turn made stenographic notes on the back of an envelope, from which it was transcribed on the typewriting machine and left to the present writer for publication."

Those who have followed this account of the poem will surely re-read "Love's Pilgrim," and will feel grateful to Dr. Logan for having made them sharers in the possession of so strong and sweet a love lyric.

M.

REMINISCENCES OF CAIRO.

CAIRO, the capital of Egypt, is situated on the River Nile. To the south-west lie the Libyan Hills; to the south the Mokattam Heights, whence the best view of the city and its many mosques and minarets is to be obtained. At the south-west extremity of the city, just across the river from Old Cairo, are the Ghizeh pyramids, including the Great Pyramid. About two hundred yards from the Pyramid is the Sphinx, looking, in spite of a chip here and there and a broken nose, as if he had forgiven the indignity of having been made a target for the guns of the Mamelukes. Calm, peaceful, a curious kind of smile seems to have settled upon the features; and yet *is* it a smile, or what *is* that expression? Even the loss of the beard, which lies at the base of the statue and is often covered by the drifting sand, fails to mar the serenity of the expression. What its presence there may signify is yet a matter of conjecture, but as a movement is on foot to raise funds for excavating underneath it, we may yet learn. Close by is the Temple of the Sun, and one can look down upon its massive granite blocks still standing in position. Near the Great Pyramid is another temple, and the stone pillars that supported the sarcophagus during the religious ceremony before interment can still be seen, though they are scarcely noticed amongst so much that is wonderful.

Following the course of the Nile in a southerly direction for a distance of seven or eight miles, we pass several smaller pyramids and come to the Serapeaum, the tombs of the sacred bulls, a relic of animal worship by the old Egyptians. Close by are the ruins of Memphis, the Noph and populous Noe of the Scriptures, while just across the river, near Helwan, a suburb of Cairo, are the vast and wonderful quarries whence the stones were taken to build the pyramids. These quarries are cut right into the heart of the hills, and inside present a wonderful view. Even the chisel marks still are visible upon the walls; huge masses

of stone lie about, and heaps of rubbish, caused by the shaping of the stones before leaving the quarries, in some places nearly reach to the roof, while in other places the roof appears to be a hundred feet or more above one. Inside it is dark, and as the quarries extend far into the hills, it is not safe to remain too long inside unless provided with a goodly number of candles and matches.

Colossus of Rameses II., Memphis, Egypt

But to return to Cairo. It is a city of mosques. The oldest mosque is at the foot of the Citadel Hill. Several cannon balls from the guns of the French are still embedded in its stone walls. The most beautiful mosque is that of Mohammed Ali, in the Citadel. The present Khedive when in Cairo often attends the service there.

The Citadel stands on the Mokattam Heights. It was first commenced by Saladin or Salah-ah-Din, the opponent of Richard I. in the Crusades, and has been added to by various rulers

since, Mohammed Ali, before mentioned, the founder of the present dynasty, being the last. He built the mosque. It was here that he finally destroyed the Mamelukes. He invited them to a conference, and when they were safely inside the Citadel the heavy door closed upon them, and sharpshooters stationed in almost inaccessible positions shot them down. One man sought sanctuary in the harem, but, contrary to all custom, this was denied him and he was dragged away and murdered. It is said that out of about two hundred only one escaped, and that by leaping his horse and dropping a distance of about two hundred feet.* The place is still pointed out by the guides.

The road leading from the centre of the town to the Citadel is named after Mohammed Ali, and said to be his work. Desiring more direct communication with the town, he had a road cut through houses and property without any regard for others. In the Citadel is Joseph's Well, named after one of the Saracenic rulers who discovered it and put it in repair. It is undoubtedly the work of the Old Egyptians. It is drilled through solid rock to a depth of one hundred metres, with a spiral descent running nearly to the bottom. An aqueduct once connected the Citadel with the Nile, but this was broken in several places by Napoleon and has never been restored. The old palaces in the Citadel are now used as barracks and hospital for British troops.

Some of the roads of Cairo compare favorably with roads in large Western towns, but many are narrow and dirty; typically Eastern. Muski street is reputed to be one of the wealthiest streets of the world. The bazaars are found in this street, or in the narrow streets at the back, but it is all called Muski. Here one can buy gold, silver, precious stones, copper, antique or modern brass, rich Persian, Turkestan or silk rugs, scent, and, in fact, almost everything that is made in the East—or in Germany. In the gold bazaar the street is so narrow that it is only possible for two persons to pass in comfort.

It is in Muski street proper that the great Mohammedan university, the Al Azhar, is found. It is the largest in the world, the number of students usually in attendance being between ten

*See poem at the end of this article.—Ed.

and fifteen thousand. It appears to be a succession of paved courtyards divided by walls, but having no roofs to the class-rooms. On the walls in the outer court several mottoes are found in English, one of which is "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." However much one may approve of the sentiment, he will experience some difficulty in finding either. I looked around expecting to find "Honesty is the best Policy," but it was not there. Perhaps the Arab thinks differently. Mohammedan students from all parts of the Mohammedan world come to this university, and it may be said to be the educational centre of Mohammedanism. Old, and valuable, some illuminated copies of the Koran are carefully guarded and exhibited to visitors.

In various parts of the town are located the mission societies. The Church Missionary Medical Mission is at Old Cairo. It is a pitiable, almost a sickening, sight to see so large a number of diseased patients waiting for treatment. An admission card is given to each patient, on the reverse side of which is printed in Arabic a verse of Scripture. This card the patient is required to bring if he desires medicine or other treatment. The American Mission is in the centre of the town. Its work is mainly educational, and many young men, mostly Copts, are trained for mission field and evangelistic work. The American Presbyterian Mission is the oldest and largest mission in Egypt. Many of the missionaries in Egypt have of late years been called upon to suffer the loss of loved ones; wife, child, or husband. But hope is not buried with the loved ones; and despite sorrows and disappointments the work goes bravely onward. The Egypt General Mission is doing a splendid work in the villages. It is there that the missionary is tried most. The surroundings and associations are oftentimes most unpleasant, and missionaries may more often than not be the only English-speaking people in the place. Sometimes the sense of loneliness is most depressing; nothing apart from a living faith could stand the ordeal. The Greek and Coptic Churches are well represented in Cairo, and anyone desirous of seeing the ceremony of baptism by immersion performed upon infants can easily do so. The priest supports the child by placing one hand in the centre of the back and, covering

the child's mouth and nose with the other, dips it beneath the water.

The material prosperity of Egypt is wonderful. One of the reasons for this is the presence of a huge dam at Assouan, which means virtually the harnessing of the waters of the Nile. This regulates and prevents damage from overflow, secures Egypt from water famine, prevents waste, and permits of large areas of land being brought under cultivation. When it is remembered that usually three crops a year are raised, it will easily be seen what this must mean to Egypt.

In Cairo one may easily see illustrations of many Scripture references, *e.g.*, "Be not unequally yoked together." It is quite a common sight to see a camel and an ox yoked together, the heavy cross-bar of the primitive wooden plough resting upon the necks of both, forming an angle of 45°. Again, "Cast thy bread upon the waters" is an illustration used in Ecclesiastes XI.; during the overflow of the waters of the Nile men may be seen casting or scattering seed upon the waters: when the water subsides the seed easily takes root in the wet and fertile soil and very rapidly yields an abundant harvest.

There are no skycrapers in Cairo at present; the nearest approach to one being a six-storied building erected by the Khedive at the rear of Shepheard's Hotel. However, there are many fine buildings, not including mosques and churches. The hotels are well built and well patronized during the winter months, but several of the largest close down during summer. Cairo has three parks, or gardens, properly speaking. One in the centre of the city, the other at Kasr-el-Nil, and a fine Zoological Gardens at Ghizeh.

The presence in Egypt of the British Agent Plenipotentiary, and incidentally about 5,000 British troops, give a fair guarantee of stability and integrity to the economic conditions of the country.

The population of Cairo is estimated at 800,000, but is probably more, for a true census is almost impossible, the Arab thinking that the number of children he possesses forms either the basis of taxation, or supplies information to the Government which may be used for conscription purposes. It comprises

chiefly Arabs, Copts, Greeks, Italians, French and English, although almost every nationality in the world is to be seen in Cairo.

The Egyptians have their own code of laws and are tried by native judges. Other nationalities are subject to their respective consuls, who act in the capacity of magistrates. For crimes beyond the jurisdiction of the consul, the individual is sent to his own country for trial. In the event of litigation between different nationalities the case is tried by a mixed tribunal consisting of five judges chosen from European countries and one native judge.

Drunkenness is seldom seen, though, sad to say, the Mohammedans are gradually acquiring the drinking habit. But the general moral condition of the city is bad. From such a veritable sink of iniquity as Cairo it is a decided relief to escape to the purer atmosphere of Toronto.

C. W. Marsh, Theol. '10.

Note.—While this article, by one of our students, was in the hands of one of the Consulting Editors of The Monthly, he read in "The Spectator" of November 9th, 1907, the following spirited ballad narrating the incident mentioned on page 102 above. Readers of The Monthly will welcome a reprint of the poem, and may, perhaps, be directed to the great English weekly, to read which regularly may be said to be almost a liberal education in respect of the current events and thought of the British Empire and the world generally:

THE MAMELUKE'S LEAP.

[On March 1st, 1811, Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, invited the Mameluke Emirs to a feast in the citadel at Cairo and massacred all of them save one, Emin Bey, into whose mouth the following verses are put.]

With clang of cymbals and rattle of drums,
  In scarlet and in gold,
My mates and I went forth to die
  In the heart of the Pasha's hold.
There was never a voice to bid us stay,
  There was never a warning word,
But the guests of his feast were the unclean beast
  And the wide-winged scavenger bird.

But when we rode through the long bazaar
The traders all made way,
And far and near men shrank in fear
From the sight of our array,
As with clank of scabbard and clatter of hoof
We rode to the Pasha's board,
The cream and flower of the Mameluke power,
The masters of the sword.

When as we came to the citadel ramp
The sun was red and high,
But we looked our last e'er his light was passed
Upon God's good earth and sky.
For as we rode up the citadel lane
(And steep it is to ride)
The way was blocked and the gates were locked,
And death was on either side.

The Pasha's soldiers lined the road,
Wild men from over sea,
To left and right, in kirtles white,
With guns and musketry.
Small hope was there to scale the walls
That frowned on either hand,
From overhead the flying lead
Made mock of steed and brand.

Our blades leapt out, our heels drove home,
We galloped to and fro,
But never a man from rear to van
Could reach the mocking foe.
The red sparks flew from our chargers' hoofs,
The narrow roadway rang
With curse and groan, with the bullet's moan,
And armour's clash and clang.

For me, I had passed the upper gate
  Or ever the fray began,
And hand on haft I turned and laughed
  As the murderers fired and ran.
I drove my mare to the platform wide
  Where the black guns stand a-row.
With a shake of the rein I spurred amain
  And leapt to the desert below.

A jarring crash and a whirl of sand
  —It was fifty feet and more—
And my mare lay dead, but I rose and fled,
  Though body and heart were sore,
Through the Tombs of the Kings and the desert sand
  Till I met with a caravan;
And far from the ken of the Pasha's men
  I dwell in Kordofan.

Now the curse of God and the Prophet of God,
  The curse of the Seven Imams,
Lie heavy as lead on the Pasha's head
  And on each of his dog Nizams!
But may grain and water of Paradise
  Be the lot of my good grey mare,
Who bore me clear from that house of fear
  When my comrades perished there!

J. H. Knight-Adkin

THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT.

THE completion of the new Science Building marks an era in the history of McMaster University. The new and modern building has laid the foundation for advanced work in the various departments of science. New branches of study will be established which could not have been undertaken in the old and hampered quarters in the former building. The chemical department has better facilities for carrying on its work, as the laboratories are large and convenient. For the first time in the history of McMaster original investigations are being made in the chemical department. Certain interesting problems are being investigated in addition to the general chemical work. The research is being done under the direction of Professor J. Bishop Tingle, the newly appointed professor of chemistry. Professor Tingle is a chemist of wide reputation both in America and abroad, and he is regarded as an authority in his particular branch of study—organic chemistry.

Professor Tingle was born in Sheffield, England. He received his early education at the Royal Grammar School, afterward entering Owens College, Manchester, now known as the University of Manchester. He continued his studies in Germany at the University of Munich, from which university he received his doctor's degree. At this time he was but twenty-two and one-half years of age. The next year was spent in research at the Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, and at the Royal College of Science of London. Dr. Tingle now received his first appointment: that of lecturer in organic chemistry at the Merchant Venturers' Technical College at Bristol. He remained two years at Bristol, leaving to take charge of the chemical department at Gordon's College, Aberdeen. Four years later he came to the United States. His first year in America was spent in research at the Universities of Chicago and Pennsylvania. Professor Tingle was then appointed to the professorship of chemistry at Illinois Col-

lege, Jacksonville, Ill. Here he reorganized the chemical teaching and designed and directed a new laboratory. Three years ago he was offered the post of assistant editor of the American Chemical Journal, published by the Johns Hopkins University. In addition, he gave laboratory instruction in the graduate department at Johns Hopkins, and also had the superintendence of a number of students who were doing research for their doctor's degree.

Dr. Tingle is a fellow of the Chemical Societies of London, Germany and America, and also of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is a frequent contributor to the journals published by these societies. He takes an active part in the meetings of the American Chemical Society and of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, always presenting papers at the meetings upon the results of his investigations. Dr. Tingle presided over the organic section of the American Chemical Society in Toronto last June, and besides presenting papers treating of organic research, delivered an address on "American Chemical Research."

Dr. Tingle is the translator of several well-known works; most of them, of course, are on organic chemistry. One of the books—Landauer's "Spectrum Analysis"—is now passing through its second edition, and another—Meyer's "Determination of Radicals in Carbon Compounds"—is about to pass through the third edition. Besides occupying the position of abstractor on the editorial staff of the Journal of the American Chemical Society, Dr. Tingle contributes semi-popular accounts of the latest discoveries in organic chemistry to "Science," the organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Dr. Tingle is one of the foremost investigators in America. He is deeply interested in research and has made a number of important discoveries. His most important investigations have dealt with the compounds and derivatives of camphor and aniline —a subject to which he has given no little time or thought. The results of these investigations have been printed in the various chemical journals, and have aroused intense interest in the chemical world. More recently he has investigated certain sub-

stances allied to artificial dyes, and this work is at present being continued in the laboratory at McMaster.

Reference has already been made to the question of research. On this matter the opinions of the new professor of chemistry are very emphatic. To some people the word "research" will perhaps not convey a very definite meaning, and possibly there are others who have not formed very clear conceptions as to its utility and necessity; consequently a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

The demand for new and more extensive knowledge is being made every day in medicine and in the arts; problems are continually arising which must be solved if the world is to advance. This extension of knowledge can only be obtained as the result of research, and "the best way of getting research done is to do it."

The student at the beginning of his career must repeat experiments which have been done thousands upon thousands of times. He must perform these experiments in order that he may become accurate, observant and, moreover, acquire that valuable asset, skill in manipulation. But when he has acquired these qualities to a sufficient degree, why should be continue to follow in the footsteps of others and repeat work which has already been done satisfactorily? Why not let him go forth and make his own way?

But, aside from these considerations, let us examine the advantages which the student receives if research is done. If he assists in the research, he is trained in the methods which are employed in making original investigations. This is the greatest advantage which the student can receive, for it enables him to add directly to the world's supply of knowledge.

But if the student does not engage in research, he benefits by the instructor's doing it. As we all know, there are two ways of performing an experiment; the first way is to consider the experiment as a cut and dried exercise dealing with closed chapters of knowledge, and then to perform it in "cook-book fashion"; the other way is to perform the experiment with the idea of acquiring fresh knowledge and of finding out for yourself "what happens." This is exactly the state of mind of the

investigator; he does not know "what will happen," so he tries —and "finds out." If a student works in such an atmosphere he is sure to acquire "the research spirit."

But there is another advantage which the student receives if the teacher engages in research. He must of necessity read the journals, and keep on the alert to learn as early as possible the latest advances and discoveries made in every part of the world. He diligently searches through the journals to discover if anyone else is working in his particular line of study, or is likely to publish results favorable or unfavorable to his conclusions. It is not, of course, suggested for a moment that only those engaged in research read the chemical journals, but those who are both investigators and teachers read them more carefully and in a more critical and discriminating manner. Hence the instructor who engages in research is generally "up to date" in his subject.

After all, the point of vital importance to any student, whatever his standing may be, is to present the subject to him as a living and growing one to which it is his duty and privilege to contribute by his own investigations as soon as he has acquired the necessary skill. Nowadays it is considered as being a disgrace for a man to live on his means; if he be poor he must work for his living, if rich, all the more reason for his working, for he has the inestimable advantage of being able to choose his work freely. Surely it is equally as undesirable to live simply on the knowledge gained by others and not to strive to contribute one's own share, commensurate with one's capacity, to the common fund of knowledge.

H. F. Rolker ('07, Johns Hopkins).

EVANGELIA SETTLEMENT.

THE Evangelia Settlement is situated in the "East End" of Toronto, on the corner of Queen and River streets. Those who are acquainted with this particular quarter of the city will appreciate the strategic value of the situation, though the visitor stranded by a street car on a drizzling November day, in the midst of a wilderness of mud, is not at first impressed with these advantages. The Settlement building itself, hospitable and substantial in appearance, is, however, appreciated from the moment of entering, and an hour or two spent within its walls will give the streets a new aspect. On leaving the building it is seen with clearer understanding that the east end is full of possibilities rather than mud; it is viewed now as the field of work of the "Evangelia," from which are gathered her constituents.

"The Settlement is a co-operative neighborhood work, and aims to be a social, educational, and religious centre for school girls and boys, young men and women in the east side of Toronto." From the veriest morsels of children of four or five, who take their first lessons in the art of the needle on Saturday mornings, and have their "Children's Hour" on Saturday afternoons, to the young men and women in business, who study to better their positions, take up wider courses in literature and history, and enjoy the social life through their clubs, all may be members of the Settlement, and through the payment of nominal fees enjoy the many benefits and pleasures belonging to that membership. The work has many friends throughout the Dominion, and an especial interest is taken in it by the women students of the colleges in the city, many of which have chapters at the Settlement, with members in residence at different times during the school year.

The building is in the main remodelled from a fine old residence of the type of earlier Toronto days, with the addition of

a new wing containing a gymnasium and auditorium. On one side of the wide entrance hall is the "games room." The walls of this room are hung with the banners of the different clubs, and on the mantlepiece stand the cups for which the athletic teams among the clubs compete. Altogether, the room has quite a "sporty" air, and it scarcely needs the presence of the members to make it seem lively and cheerful, so clearly do the furnishings speak of good sport in the athletic line, as well as jolly evenings spent at the games with which the room is so well stocked. Across the hall is the library, a larger room, and perhaps more attractive to some members of the Settlement. It is bright and spacious, as are all the rooms in the building, with fresh-tinted walls, dark woodwork, and many deep windows. There are inviting chairs, long tables of magazines for use in the reading room, and a lending library of books, where even the four-year-olds find treasures of "picture books" to revel in on Saturday afternoons.

The class rooms are bright and attractive, thought most plain and business-like. On the upper floor are the rooms used by the workers in residence, which are, of course, the most cosy and homelike in the building. The new building contains a large auditorium, which can be divided into class rooms by partitions, a gymnasium and baths, and a domestic science kitchen, laundry, and dining room. The gymnasium is, of course, immensely popular. There are regular classes under experienced teachers in physical culture and apparatus work. The basketball teams play here, and it is much in demand on social occasions for an informal game of French tag or "puss in the corner." Behind the building is the playground, furnished during the summer with swings, see-saws and sandpile, and to be used this winter as a hockey rink.

The work is carried on through the self-governing club system. Practically every member of the Settlement is a member of one of the eleven different clubs, which hold business meetings regularly, attend classes especially adapted to the members, and entertain each other socially. In addition to the classes for the clubs, which are rather a feature of the junior work, there are classes held during the evening for the older members. These

cover a large range of subjects, of which literature, French, stenography, housekeeping, millinery and woodcarving may be mentioned as representative. The lessons in housekeeping are not restricted to the young women, as might be expected, for a number of young men who board and provide their own meals in their rooms are enterprising enough to take up cooking. This gives one a mere glimpse of the practical help that these classes are to those who take them.

A schedule of work for the week is drawn up and printed in the Settlement paper, the "Evangelia," and the programme for the day is posted on a large blackboard outside the entrance to the building. On Sunday there is one meeting, an evening service. During the week the mornings are given up to routine work, except on Saturdays, when the younger children hold their club meetings. In the afternoons, from four until six, the school children are in possession, with classes, club meetings and frolics in the gymnasium. In the evening the older members come, and work and play continues until ten o'clock. On Saturday afternoons the "City History Club" takes walks to different points of interest in the city, a delightful way of combining business and pleasure. A social evening is held at least once a month, and the different clubs entertain as well their friends who are not members of the Settlement. In the last number of the "Evangelia" is an account of a jolly evening spent by the young women of the Eclipse Whitewear Manufactory, who were being entertained by the Loyalty and Merrie-Makers' Clubs, two of the older girls' clubs in the Settlement.

This social aspect of the Settlement life is, perhaps, the most attractive. Since all the members are young and lively, it is necessarily a prominent feature, and the whole-souled, wholesome fun that is enjoyed there must have a great influence in keeping the children from the streets, and giving them a better idea of what constitutes a "good time" than is learned there.

That the intellectual pleasures are also appreciated, even by the youngest, is shown in the following account of the "Princess Club," whose members have evidently a taste for debate. The article is given *verbatim*, with corrections in spelling:

THE PRINCESS CLUB.

I am secretary of the Princess Club. We learn to sew. We come twice a week, after school. We have gymnasium and we have lots of play times, then on Friday afternoon we have a business meeting. First we call the meeting to order, then we sing our club song.

Then I read the minutes of the last meeting and the president says: "You have heard the minutes of the last meeting; will someone make a motion that they be accepted as read," then somebody makes a motion. Then she says: "Somebody second the motion." Then she says the motion has been made and seconded, that the minutes be accepted as read; are there any remarks? Ready for the question? All in favor please say Aye; opposed, No. It is carried." Then I call the roll and the collectors collect the dues. Then we sing some songs and vote on our business, and we vote to have a discussion. We have very many discussions, on which is best, a horse or a cow; a boy or a girl; a dog or a cat; a doll or a live baby; a Teddy bear or a doll; the City Hall or Evangelia Settlement? The day we had a discussion on which was best, a horse or a cow, Miss Carson thought we had good points; that means we said good things, so I will tell you some of them. For the cow was, because you can get milk off her and you can't the horse; the milk will make cheese and butter and after the cow is dead it is good, you can have her cut up for stew and soup. For the horse was, if anyone was dying you could go swifter for the doctor on a horse than a cow, and after it is dead it is no good to eat even, it is good to send to a factory and be made in glue, you can earn money on both by making the horse work and by selling the milk and butter and cheese. We liked the discussion about the City Hall or Evangelia Settlement. The City Hall is best because the law is in the City Hall, and no place can get on without law; the city would run wild without law, and nobody would be safe, the City Hall is best because it has a clock and lots of people don't have a watch and they wouldn't know the time if they didn't have the big clock to tell them about the time for their work. Evangelia is best because it keeps children off the street, and small

children can understand Evangelia and they can't understand City Hall. Children can come to Evangelia if they are good or bad and they can't go to City Hall unless they are bad and are going to prison. Evangelia keeps Christmas and City Hall doesn't. We choose our own subjects for our own discussions, which is very good, for we can talk about the things we want to know and we like it best that way. All the girls in the Princess Club are nine and ten years old. We have sixty members. I am nine years old and write the minutes each week.

Hazel West.

The "Evangelia" has evidently won the hearts of the little girls; they can "understand it" and appreciate it; its meaning is clear to them, to help them to be both good and happy. Just how much it does help them they probably do not realize, nor, perhaps, even those who are carrying on the work and are looking to see its results, for character is a plant of slow growth, and the influences that train it hard to trace to their results.

E. McLaurin, '09.

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ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

JOSEPH WEARING, '10, Subscription Department. | W. SCOTT, '09, Advertising Department.

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Editorial Notes.

THE MONTHLY wishes its readers, undergraduates and alumni alike, A Merry Christmas. McMaster students, with the prospect of examinations hanging over their heads, have not been disposed to regard the season as especially festive; but those who have accomplished a judicious amount of work during the fall term will have no reason for missing the good cheer that is abroad—and the others will probably not miss it under any circumstances, reasonable or otherwise. As new classes come in that know not the golden age before the advent of mid-year examinations, and the students work more and more into the system of examinations at the new year, it is likely that the bogey of "Christmas Exams." will lose much of its terrifying power. Still, it is likely that all students will look forward to the day when at least the work of the graduates and upper classes will be carried on in a series of original papers and essays throughout the term, in place of the present imperfect lecture-and-examination method.

THE McMASTER ASSOCIATION.

We notice in the current number of the "Western Baptist" an account of the formation of an association composed of old students of McMaster, Moulton and Woodstock, known as the "McMaster Association." It seems only natural that those who have come under the influence of the characteristic life and ideals of our colleges and university should desire to unite in some such organization, and we are glad to see these sons and daughters of McMaster, Woodstock and Moulton perpetuating and, we believe, spreading the "McMaster spirit." McMaster University has come to the point in her history when she must expect her alumni to be a real force in their communities, and when her influence will be felt, through them, in this and other lands. As we believe that McMaster has a mission to perform which is not bounded by any limitations of time or space, we must look to those whose lives have been moulded here to carry out that mission. To lift men from darkness to light, from unbelief to faith, from error to truth, to show forth in act and word a higher life, and to teach mankind the truth and meaning of the words that are over the entrance of the University—that all things hold together in Christ—is the life-work of every one who is a true child of McMaster. Wherever a graudate is, there must be found McMaster, her spirit and ideals.

So we regard it as of great significance that in Calgary, at this time, the former students of McMaster University in her different departments should form this association. We hope and believe that its influence will be felt in increasing power all through the West, not in Baptist circles alone, but through all the currents of its rushing life.

CANADIAN SCENES.*

For a seasonable gift-book "Canadian Scenes, and Other Poems" may be recommended. It is a volume of verse from the pen of Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., whose work is well known to many readers of THE MONTHLY. Later on we hope to print a fuller reference to the poems contained in the volume, and for the present simply remark that in paper, printing, and binding the book will meet the requirements of persons desiring pretty Christmas gifts. To give a taste of the quality of the volume we quote the following Wordsworthian echo:

A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

I learned a lesson from a flower
That bloomed in beauty by the way.
How to gain loveliness and power,
That helped me much for many a day.

I asked the flower to tell me whence
It had such charms away off there.
Beyond the gard'ner's hand or fence,
Or cultivating toil or care.

Blushing, it said, as near my feet,
Its face became aglow with bliss,—
And as it spake the air grew sweet,—
"The secret of my life is this:

"I do not care or labor give
To be what I am not, or where,
But try my own best life to live
From what surrounds me, here or there.

"Receiving nurture from the earth,
I sip the dew, inhale the air;
Showers and sunshine from my birth
Have helped to make me sweet and fair."

"O flower," I said, "thou teachest me
Lessons I should have learned before;
To grace my lot, whate'er it be,
Not craving others, less or more.

"To gather honey, like the bee,
From wild or even poisonous flowers:
And, like the builder, beauty see
In shapeless stones for spleudid towers."

*Canadian Scenes, and Other Poems. By Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A.: Toronto, William Briggs.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: D. A. MACGIBBON, '08.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
—*In Memoriam.*

ON THE APPROACH OF EXAMS.

The worrying, wearying, testing time draws near,
Our scribbled notes dismay and cause us fear,
Text-books are mysteries into which we peer
And ignorance revealed destroys our Xmas cheer.

Exams. and turkeys, puddings and papers fly,
Jumbled disorderly before the student's eye.
With thoughts abstruse he struggles, heaves a sigh,
While daring hopes of "firsts" unuttered die.

—F. W., '08.

CHANGES IN THE MONTHLY STAFF.—With this issue the editor of "Around the Hall" resigns the position to assume that of editor-in-chief of the magazine in succession to Mr. J. B. McLaurin, '05. While carrying a very heavy course in theology, Mr. McLaurin has a number of outside interests which make it impossible for him to continue editing THE MONTHLY. At a meeting of the board on December 6th a resolution was unanimously passed expressing to Mr. McLaurin the board's deep appreciation of the services which he has rendered as editor. Mr. W. F. L. Edwards, of the graduating class in arts, who has been on the reportorial staff of "Around the Hall" for two years, becomes editor of the department. Mr. Edwards is an able writer and should make it a brilliant success. Mr. N. S McKechnie succeeds Mr. Edwards as a noughty-eight reporter. Mr. McKechnie was a valued member of the staff last year and is an accession of strength to the board.

RECEPTION ROOM.—What was formerly classroom eleven on the second floor has been transformed into a reception room for the use of the students in residence. The room has been repapered, curtained, carpeted and furnished with solid oak furniture. A piano has also been placed in it, so that it will undoubtedly be a popular room with the boys who have a leisure hour at their disposal.

His Melancholy Task.—Professor (to junior): "What are you taking chemistry for?" Junior: "To help me in getting up sermons." Professor: "Humph; I have not been told I would have to teach Baptist chemistry here."

President Falconer, of Toronto University, dropped into McMaster chapel service on Thursday morning, November 21st. On the Chancellor's request, after the reading of scripture, Dr. Falconer led in prayer. Afterwards he addressed the students for a few minutes in a strong, practical way. He warmly reciprocated the sentiments of friendship expressed by the Chancellor in introducing him. Dr. Falconer made a most favorable impression on the students as a strong, able man. 'Varsity has make a wise selection.

Mr. Roland Crowe has been appointed representative to the student body executive for the year ten. Mr. Whitelaw was appointed to the position, but his not living in residence made it impossible for him to act. As the representative of the sophomores, Mr. Crowe has a difficult position to fill. The year ten have done those things they ought not to have done, and left undone those things they ought to have done. Mr. Crowe will have to be an apologist for their errors of omission and commission. He must stand by the year on every occasion. He must love, honor and protect it, cherish it in ill repute and good repute, in joy and sorrow, in health and sickness, in prosperity and in adversity, be faithful to it and not forsake it until the end. Verily, Mr. Crowe has a heavy task before him.

The year eleven budded out in a social way on Saturday, November 16th, when a party was held in their honor at the home of Miss McGillicuddy. There were twenty-three freshmen and thirteen freshettes present. These ill-omened numbers, however, lacked their traditional balefulness, at least so say the freshies, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The disparity in the numbers, moreover, was not so marked as would appear. Some of the co-eds., it is said, had no difficulty in keeping several freshmen "going" at once.

Senior (to class-mate who is complaining that he has hurt his arm and is unable to study).—"Then, if I were you, I would go out and call on some of my friends." Class-mate: "Well, if I can't use my arm, what's the use?"

Dr. Elmore Harris, honorary lecturer in English Bible, gave his annual series of lectures in Castle Memorial Hall during the week commencing November 10th. Dr. Harris' lectures were well attended by the student body and were well worth listening to. The following were the topics: "The Spirit of God," a study in personality; "The Spirit of Christ," a study in relationship; "The Spirit of Truth," a study in inspiration; "The Spirit of Life," a study in transformation; "The Spirit of Sonship," a study in assurance; "The Spirit of Power," a study in efficiency; "The Spirit of Wisdom," a study in illumination. The last lecture took place on Sunday, November 17th, instead of on Saturday.

Student Volunteer Band.—The Band met this fall under the leadership of Clarke L. Timpany, with L. C. Whitelaw as recording secretary. It was decided that meetings should be held weekly instead of semi-monthly, as in previous years. This change has been a decided improvement and has shown itself in the interest taken in the meetings, which have been well attended. The Band has been addressed at its various meetings by Dr. Anderson, who presented the great opportunity for work in China, and Rev. W. E. Grigg, on work in Burmah. Mr. Laflamme, with his usual enthusiasm, placed before the members of the Band their responsibility in recruiting more volunteers. Rev. Mr. Bruce, who has been working in China for some time under the Presbyterian Board, also gave an interesting address dealing with a few of the great transforming forces at work in China to-day.

At the last meeting of the Band Dr. Brown, the Foreign Mission Secretary, showed the importance and the possibility of presenting the gospel to every native in the Canadian Baptist Telugu field within the next thirty years.

Meetings have also been held addressed by various members of the Band, which at present has a membership of seventeen. It is to be hoped that the results of mission study will have a marked effect in an increase of the Band's membership as well as its share of influence in the life of the school. The Band has been strengthened by the addition of Messrs. W. A. Scott, '09, G. S. Jury, '09, A. Gould, '11, F. W. Waters, '11.

Several of the classes in science have been given the privilege of writing essays on selected topics in lieu of having an exam. One of the seniors proposes writing on "glass" as the only subject he says he can see through. Probably he will treat it with great insight.

McMaster students in residence were treated to a game dinner on November 21st. The venison came as a gift from Mr. F. Porter, of the year eleven. Mr. Porter's home is at Waubaushene and he very generously had a haunch of deer shipped in from the North for the students.

AULD LANG SYNE.

A New Version.

Should guid auld practice be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should college customs a' be stopped
Of auld lang syne?

And sure ye'll gie your nay, my friend,
As surely I'll gie mine,
And we'll tak a cup an' drink a health
To auld lang syne.

We a' hae run about the fields,
And "rushed," and liked it fine,
But they have another way of life
Sin' auld lang syne.

We a' hae scrappit for our rights
On field day, rain or shine;
But the sophs. are not what sophs. once were,
In auld lang syne.

So there's a hand, my trusty friend,
And gie's a hand o' thine,
We'll bring those customs back again
Like auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
Here's to the customs, tried and true,
Of auld lang syne.

Founders' Night.—Founders' night was celebrated in good McMaster style on Friday evening, November 29th. The "At Home" does not vary in form from year to year, for the very good reason that it has always proven enjoyable and been highly successful. This year over one thousand programmes were given out to guests during the course of the evening. Despite the number, the crush was not nearly as noticeable as on previous occasions. This was due, doubtless, to the new science building being thrown open for promenading. Between eight and nine o'clock Chancellor and Mrs. McKay and Mr. N. S. McKechnie, chairman of the student body, received in Castle Memorial Hall.

At nine-fifteen promenading commenced. There were ten promenades. Two orchestras provided the music, one of these was in Castle Hall and the other on the second floor. The class rooms, as usual, were skilfully decorated by the students in the class colors. Noughty-eight decorated class room one in Japanese style. The seniors' color, red, lent itself very effectively to the scheme of decorations. Noughty-nine, original as ever, attempted a courtyard scene in class room three. While the room was a trifle dark, the idea of a firmament was novel and well carried out. On the second floor three rooms were decorated. The theologues, without the aid of the ladies' nimble fingers, made a cosy place out of the faculty room. The sophomores decorated room thirteen, and the freshmen the reading room. Both of these rooms were carefully decorated and showed taste and judgment in the production of effects. The students' rooms on the upper floors were all open and were freely visited by those curious to learn under what conditions the students pursue their studies. An exit by way of the science building relieved the congestion in the dining room, where refreshments were served. In the science building, in both the biological and the chemical departments, exhibits in charge of students attracted guests with a scientific bent of mind. Everywhere cosy corners were provided for those who preferred to sit out the numbers and talk. Soon the ten promenades were a thing of the past, leaving only their vivid and ineffaceable traces upon the silent shores of memory. The committee who had charge of the function, and upon whom fell the burden of the work, was composed as follows: Prof. W. S. McLay, chairman; Prof. R. W. Smith; Prof. Findlay; Mr. G. H. Campbell, and Messrs. N. S. McKechnie, R. B. Ritchie, R. D. Moyle, C. L. Timpany, and G. G. Vichert.

After Founders' Night.—Theologue: "I walked six miles last night." Senior: "I sat seven."

The Debating Club.—The meetings of the society during the past few weeks, both from the standpoint of attendance and enthusiasm, have surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. Since it is generally recognized that in this society the intercollegiate championships are won, one might be safe in predicting that, if the present interest is sustained, ere long, like that ancient hero, we shall be lamenting that there were not more worlds to conquer.

The subject for debate on Saturday, November 16th, was: "Resolved, that the railroad companies should bear all the expense in substituting either bridge or viaduct for the level crossing at the foot of Yonge street." Mr. E. F. Cohoe, '08.

upheld the affirmative and Mr. F. Weston, '08, the negative. Dr. Ten Broeke's remarks, as critic, in which he urged the debaters to be more emphatic in their utterances, were most opportune. Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, acted as judge, and awarded the debate to the affirmative.

The executive were fortunate in securing the services of the freshmen quartette for the meeting on November 23rd. The subject of debate, "Resolved, that it would be in the best interests of the City of Toronto to own and operate the Street Railway," was ably upheld by Mr. Digby, Theol., and successfully opposed by Mr. A. Bisset, '09. The words of Dr. Findlay, as critic, in which he advised the various speakers to avoid all slang phrases, grammatical errors and personal remarks, though searching, were timely. Mr. R. C. Bensen, '06, was judge.

On Saturday, December 7th, the subject for discussion was, "Resolved, that departmental stores are detrimental to the best commercial interest of the Dominion." Mr. E. D. Gray, '11, and Mr. R. Gould, '11, contended for the affirmative and negative respectively. Mr. T. Dadson, '06, was the critic. He said that in his opinion the interest taken in the Debating Society depended largely on the subjects chosen, and he, therefore, wished to congratulate the executive on their choice of a subject. He urged the different speakers to pay strict attention to the choice of words, arrangement of thoughts, and the gestures of the body, pointing out that their effectiveness as public speakers depended largely on the mastery of these details. Mr. McNaughton, '07, in giving the judge's report, said that the negative had won.

THE MOURNFUL TALE OF A FROG.

A froggie would a-wooing go.
He did it much too often, though;
For while the big frog in that pond
He grew quite soft through being so fond.

He ceased him quite from catching flies,
Nor sought for other exercise.
So fat at length this frog became
He scarce could visit his dear dame.

Loudly he croaked, vainly he puffed,
Till his mad hopes in youth were snuffed;
For sure no frogette would be true
To frog so fat he could not sue.

Thus, sadness overcame this frog,
Penned in his puddle in his bog.
If he'd kept lean he'd won the day
And croaked us now a merry lay.
Poor Froggie.

Commendable Piety.—Professor in English (discussing British constitution): One thing is certain, the Englishman has ever loved his lord."

First Inter-year Debate.—An expectant audience gathered in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, December 6th, to hear the inter-year debate between the seniors and the sophomores. The first number on the programme was a vocal solo by Miss Jackson, '11. After some preliminary business, the vice-president, Mr. T. Wearing, '09, who presided, stated the subject of contention, which was, "Resolved, that the Canadian Government should discourage the immigration of the Japanese." The affirmative was upheld for the seniors by Mr. M. H. Long and Mr. N. S. McKechnie, while the negative was supported for the sophomores by Mr. George McLean and Mr. Joseph Wearing. Messrs. Long and McKechnie argued from the economic point of view that the Japanese had not true qualities of citizenship, was a parasite, interfered with Canadian labor, and could not assimilate, and that, in any case, Canada should not be blind to the supreme struggle between the white and the yellow races which was bound to come. Messrs. McLean and Wearing, on the other hand, contended that white European labor contained the germs of anarchy and based their arguments upon imperial and commercial grounds. While the judges, Prof. McLay, Prof. Ten Broeke and Prof. Farmer, were endeavoring to find their verdict, Mr. C. D. Jones, B.A., with his genial countenance and unimpaired fund of humor, wittily reviewed the "News of the Week." Prof. McLay, after due deliberation and some valuable remarks as to style in debate, awarded the decision in favor of the seniors. This is the first inter-year debate noughty-eight has won during their four years here and the class was naturally quite jubilant over the result.

The Classical Seminar.—That man who derives more pleasure from the study of the humanities than from the inter-ambulacral areas of the sea urchin will be deeply interested in the recently established classical seminar. To a certain class, perchance, the most unique feature in connection with the society might be that the only fee required is to be able to appreciate animated discussions on Greek and Roman literature and art. On Saturday, November 16th, the first meeting was held at the home of Mr. G. H. Campbell. Mr. T. Wearing's graphic description of Roman life, as portrayed by Juvenal in his satires, was followed by a highly instructive discussion on Greek architecture, led by Mr. Campbell. These gatherings, which are semi-monthly

and under the direction of Mr. Campbell, should increase the students' interest in an appreciation of classical literature and art, and thus accomplish the end for which it was designed.

Comments on Founders' Night.—Nonghty-nine was always original, but who would have thought when they set out the stars in their sky they would change the position of the dipper? * * * * If the seniors monopolized class room one all day, at least beauty and wit graced it during the evening. * * * * It is said a McMaster young lady was asked for eighteen promenades. Ten went on her card, but who knows how many she skipped? * * * * The juniors would not have objected to the sophomores appropriating their ideas of last year if their execution of them had not developed into cold murder. * * * * The theologues displayed unwonted consideration in removing the sign "Faculty Room" after they had completed their decorations. * * * * Some of the cosy corners in the freshmen's room almost required a step-ladder to reach. Once settled therein it recalled childhood days when your feet dangled from a high chair. * * * * When it comes to a specialized experiential knowledge of cosy corners a B.A. man defers to the superior training of a holder of a Ph.D. degree. The advantages of a specialized course over broad general culture were very obvious. * * * * We understand the freshmen were disappointed in not being able to secure the services of their quartette. Indeed, with such a profusion of evergreens a concealed orchestra might successfully have been attempted. * * * * The students vied with each other in fitting up cosy corners in their rooms. Two young Lochinvars went one better and hung a hammock. If they only could have imported the moon from the room downstairs the scene would have been complete.

Junior: "Do you like charlotte russe?" Freshman: "I don't know her; what year is she in?"

The Literary Society.—The Literary Society met in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, November 15th. The president, Mr. W. B. Waters, occupied the chair. After the minutes had been read and some announcements made, Miss Denovan, '11, favored the audience with a piano solo. The next number on the programme was a vocal selection by Mr. E. T. Newton, '11. After two readings, contributed by Miss E. M. Pugsley, '10, had been much enjoyed, all present welcomed a vocal solo by Miss Moore, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Mr. E. R. Fitch, B.A., B.Th., then spoke on the theme: "Some Aspects of

Browning's Philosophy of Life as Illustrated in his Poetry." An address of such a high literary order should be appreciated by every member and the programme committee of the society should be congratulated upon maintaining this excellent literary standard. After the address Mr. A. T. Mercer, '10, rendered a cornet solo which brought the meeting to a close.

PROFESSOR IN PHILOSOPHY.—"A volition is not complete until it issues an action. * * * * Many's the time I have knocked men's heads off in my mind." The year ten should be a good class of philosophers.

SKATING.—McMaster students have made the usual arrangements with Victoria College Rink for the skating season. Skating has always been a most popular form of recreation with McMaster students and, no doubt, this season will be no exception. Some of the weatherwise prophesy a mild winter. Skaters who patronize uncovered rinks will welcome bright, sunshiny weather so long as the air is crisp enough at night to keep the sheets of ice in reasonably good condition.

THE IMPACT OF A NEW IDEA.—"And manhood is called foolery when it stands against a falling fabric."—Coriolanus. Student (enquiring for an explanation): "It struck me, professor ——."

OUR PROFESSORS.—Doctor McCrimmon, professor of economics, was honored by being asked to speak before the Canadian Club at luncheon at McConkey's on November 18th. He gave a brilliant address on "Some Social Problems" and was listened to by a large and representative portion of the Club. Dr. Tingle, professor in chemistry, has been asked by Prof. Stieghtz, chairman of the organic section of the American Chemical Society, to give an address at its meeting in Chicago after Christmas on the research work which has been done in McMaster.

OPEN LIT. MEETING.—The first public meeting of the society for the college year, and the only one during this autumn term, drew a large audience to Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, November 22nd. The society was glad to welcome its many friends. The students in the gallery put the audience into the best of humor before the programme began. The McMaster Male Quartette, composed of Messrs. Williamson, Newton, McKechnie and Edwards, contributed several selections throughout the evening which were most warmly appreciated by all present.

A reading by Miss F. E. Tollhurst, and one also by Miss Eva Wilkins, '07, were heartily applauded and well deserved the encores they received. A piano solo by Miss Dollie Blair was greeted with enthusiasm and created an urgent desire for a second selection. Mr. D. H. Williamson, '08, sang "The Land o' the Leal," and, as an encore, "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

The speaker for the evening was Mr. G. C. Creelman, B.S.A., M.S., whom the students of McMaster were glad to welcome. Mr. Creelman, who is president of the Ontario Agricultural College, took as his subject, "The New Agriculture," which proved very interesting as well as instructive. The farmer, he said, had been falsely despised. Farming to-day was becoming not only a science, but a profession. The results of recent experiments, when utilized, would increase the productive power of the land, which power is but a synonym for wealth. Instead of a diminishing utility in land there would be an increase, due to better methods of cultivation, improved machinery and greater intelligence in regard to the difficulties of farming to-day. Surface water, blight, experiments with grain and seasons for planting were a few of the topics he discussed.

One important feature of the programme was the very acceptable rendering of two orchestral selections by the new McMaster Students' Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Carey Fox, a graduate of class '06. The orchestra is, perhaps, the largest in the history of McMaster, and Mr. Fox and the various members are to be congratulated upon the excellency of their musical productions.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

W. L. S.—A regular meeting of the society was held on November 22nd. The subject for the afternoon was "Woman in America." Miss McIntosh gave an account of woman's status in America, and Miss Alway, of her contribution to literature. We also had the pleasure of having with us at this meeting two of the former presidents of the society, Mrs. Glenn H. Campbell, and Miss L. M. Senior, who spoke a few words of reminiscence and congratulation to the society. The seniors had charge of the programme for the afternoon, and are to be congratulated on its success.

On the next Friday afternoon, that of November 29th, those young women who constitute the Woman's Literary Society of McMaster were to be found anywhere and everywhere except in their accustomed place in the chapel. Some were in the midst of Oriental splendor, if not of Oriental indolence, in Room I.; next door the juniors, who believe in the simple life, were reclined on rustic seats, star-gazing and castle-building; the energies of our sophomore members were centring in a room upstairs and overflowing into the hall; our hope and pride, the freshettes, were "under the green-wood tree," and—no, none were in the theology room, of course. "The subject under consideration" at this dispersion was the status of woman in McMaster University, and her contribution to the art of decorating for Founders' Night. The question was considered in a practical manner, with the result that though man was unanimously conceded a higher status—of the step-ladder order—during the afternoon woman's contribution to the decorative feature of the preparations, both as regarded the work of the afternoon and the result of the evening, was of high excellence.

ON Friday, December 6th, the W. L. S. held a reception for the alumnæ of McMaster, the wives of the professors and Baptist ministers of the city, and other friends of the society. The invitations were accepted by a large number, and the McMaster girls and their guests enjoyed a delightful afternoon.

Miss Kennedy and Mrs. Arnton received in the chapel, and after a short programme had been given, consisting of readings by Mrs. Arnton and Miss Wilkins, a vocal solo by Miss Gladys Jackson, and instrumental selections by Miss Hamilton and Misses Lilian and Gladys Murray, refreshments were served in the new Ladies' Room; here tea was poured at a charmingly decorated table in the room, and the sophomores served salad and the *et ceteras* from an improvised kitchen across the hall.

Y.W.C.A.—The topics chosen for the weekly Y.W.C.A. meetings show by their excellence that they have been carefully selected. Their study during the year should be of real value to the members. On November 18th "Lessons Learned from Christ's Life" was taken up by Miss Lilian Murray; on November 25th, Miss Tapscott gave a paper on "Christ and Missions." The topic of the first meeting in December was "Sins of the Tongue," and at least one sprightly little "Y.W." was heard to remark when she read the notice that "She guessed she'd better be there." It would be a good thing if we took this practical attitude toward the subjects more often.

A Sunday morning Bible study class has been organized under the leadership of Miss Garbett, and early next term we hope to commence several mission study classes among the girls.

IN THIS UNIVERSITY.

(Triolet.)

In this university
We are sober, earnest students;
We are after our degree
In this university.
When exams. ahead we see,
Even profs. admit our prudence.
In this university
We are sober, earnest students.

With a wondrous fervency
We are longing for more knowledge.
And we seek it earnestly
With a wondrous fervency—
When exams. ahead we see.
When it's cram-time in this college,
With a wondrous fervency,
We are longing for more knowledge!

It is clearly a case of the new favorite. Our faithful *Old Ladies' Room is sinking lower and lower in the scale of respectability, while its new rival is having honor after honor heaped upon it. It is a repetition of the old, sad story of faithfulness slighted, of

*"Old" is here used as an adjective to modify the word "*room*."

"benefits forgot." The old room once boasted a carpet—"such as it was"; it now has none, while the room across the hall has one as new as its title. The old room once had three sofas in it; now it has one—with a broken back—while the new room has two. On Founders' Night the new room was decked out to represent the heavens and the earth and all that in them is, and was filled constantly by an admiring throng; the old room was decorated only by rubbers and wraps, and was deserted during the evening. When the Y.W.C.A. of McMaster was at home to its friends it chose to be "at home" in the new room. Most unkindest cut of all! At home so soon in the new room, when the old had sheltered for so many years! And on the occasion of the W. L. S. reception, the case was even worse. The new room was dressed in its best, its very borrowed best, and displayed to the guests, while with scant ceremony the faithful old room was transformed into a kitchen with two gas stoves, a quick-lunch counter, and one knows not what beside, and a screen was put in front of its door to hide the sight of its degradation. Can the future offer any insult worse than this last?

It may be remarked that the full significance of the quotation at the head of this department lies in the fact that examinations come twice a year.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLE, '06.

OYSTERS AND SPEECHES.—The first oyster supper of the Athletic Association happened to the oysters on Thursday evening, November 21st, in the dining-hall. Last year an Athletic Night was celebrated on the evening of Field Day, for the purpose of bringing the athletic life of the University before the friends of the same, and also that the winners of the various events might receive public recognition. This year the powers of the pig-skin, the puck, and the hurdles went another mile up the road of progress. It was decreed that several hundreds of oysters be slain in honor of the victors. This was done, and a very pleasant evening was the result.

At six-thirty Dr. McCrimmon, the popular honorary president of the association, inaugurated this event by eating the first blue point. After the festive boards had been made bare, the feast of wit and flow of wisdom was served in specially prepared courses.

Chancellor McKay was called upon to present the McNaught cup and Chancellor's medal, which he did in a graceful way, complimenting the winner, R. C. Bensen, '06, upon the excellent showing which he had made on Field Day. Dr. McCrimmon then presented the first and second association medals to the respective winners, W. Hayden, '09, and N. McNaughton, '07. The badges and emblems given by the association to the winners of the Field Day events, and those who had fulfilled the conditions on the gridiron, were presented by President Bensen. Dr. McCrimmon opened the toast list by calling upon the gentlemen present to drink a health to His Majesty the King.

President Bensen, in a forceful speech well saturated with wit, proposed the toast to athletics. Dr. Ten Broeke, an ardent admirer and good friend of manly sport, replied to this toast in a well-received and enthusiastic speech. G. G. Vichert, '08, then proposed the health of the faculty, pointing out particularly the relationship existing between the Faculty and the Athletic Association, and showing it to be of the most cordial and friendly character. Professor McLay responded on behalf of the faculty. His speech was received with enthusiasm, and displayed not only the interest of the faculty in the department of sport, but also his own deep appreciation of this important

phase of university life. "Our Athletic Ancestors" was proposed in a witty and well-delivered speech by W. Scott, '09. Two veterans of sport, who have brought much honor to their Alma Mater in athletic life since their graduation, replied to this toast —J. B. McArthur, '05, and W. W. Lailey, '04. Both of them were given a rousing reception. This concluded this first event of the kind in the athletic life of the University. The evening was an unqualified success and reflects much credit on all who helped to make it what it was. Mr. D. H. Williamson, '08, delighted the audience with his always-popular "Drill, ye Tarriers, Drill." He was forced to respond to an encore, which was also much enjoyed. Mr. Williamson's singing is popular at all times, but he was never heard to better advantage or more enjoyed than on this occasion.

George Stephens, captain of last year's McGill senior rugby team, was in the game again this year under Montreal colors. George used to work hard on the McMaster wing line during his two years' attendance here, in 1902 and 1903.

J. B. McArthur, '05, and W. W. Lailey, '04, have been engaged as officials in many of the big games this fall. We congratulate the various unions employing them on securing such competent officials.

G. Copeland, who attended McMaster in '04-'05, has been doing great in throwing the discus. He represented 'Varsity in this event at the inter-collegiate meet at Kingston, winning second place.

Inter-Year Contests and Otherwise.—Every year sees its strenuous struggles in the midst of mud and water and other things on the campus. There are none so muddy, however, and perhaps none so exciting as the inter-year games. To the year 1910 goes the championship in rugby, with 1911 second. Below we tabulate the results and give the names of the championship team:

Nov. 13th.—'08 vs. '09; won by '09. Score, 9—7.
Nov. 14th.—Theology defaulted to '11.
Nov. 15th.—'09 vs. '10; won by '10. Score, 7—0.
Nov. 18th.—'10 vs. '11; tie. Score, 2—2.
Nov. 19th.—'10 vs. '11; won by '10. Score, 12—1.

The championship team—McKay, Firstbrook, Chadwick, Robertson Hind, Hodgson, Blackadar, Wearing, Richards, Waters, Crowe, Veals, Sayles, Bingham.

On Thursday afternoon, November 21st, '09 and '11 played for second place in rugby. The freshmen won, the score being 4—0.

In association the championship goes to the junior year. The following is a list of the games:
Nov. 11th.—Theology vs. '08. Result, 1—1.
Nov. 12th.—'09 vs. '11. No goal was scored by either team.
Nov. 26th.—'09 vs. '11; '09 won. Score, 1—0.
Nov. 27th.—Theology defaulted to '08.
Dec. 2nd.—'09 vs. '10; won by '09. Score, 1—0.
Dec. 4th.—'08 vs. '09; won by '09. Score, 1—0.

The Championship team—Sloat, Layng, Hayden, Robertson, Hutchinson, Harris, Rutledge, Bissett, Mullowey, Detlor, McLaurin.

On Dec. 5th the first game for second place was played between '10 and '11. The game was won by '10, the score being 3—0.

The Department of Athletics wishes all of its readers a most strenuous Christmas and a New Year with lots of ice.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: C. S. Edwards, '06.

Concerning Class '07.—Three have returned to their Alma Mater: N. McNaughton is a theolog; J. D. Craig and W. Ross have registered for M.A. work.

The University of Toronto has received six: R. W. Young and L. H. Werden are in medicine; Miss C. L. Moule, Miss B. E. Shields, Miss A. C. H. Hitchon and Mr. R. H. Roberts are registered in education.

Five of the class are teaching: Woodstock College has called C. E. Burke to preside over the science department; Grande Ligne has secured the services of A. E. White; N. E. Challen, J. G. Ferguson and A. N. Tapscott are wielding birches in rural districts of Saskatchewan.

Two others are preaching in the West: D. G. McPhail has a charge in Melfort, Sask.; R. E. E. Harkness preaches in Vegreville, Alberta, and employs his spare time building churches in Vegreville and Lavoy.

Toronto is giving employment to three of the scientific cult: S. J. Bates is in the laboratory of the Sunlight Soap Works; G. C. McEwen is in the paint laboratory of the Imperial Paint and Varnish Co.; S. R. McEwen is with the Chemical Laboratory, Ltd.

J. H. Cohoe is running the agricultural machinery of the homestead in New Durham.

Miss A. M. Waters is with her parents in Medora, Muskoka.

Miss E. Wilkins is residing in Toronto.

In addition to the names given above, the University of Toronto has enrolled the following McMaster graduates: Miss C. A. Burke, '06; Mr. E. A. Miller, '06, in education; Mr. R. E. Guyatt, '01, M.A., '04; Mr. A. H. Baker, '04, in medicine.

T. H. Peine, '05, is studying law at Osgoode Hall.

We are glad to congratulate two McMaster graduates in the University of Toronto for the honors which they have received. Miss B. E. Shields, '07, has been elected president of the Y.W.C.A. of the Faculty of Education, and Mr. E. A. Miller, '06, president of the Literary Society of the Faculty of Education.

Century Class will read with interest of the marriage of Dr. James Albert Faulkner, of Foxboro, to Miss Helen Aurelia Vermilyea, of Belleville. Dr. Lyman Lauchland, '00, of Dundas, was the best man.

Mr. H. B. Parker, '05, M.A., '07, has been appointed principal of the Newport Academy, Vermont. Some idea of the importance of this position may be inferred from the fact that Newport Academy has twelve teachers on the staff and three hundred and fifty scholars on the class-rolls.

Mr. P. C. McLaurin, '01, has accepted the position of science master in Smith's Falls High School.

Mr. Earl W. Clarke, '05, is principal in the Cumberland High School, Vancouver Island.

Mr. B. R. Allen, '03, is principal of the Public School in Cumberland, Vancouver Island.

Mr. A. M. Overholt, '95, M.A., '98, has accepted the appointment of mathematical teacher in the London Collegiate Institute.

Rev. Charles H. Emerson, '00, M.A., '04, of Belleville, has resigned his pastorate.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

SERENA.

O Moon, pale Nun, come from thy cloistered east
In white array,
And for my Lady be thy light increased
On her dim way.
Shed round her, Moon, O Virgin of the Night,
The benediction of thy hallowed light,
Guard her and keep her safely in thy sight,
O Moon, till dawn of day.
—*Fez, in the University of Virginia Magazine.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.—Christmastide is here again. Christmas—what magic's in the word! What delectable visions doth it conjure up of monster turkeys, steaming puddings, hot mince pies and all the toothsome dainties of the jolly festival! How the faces of home spring up at its blithe summons and group themselves in happy circle round the glowing fireside! In answer to the fairy beckoning the days of childhood throng again across the memory, and once more good, old Saint Nicholas, with his fleeting reindeer and the packs of goodies at his back, is a real object of childish wonder and delight, and wee heads lie awake to solve the mystery of his coming and pry into the secrets of his beneficence.

Christmas! How the enchanted word calls from odd nooks and forgotten corners of the mind strange pictures of the past. Gathered in youthful days from fairy story and romance, these have gone to enrich the treasure-house of the imagination, whose doors, flung wide at the magic sesame of "Christmas," pour forth their golden imagery in rich profusion. And, behold!—from the great fireplace of the castle-keep the blazing yule log casts its fitful, mellowing light o'er jesting fool and sturdy man-at-arms, and portly abbot and gay troubadour, and gallant knight, and courtly dame, and all the pomp and pageantry of Christmastide in the good days of old.

And yet, above and beyond all these, the name of Christmas brings to us another and a humbler scene. What need to paint it? Under the luminous splendor of the eastern sky, a Hebrew village, and in the stable of a crowded inn, the Mother and the

Babe. Aye, well may ye, ye wise men of the East, offer before him your gold, frandincense and myrrh; and well may ye, ye uncouth shepherds of the wild, crowd round in wondering circle. For this is He, though in but lowly guise, who came to usher in the reign of universal love. Rich man and poor man, the beggar and the thief, in His embracing love found common place, and thus it should be on His festival. This is the spirit that, thrilling through the Christmastide, has borne it like a golden thread through the dull cycles of the ages. Let us yield to its magic spell and join in wishing to all the wide world A Merry, Merry Christmas.

MOON-FAIRIES.

Out in the garden, and over the lawn—
Everywhere, everywhere dancing;
Slipping and gliding between the tall elms,
Fair on the rivulet glancing—
See where the moon-fairies play in the dark—
Play till the dawning of day,
Then over the meadows, and over the hills
Silently vanish away!

They say, every moon-fairy drops from her hair
A diamond come from the sky;
And when with the dawning the dancers depart,
There on the grass they will lie.
The sun will cast glory upon them, at last;
The blue-birds will carol anew;
And bright in the garden, and fresh on the lawn
Will sparkle the fairy-dropt dew!

—*E. K. Morse, in Yale Literary Magazine.*

We are happy to welcome among our old friends of last year the November number of the Allisonia, the publication of Mount Allison Ladies' College, Sackville, N.B. The Allisonia arrived in a dainty cover of blue and white, which we venture to pronounce the most artistic of the month. So prepossessed were we with its external appearance that, the editor-in-chief being absent, we forthwith annexed the easy chair and prepared to peruse the Allisonia at leisure. Now, we had sundry recollections of photographs of charming groups of young ladies which had adorned the pages of a previous number, so when on proceeding to investigate we discovered on the front page a group picture of the Allisonia staff, we felt that before going further we ought, in justice to the ladies, to call to our aid a more experienced critic. We confess that in such matters we are somewhat unsophisticated, and catching a glimpse of the editor of Around the Hall, who is a model of good taste where the

ladies are concerned, we haled him into the sanctum. Needless to say, after due explanations and an exhibition of the frontispiece, we had no difficulty in enlisting his services, and so the work proceeded. The cuts of the European scenes are excellent, but when we reached the group of piano graduates, on page 18, we were somewhat at a loss. What was the lone gentleman in the centre of the group doing with his right arm, Allisonia? And whence the demure look on the face of the neighboring maid? The editor of Around the Hall seemed to be under no misapprehension as to what *he* would be doing under the circumstances, and yet that didn't solve the problem. Even the editor-in-chief, who happened around in the midst of the difficulty, couldn't definitely locate the arm, and so at last we gave it up and proceeded with the list of biographies, which were, as usual, of a most interesting and instructive character. We were glad to see also that Cupid and Hymen are continuing their happy operations most successfully among the alumnae of Mt. Allison. The statistics prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that fourteen weddings occurred between September 11th and November 14th. This, we assert and will maintain, is a record of which any college might be proud. Congratulations, Mt. Allison! We are also very grateful for the hint conveyed in the charming little poem:

BOYS, BEWARE!

"If you want to send mail to the white House
Seek postmen with very great prudence.
Don't trust 'Silver Heels' for they tell me
He mixes the teachers and students."

We will beware "Silver Heels," but at the same time we prophesy a most unpleasant fate for this disagreeable personage if he ever crosses our path. Around the Hall and the editor-in-chief have also sworn the oath. In conclusion, it was moved by the editor-in-chief and seconded by Around the Hall, that Mt. Allison girls are a jolly fine bunch, especially the staff of Allisonia, and that we wish the said Allisonia were published monthly instead of bi-monthly and that we hereby tender a petition to that effect. The motion was carried unanimously.

We would welcome the St. John's College Magazine back among the number of our exchanges. Owing to embarrassed finances this magazine has been forced to suspend publication since 1904, reopening its career with the issue of November, 1907. The initial number is in every respect most creditable and we extend our heartiest good wishes to the St. John's College Magazine in its new lease of life.

We congratulate the Lux Columbiana in securing such an able literary editor as Miss Bertha Jean Thompson. During her sojourn at McMaster we learned much of Miss Thompson's literary ability and we cordially welcome her back to college journalism. In the November Lux appear the following lines from her pen:

PIANISSIMO.

I am tired. Let your fingers
Dwell upon the minor keys,
Let me think of apple blossoms
And the drowsy drone of bees.

Let me rest; for nerve and spirit
Both are tense and tightly drawn;
Play me—play me something soothing.
Like the dreamless sleep at dawn.

Let your fingers go caressing
Over all the lower keys,
Softly telling of the raindrops
And a little cooling breeze.

Not a medley—they are clever,
But they break the chain of thought;
Snatch away our little pictures
Just as soon as they are caught.

So I want a theme that's simple
In its breathing through the keys,
Telling me of soft wood pigeons
And of other things like these.

We are happy in acknowledging the following exchanges for November: William Jewell Student, Mercerian, Allisonia, University of Virginia Magazine, St. John's College Magazine, College Index, Lux Columbiana, Nassau Literary Magazine, Varsity, Dalhousie Gazette, Presbyterian College Journal, Cap and Gown, Queen's University Journal, Acadia Athenæum, Trinity University Review, University of Ottawa Review, Philomathean Monthly, Acta Victoriana, Manitoba College Journal, Vox Wesleyana, Bessie Tift Journal, Hya Yaka, Notre Dame Scholastic, O. A. C. Review.

ODE TO THE COLLEGE SAUSAGE.

Thou still unfathomed bag of mystery,
Thou foster child of chemistry and crime;
Toothsome combustibles, whose scent should be
The luscious mate of herbs and fragrant thyme,
What horrid legend hangs about thy shape?

—*Ex.*

Thomas Lewis Buchan

THE

McMaster University Monthly

JANUARY, 1908.

HUMPHRY EWING BUCHAN.

WHEN I became pastor of Jarvis street Church Dr. Buchan was one of the most prominent figures in its membership. He was deacon, Sunday school superintendent and a recognized leader in its numerous activities. His genial personality, his broad sympathies, his clear-cut apprehensions of divine truth and moral obligation, won for him a place in the confidence and affection of both pastor and people which is only accorded to the *élite*.

Dr. Buchan was born at Braeside, near Paris, which was for years the family residence, on the 20th of May, 1842. He spent his boyhood days uneventfully, as we should suppose. When old enough he was sent to Upper Canada College, after having gone through the elementary groundings of his education in the schools of Paris. He graduated in both arts and medicine in the University of Toronto and took post graduate studies in London, England, and Glasgow.

Having removed from Paris to Toronto the family attended the Bond street Baptist Church (now Jarvis street) under the pastoral care of the revered and much beloved Dr. Caldicott. Here Humphry, as he was then familiarly known, came to a saving knowledge of the truth and was baptized February 1st, 1863.

While pursuing his medical studies in Glasgow he became acquainted with Miss Jemima Fisher Cameron, who eventually was brought to Toronto as his wife. This happy relationship

was consummated in 1870. She was a young lady of fascinating appearance and possessed of qualities which have adorned her as wife and mother through all the years of their united life. It can be truly said that through sunshine and through shadow she has fulfilled the promise of her espousals.

Dr. Buchan commenced practice in Toronto in 1869. He was, as I have already indicated, liberally furnished for his professional work. If he was not brilliantly successful it resulted more from his modesty and lack of self assertion than from any other cause. He gave of his services with large-hearted unselfishness where the promise of remuneration was not inviting. While he had a considerable practice amongst the well-to-do and the affluent, he never turned an indifferent ear to the suffering poor. I think that it can be said without hesitancy that his hand ministered, and his skill brought relief and blessing, to large numbers who were unable to give him any other recompense than fervent benedictions.

In 1883 Dr. Buchan accepted an appointment as assistant superintendent of the Toronto Asylum for the Insane. After serving in this capacity for some years he was transferred to a similar position in the Kingston Asylum, and subsequently to the London, Ontario, Asylum, which position he occupied when his final illness overtook him. He died at the home of his brother-in-law, Mr. Ewing Cameron, Owen Sound, whither he had gone for change in the hope of beneficial results. The end came on the 17th of October, 1907, just thirty years after his father's decease, on October 17th, 1877.

Such is the record of a life which is remembered with genuine affection. He was better known in the Church and in the denomination a quarter of a century ago than he is to-day, because he was then able to command his own time and, as far as his professional duties permitted, follow his own bent. He took a lively interest in those days in all the progressive movements of the Church with which he was identified, and, in fact, in the moral and religious well-being of the world. He was not, perhaps, pre-eminently a man of vision, but his horizon was certainly wider than that of the majority of his religious associates.

and there were not many enterprises having for their aim the betterment of humanity to which his sympathies did not respond.

In recalling the life which we are holding in review it behooves us to remember whence it came upon the scene of human action. The stone that is approved by the sagacious architect and chosen for high usefulness is not generally an isolated crag picked up by the roadside. Dr. Buchan owed not a little to his parentage. The name of Buchan was well and widely known in Baptist circles in Ontario before the subject of this sketch saw the light. His father, David Buchan, was a man of strong personality, of granitic qualities of unswerving loyalty to what he believed to be the truth. He had descended from parents who had exhibited their moral independence in a striking way. They had become Baptists by reading a production written by their own pastor with a view of fortifying his flock against the tenets of that despised community. They suffered not a little in consequence. David Buchan, the son of this stalwart pair, exemplified in his life a quality that was worthy of such parentage. Sir John Boyd said of him, "That he was reared in, and must have imbibed at every pore that love for, Biblical truth and spiritual and political liberty which so strongly marked his character." He was united in marriage to Jane Griffith, a Welsh young lady who had been brought up a Calvinistic Methodist but who through an intelligent study of the Scriptures had come to see that baptism by immersion was incumbent upon all believers. They were thus happily united in the twofold bonds of fealty to each other and loyalty to their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and both relationships were sustained with exemplary fidelity to the last. These facts cannot fail to be illuminative as foreshadowing the Buchan quality. From such an ancestry it would be difficult to conceive of an ignoble progeny. If there be in human life a corresponding reproduction of type to that which we find in nature, then the Dr. Buchan whom we knew and loved worthily transmitted the characteristic virtues of his progenitors in the complexion of his principles and the quality of his manhood.

I am asked by the editor of this magazine to be reminiscent and to include such an account of the early days of the Jarvis

street Church as would seem pertinent to the general narrative of Dr. Buchan's life. That is not difficult with the memories of a quarter of a century of labor and fellowship sweeping around me like swallows in the spring time. The Jarvis street Church, when Dr. Buchan was an active member of it, was a somewhat different institution from that which bears the name to-day. It was then a great church with a large membership—with a weekly prayer meeting that grew in a few years into phenomenal proportions and could scarcely be exceeded in the spontaneity and fervor of its exercises. It also had one of the largest and best equipped Sunday schools in the city. But it was, with all its wealth of possibility, only in the formative period. Most of the leading spirits of more recent years were there at that time, but they had not yet become known and felt in the activities of the Church; in some instances they were not out of their swaddling clothes. Although there were at that time in the membership such men as William Elliott, Alexander Mackenzie and William McMaster, the Church had not risen to its best endeavor. They, together with a number of others of Dr. Buchan's age and who were his associates in labor, impressed upon the ever-growing numbers the stamp of exalted character and high ideals—but it was in after years that the Church was to beat out these precious deposits into the coinage of the Kingdom and make larger use of it in the extension of the cause of Christ throughout the world. It was in after years that she was to rise sufficiently high on the mountain slopes of vision to measurably realize her missionary obligations and to set the standard of giving for all the churches of the denomination throughout the land. This has been maintained with unflagging fidelity up to the present time. There has also been developed in the progress of the years a church "esprit de corps" which is contagious and delightful and which serves to hold the membership to the one centre, however far removed, like filings to the magnet. We are not unmindful of the indebtedness of the present generation to the past. They in great measure made the results that have been and are achieved possible. To have an honored place in the life and work of such a church and in the propagation of influences which have been so widely benefi-

cent is one of the most grateful reminiscences in connection with the career of the subject of this sketch. Dr. Buchan always accounted those years of his early Christian manhood in Jarvis street as the happiest and also the most fruitful that the good Lord permitted him to enjoy.

Ah me! What inroads death is making into the charmed circle of our intimates of the long ago! How the green isle which was once so wide and fair and fruitful is being encroached upon by the rising waters! How the fountains of our earthly joys are drying up one by one! Growing old is sometimes accompanied with a solitariness which is chilling. It would be intolerable were it not for the hopes which like larks sing themselves into the clouds and find their way into the glory of the other side; were it not for the assurances that give actuality to that bright world where we shall "know as we are known," where the broken links of friendship shall be re-welded and the faces we "have loved and lost" shall again smile upon us in blissful recognition and welcome. Farewell, my brother, we shall see thee in the morning.

B. D. Thomas.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE SOCIAL PROBLEM.

SOCIOLOGY at some future date may attain her proper place as the "Queen of all the Sciences," but to-day she is only in her infancy. In spite of this fact, however, it is expedient for us to enquire into the principles which underlie our present social structure and obtain some comprehension of their meaning.

The age in which we live is deeply conscious that social forces are working around us for which we have no adequate explanation. The future is entirely dark. The great questions of the day are social questions; the great fact of the day is that men, everywhere, from the highest to the lowest, are engaged in their solution.

Let us outline, then, the conditions, the fundamental cause and the equally fundamental remedy of these social problems.

I. Conditions—The political evolution, which began one hundred years ago in England and on the Continent, has well-nigh attained its ends. The middle class has won the right to vote and has been forced to give the same right to the lower classes. Now that we have universal suffrage this phase of our progress is complete. But in completing one stage of evolution we have entered upon another, in which men's minds are moving toward other goals.

The wonderful development of practical science, the revolution of industry due to the invention of machinery, the displacement of large portions of the population, the enormous extension of railways and telegraphs and other means of rapid communication and the development of commerce to a degree never before imagined are among the wonders of the nineteenth century. As we stand upon the threshold of the twentieth century we realize that these are only an earnest of the future. The past can only hint to us what is possible for man when once his mind and his body are made free. Even a superficial knowledge of the means and methods of science leaves us with the conviction that the progress however great in the past will, within a few years, be eclipsed by yet more astounding development.

Not only so, but the old social barriers are being done away and even national lines of demarcation are being thrown down. "The air is full of new battle cries and the sound of the gathering of new forces and the reorganization of old ones." To many minds Socialism has been born again and is entering on a positive and practical stage. It has ceased to be a theory of philanthropists merely, and has become a religion.

We are told that the immense progress of the century has brought no corresponding gain to the masses. That, on the contrary, to the wage-earning class, which carries society on its shoulders, this age has been one of progressive degeneration. That the laborer has ceased to be a man as nature made him, and has become a mere machine, fitting into some small detail of the huge mill of industry. That even the skilled workman clings desperately to the niche into which he has been fitted, knowing that if he loses his place he will but become a part of the hopeless flotsam and jetsam of society, tossed to and fro on the tide of poverty and misery.

The adherents of the New Faith ask, and ask rightly, what advantage it if the waste places of the earth are turned into highways of commerce if the many still work and want and the few only have leisure and grow rich? What does it profit the laborer that knowledge grows if all the appliances of science do not lighten his labor? Wealth may accumulate and public and private magnificence reach a point never before seen in the history of the world, but wherein is society bettered, it is asked, if the nemesis of poverty sits like a hollow-eyed spectre at the feast?

A new patrician class has arisen, we are told, with all of the power but none of the character and responsibility of the old. We hear of the "Robber Knights of Capital," and "The Unclean Brigand Aristocracy of the Stock Exchange." We are told that the men who profit are the organizers, but that the world works that they may grow rich.

Thus, we see that while the problems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were political, *i.e.*, the enfranchisement of the people; the problems of the twentieth century are social, *i.e.*, the right of every man to enter on equal terms in the struggle for existence. Socialism, therefore, has ceased to be a philanthropic sentiment and has become a direct appeal to the selfish interest of a large part of the community. This is but the result of a series of concessions beginning with the Factory Acts and the legislation of combination and leading gradually to an avowedly socialistic legislation for which the times appear to be ripening.

The worker is beginning to see that what he has lost as an individual he has gained as a class, and, therefore, we have society organized into two conflicting forces; the one, syndicates, corporations and federations of capital; the other, societies, trades unions and federations of labor. Besides these there is a larger class admitting the evils but standing in helpless confusion and watching the battle being set in array before them.

II. The Fundamental Cause—Let us go back for a moment and consider the beginnings of the human race. Here we see men as mere animals, in a state of constant struggle with their fellow men, and with other beasts of prey. We look again after

a period of a thousand years and there is little advance. Man is somewhat more cunning than before, he uses somewhat better tools, but still he struggles with beast and man for his existence. A short time passes and we look again and find a wonderful change; he is now lord of creation, no longer a mere beast, he makes the earth produce at his will, he wields the powers of the air, he harnesses the untrammelled sea. His power seems to be illimitable.

The outstanding feature of it all is that man since we first saw him has made ceaseless progress. Because of this we take it for granted that man is a progressive animal, but this is not the case. If left alone man would degenerate; the cause of his progression is simply that he is not left alone. The human race reproduces after its kind at such a rate that within a few years the obtainable means of subsistence become inadequate to supply his wants and the result is the struggle for life. That is, the insufficiency of the means of subsistence to supply the wants of the population precipitates a struggle, and this struggle, by weeding out the weak and the inefficient, makes for progress. The progress of man, therefore, was not originally of his own choosing, but was a necessity to his existence.

The first condition of progress, then, is that all the individuals engaged cannot succeed, and it becomes evident that progress is obtained by the sacrifice of the lives and happiness of a large part of the population. Here, then, is a rational being who must be exterminated for the benefit of the ages yet unborn. Now, I maintain that man's reason gives no sanction for this extermination; therefore, we must look elsewhere for a principle that will give both a sanction for progress and an alleviation of the misery attendant upon the struggle for life.

III. Fundamental Remedy—There are two forces in the evolution of man and animal which apply with equal force to society. The agnosticism of such men as Huxley and the revolutionary outlook of Karl Marx are both due to the fact that they failed to give sufficient weight to the more important factor of the two.

These factors are:

1. The struggle for life.

2. The struggle for the life of others—the altruistic feeling which is nothing more than the quality of sympathy or love.

The first is to preserve itself, the second to preserve the species; the first develops active qualities, such as courage and strength, the second, passive qualities, such as sympathy and love. The first is individualism, the second altruism. Thus, we see the error of Huxley and Marx. When we realize that the struggle for the life of others is the final condition of progress. If we were to eliminate the struggle for the life of others we would have mothers killing their young, men chloroforming the aged and doing away with the sick and the maimed. This seems inhuman, but consider, if there be no principle but the struggle for life it is the veriest insanity for parents to protect their offspring and thus bring new factors into the field of competition to rob them of their means of subsistence.

Therefore, without the struggle for the life of others there had been no evolution; without the altruistic feeling, the whole world of life had long since perished.

Not only are there these two factors in society, but we find that, as evolution proceeds, the one wanes and the other waxes. Not that the struggle for life will ever cease, but that, as we rise in the social scale, there will be a gradual tempering of its harshness. This is evidenced in the many philanthropic and missionary endeavors of our day and in the quickening feeling of social responsibility.

"The path of progress," says Drummond, "and the path of evolution are one. Evolution is nothing more than the involution of love, the eternal life returning to itself."

In evolution creation has revealed her hand; to have revealed it sooner would have been premature, love must come before knowledge for knowledge is but the instrument of love and is useless till love arrives. Nature has made the first part of the social structure and it remains for man to complete it.

"As a child set to complete some fine embroidery is shown the stitches, the colors and the outline on the canvas, so the great

mother in setting this difficult task to her later children provides them with one superb part finished to show the pattern."

Our conclusion, then, is that as the struggle for life is the fundamental cause of social inequalities and social miseries, we have in the struggle for the life of others their remedy. When this altruistic principle shall rule the minds and actions of men our prayer shall be answered.

"His kingdom shall come and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

N. J. Ware, '08.

THE MYSTIC.

A reed am I, and God the flowing stream
Whose crystal current sweeps around my feet
And in its moving surface, like a dream,
My shadow wavers with His pulse's beat.

A leaf am I, and God the mighty tree
That no beginning hath nor end of days;
The hour I lose my trembling hold on Thee,
Faith fails, hope withers, love itself decays.

A bay am I of God the ocean wide—
An inlet of the world-enfolding sea:
I feel the rhythm of His awful tide
And dream, but only dream, what He may be.

I am His harp æolian—God the wind
Whose living breath awakes each slumb'ring string;
Breathe, breathe, thou blessed Spirit, lest my mind
Attuned yet voiceless lie—a soulless thing!

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

RICHELIEU.

OR "THE CONSPIRACY," BY SIR EDWARD BULWER.

AS a play "Richelieu" stands in the front rank of romantic dramas. Written in the autumn of 1838 for, and under the counsel of, the famous Macready, then manager of Covent Garden Theatre, it was brought out by him at that playhouse on the evening of March 7th, 1839. Meeting with instant success, it was taken to America during the summer, and on September 4th Edwin Forrest presented it at Wallack's, New York. Since then it has remained a favorite on both sides of the water and has been interpreted by many famous actors, notably by Edwin Booth. At the present time the play is being capably presented by Robert B. Mantell.

The hero is, of course, the great Cardinal of France, the incidents of the play being drawn from some of the many plots against his life. The conspiracy of the Duc de Bouillion is amalgamated with the denouement of the Day of Dupes and interwoven with circumstances connected with the treason of Cinq-Mars. The story of the play is simple and is told by direct action, out of which the language naturally flows. It contains many situations that excite the imagination and some where de Beringhen or Joseph provoke a smile. Reality is idealized and the heart is touched by the spirit of sympathy with virtue and gentleness that pervades the play, while a steady dramatic movement vitalizes all—a movement that increases in force and speed until it reaches a startling climax and achieves a culmination at once beautiful and gratifying.

The character of Richelieu as portrayed does not of course altogether correspond to that of the historic cardinal. In the drama he is shown as just, wise, kind, gentle, tolerant of weakness, sympathetic with virtue and innocence, superior to all trials, steadfast in the face of any danger, sensitive to every sweet and poetic influence, and hostile and bitter only when confronted with tyranny and wrong. In a word, he is the embodi-

ment of virtuous power shown in its grandest phase and function as the protector of innocent weakness. All that was base in the man is hidden. The craft appears but not the tricks; the fox is shown, but not until the lion has been beaten; there is the inflexibility, but not the vindictiveness; the grandeur of achievement, but not the petty means and unscrupulous methods. And yet, in the main, the character is true to life, for whatever else Richelieu may have been he was a patriot. He may be called his country's dictator, but he must also be called her benefactor, and his cruelty may be excused in the light of the license of the times. He was what Voltaire paints him, the true architect of the French monarchy, the great parent of French civilization, and with a weak King and a nagging queen-mother his wise policy and able administration brought about in no small measure the destruction of feudalism, the humiliation of Austria and the dismemberment of Spain, and paved the way to the illustrious political and literary supremacy of France in the succeeding reign.

But now for a consideration of the play itself:

The last strains of a twentieth century orchestra die away as the curtain rises, and we gaze into the seventeenth century drawing room of Marion de Lorme. The scene is typical in every way of the gay days of Louis XIII. Richly dressed lords and dames disport themselves at cards or dice, drink wine, and indulge in brilliant repartee. All the furnishings are elaborate and costly; everything suggests the home of a social devotee; there is nothing to remind one of the home of a spy.

Presently the crowd passes to another room and two men remaining engage in interesting conversation. They are Baradas, the suave courtier, and Adrian de Mauprat, the careless soldier. There is much talk against the Cardinal; we learn of deep-laid plots against his very life. Baradas shows himself a jealous, unscrupulous schemer; de Mauprat is merely his tool. We become alarmed for the Cardinal even before we see him. Then, suddenly, a platoon of his guards march in and de Mauprat is hurried off to prison, and as he disappears so do our fears for the Cardinal. Instinctively we feel that the great statesman must be well informed of all that happens and well able to take care of himself.

But now we are looking in upon the great room in the Cardinal's palace. The moment has arrived; he is about to appear. We have barely time to note the shields and swords around the room, the great sign of the cross upon all the dark tapestry and curtains, the state documents and literary volumes on the table, when the illustrious owner of it all enters leaning upon the arm of a Capuchin monk. There are the men, "the two heads under one cowl"; Richelieu, cardinal and soldier-statesman, Prime Minister of France; Father Joseph, intriguer, shrewd negotiator, consummate diplomat. Slowly, almost with feebleness, they advance, the tall figure and the short, and in his very bearing, though somewhat bowed with age and service, we see the Cardinal's power. He sits, and Father Joseph stands.

He is of slight form, the Cardinal, in his flowing robe of black, with long thin hands, flexible, eloquent and tenacious. His face is marked and pointed, with a long, high-backed nose—inquisitive and masterful; his eyes, a little closed, veil their lord's will yet see all that passes; his white hair combed back and covering his ears and neck is silky and sparse, betokening the ecclesiastic, while his sharp-pointed beard and well-trimmed moustache seem to denote the statesman and the soldier. In a word, he appears the embodiment of his great portrait by Champagne in the Louvre.

Those who admire power could not help admiring Richelieu. He is power personified. As he converses with Joseph, with Julie, his ward, or with de Mauprat, with Francois, or with Marion de Lorme, his spies, or with Huguet, the captain of his guard, in every instance we see his wonderful knowledge of human nature. In all his measures he displays the unbending will, the heart generous, yet pitiless in justice, the delicate finesse and skilled diplomacy, the hand of iron beneath the silken glove. He employs "first all means to conciliate, and failing these, all means to crush." In him is that swift, clear-seeing intelligence, that sleepless vigilance, that subtlety of mind, which with a consummate genius for managing men carried him safely through so many a crisis.

The plot almost loses an element of its interest when we have seen Richelieu; yet we have an added curiosity to see just what

neat methods he will use to frustrate the schemes against him. In the midst of his greatest danger, when his friends have become his enemies, when his very guards prove unfaithful, even then we do not fear for him, but feel ourselves inspired with the same confidence in him that he has in himself. The plot all centres around this: Baradas, the King's favorite, and Adrian de Mauprat both love Julie de Mortemar, the Cardinal's ward. De Mauprat, owing to a breach of military discipline, has incurred the Cardinal's displeasure, but when it appears that Julie returns his love, he is pardoned and the marriage consummated. Then it is discovered that the King also loves Julie, and, incited by Baradas, he proclaims the marriage contrary to law and sends de Beringhen to keep the couple even from conversing. De Mauprat goes to Baradas for an explanation and that worthy so poisons his mind that he becomes the Cardinal's most bitter enemy. The plan is to murder the great statesman in his palace, but, warned by Marion de Lorme of the danger, he sends Francois to gain possession of the packet that contains the signatures of the conspirators, and then flees to his castle in the forest of Ruelle.

The scene which shows him here is most impressive. It is midnight and we look into a great Gothic chamber containing a table in the foreground and a bed on a dais at the rear. Seated at the table, Richelieu is reading by the dim light of a candle, while the pale moonlight shines through the partially-shuttered windows, and outside the fitful night wind sighs through the tops of the pine trees. Even here he carries that same calm dignity and indifference to danger. While enemies lurk outside, all alone, in the stillness of the night, he can find a pleasure in poetry, this strange man—alone he seems to feel himself in age an easy match for all the world. Francois enters; he has failed to secure the packet; but encouraged by some words of his master he again goes forth determined to succeed. Then Julie, poor Julie, comes, having ridden all the way from Paris to tell her guardian how de Mauprat has deserted her, and of how the King and Baradas have attempted to wrong her innocence. Indignant, he comforts her, and with words of love and great compassion calms her fears. Tender as a mother, he sends her off to rest, and all is silence.

The moonlight fades, and the wind arises; the candle burns more dimly, and threatening shadows seem to lurk in the many corners of the Gothic room. The air even seems heavy. Richelieu feels it, and as he glances round we hear him say, "The very darkness lends itself to fear—to treason—and—"—"To death," says a voice from out the shadows. It is too late to take precaution, Huguet of the guard has turned traitor, too, and the murderer in full armour is in the room. But even here the Cardinal is undaunted and to the figure with the drawn sword, rising to his full height, he says: "Armand de Richelieu dies not by the hand of man: Who dares in Richelieu to murder France?" And when de Mauprat stands revealed, he bids him to his knees and crawl for pardon, explains the wiles of Baradas and the King, calls in Julie, shows him how he has been an easy dupe, until the would-be murderer becomes his champion and aids him feign death, that he may deceive the guard who enter, and confuse the court by his reappearance on the morrow. After this we cannot fear for Richelieu; we, too, are inspired by his own sublime self-confidence.

Still, at his interview next day with Louis in the gardens of the Louvre, matters look dark for him. The ungrateful monarch will have nothing but Julie, and Baradas, still favorite, urges his demand. De Mauprat is taken to the Bastille. Richelieu seems broken; he is no longer soldier, no longer minister, he is a weak old man, yet unafraid. The lion disappears, but the old fox fights hard against the overwhelming odds. The soldier, the statesman, may be gone, but the priest remains, and until Francois can find the incriminating papers he protects Julie under the power of Rome,

> "The power which in the age of iron
> Burst forth, to curb the great and raise the low."

But the papers once secured, the denouement is startling.

It is in the state apartments of the Louvre. The King sits on the throne, Baradas near him, Orleans, his traitor brother, and all their followers and the gay courtiers. Opposite the throne sits Richelieu, and around him Julie, Joseph, and a score of the guard. The King is reading dispatches from foreign lands regarding

treaties, alliances, and rumored wars, and on the advice of Baradas acts and dictates replies. Richelieu offers counsel from time to time, and it is heeded, too, but he appears feeble, he is old and weak, and white. Suddenly Francois enters. He has succeeded. Richelieu has the documents, and in the midst of his triumph Baradas finds himself a prisoner of state, and all his followers are broken in his fall.

"Reign, Richelieu!" says Louis. "Reign with power most absolute! O, live! If not for me—for France!" So once more Richelieu is minister, the ruling power, the very soul of France; and as ever he remains a mystery to be feared at home and a grandeur to be feared abroad. The spirit of his country becomes his life, and he is strong again; strong that out of the broken fragments of her national liberties and prosperity he may pave the way for the coming glory of France.

Such is the story of the play "Richelieu." It possesses its tragedy, its pathos, its romance, and, what can only appear from the play itself, it has its humor. It is marked by little faults, of course, perhaps its most serious being the tinsel in its language here and there; but it has its great merits and is a play that constantly affords pleasure by procuring and extolling—under deeply interesting and highly picturesque conditions of circumstance—the victory of good over evil. "Thus," says one critic, "to have written a drama which makes its spectators happier and better for their seeing of it, is to have deserved the gratitude of the world."

W. F. L. Edwards, '08.

LIFE IN A RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION CAMP.

EARLY in June, 1907, I left Winnipeg for my station with the construction camps on the Brandon-Regina extension of the Canadian Northern Railway. I was sent by the Reading Camp Association. My duties I understood but vaguely. I was informed that the tent with which the society supplied me was to be used as a reading room where the men might profitably spend their leisure time reading the latest papers and magazines (which were to be supplied to the tent by the association), or by receiving instruction from me in any subject they might wish to learn. I was informed, too, that occasional entertainments were to be held in the tent, and that the gospel was to be preached on Sundays. In addition to these duties I was to hire as an ordinary laborer—become a navvy. I was instructed to land at Maryfield, Sask., and join my tent to the nearest camp.

After leaving the train I decided to go to a camp west of the village. A Scotch immigrant who was going to a camp still further west joined me and we proceeded on foot together. Before we had gone far the unsteady behavior of my companion's limbs made it apparent that he had partaken of something stronger than water. In Scotland he had been employed as driver of a beer wagon—an occupation which he was loathe to leave. Our journey was far from pleasant; the long prairie grass was wet from a recent rain, and the mosquitoes were in perfection. Mosquitoes are always pleased when new blood comes to the country. They are so glad when the immigrant comes that they are ready to eat him up. They rather slighted me, but gathered in thousands around my companion, singing songs of gladness. He, however, did not reciprocate their affection and described them in adjectives that were not good English.

Having reached my camp, I took leave of my companion, whom I did not see again. However, I learned that one day in camp had been sufficient to satisfy him, and that he had gone

in search of a beer wagon. The camp, which was smaller than I expected, consisted of two horse tents, a cook tent, a dining tent, and a few sleeping tents. It provided accommodation for about sixteen teams of horses and about twenty-five men. I interviewed the contractor about my mission to the camp. The idea of a reading tent in camp was new to him and as strange as it was new. After some hesitation he permitted me to start business in camp, and I obtained employment as teamster with one of his sub-contractors.

Night having come on, I retired to a sleeping tent to which I had been invited. Along each side of the tent was a row of beds, consisting for the greater part of blankets spread over a layer of hay. The men slept with their heads to the canvas, the two rows of feet almost meeting in the centre. A feud existed between the men of this tent and those of the one nearest to us. An exchange of compliments, consisting of all kinds of descriptive words, continued till midnight. This programme continued nightly till a fight in camp finally cleared the atmosphere.

At four o'clock a.m. the teamsters were roused from sleep to attend to their horses, and all hands had to be ready to start work at six-thirty. The work assigned to me was ploughing the prairie sods ahead of the scrapers. For once, at least, I rejoiced that I had been raised on the farm and knew how to plough. Still, my position was trying. The sod was tough and the ground stony. Many of the men, too, were ready to laugh at the college student. When, however, they were convinced that I was willing and able to work, this attitude changed and they showed me both respect and kindness. The men were all English speaking, but of varied experience. One had served as a soldier in India and South Africa. Another had traveled as a sailor to almost every country. A third had a prison record, and still had a tendency to steal. Once when I was absent he was caught in the act of searching through my trunk.

At the end of three weeks I decided that in the interests of the society my tent should be pitched in a larger camp. Accordingly I went to a large camp east of Maryfield. This consisted of about twenty tents, accommodating about forty teams and nearly seventy men. Next to the contractor, the foreman and the

cook are the most important persons in a camp. The foreman's orders are final, and anyone disobeying leaves camp immediately. It takes three gangs to run a railroad camp; one working, one going and one coming. In a few weeks there is almost a complete change of men. The foreman here was a Scotchman of unusual size and strength, but gentle and kind in manner. Cooks are usually hard to get and a good cook has almost absolute authority in his own sphere. Our cook, however, tried to bring the contractor and the foreman to what he considered proper etiquette in the dining tent. Be on time for your meals or go without was one of his decrees as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Once a man came a distance of thirty miles to the camp on business. He had had neither dinner nor supper and wanted something to eat. But it was past supper time and the cook thought it better for him to go hungry than to break the law of the camp. Finally, he decided that the contractor might be permitted to carry some food out of the dining tent to the hungry man. Once some representatives of the C.N.R. requested food of the camp, but it was past meal time and the cook was no respecter of persons.

The men of this camp appeared to appreciate the reading tent very much, for all were willing to assist me in any way. One night, during a fierce thunder storm, a large sleeping tent was blown over. The men gathered up their clothes as best they might, crawled from under the fallen canvas and took shelter in the reading tent. In the morning one was too ill to leave his bed. Many other cases of sickness arose from the use of bad water, and my tent took on the form of a hospital; a few simple remedies were kept in it.

Of course, we had a camp doctor. Every man was reminded of the fact once every month, when seventy-five cents was kept off his wages as medical fees. Apart from this monthly event he was largely unknown. He was seldom on hand when there was sickness and seldom had the right medicine when present. Pills were his stock in trade. Pills always, and the same kind for all diseases. Those whom he treated were puzzled to know whether he was a medical student or merely intended to be one in the future. It was said that he was once called to see a man

who had injured his shoulder, and that after examining the injury the doctor decided that he had not the right medicine, but, promising to return in a few days, departed, after leaving the man some pills to take for the injured shoulder. The patient was taken to another doctor, who speedily discovered that his shoulder was out of joint.

In constructing this road there were four main divisions of labor—first, grading; then, bridging; then, laying the steel, and, lastly, fencing. Some time before our work of grading here was done, the smoke of the steel gang appeared in the distance. Our contractor became nervous when he saw it, and as it day by day crept nearer and nearer to us his nervousness grew to excitement. I did not then understand why, but afterwards learned that if a grading contractor kept the steel gang waiting he had to forfeit one hundred dollars for every day of such delay. Our foreman was perfectly calm during this trying time and owing to his good management the work was completed in time, but none too soon, for when we had finished the steel gang was nearly up to us.

We now prepared to move camp. Our journey was thirty miles to the west. We started to strike tents at eleven o'clock a.m. and in two hours we were fairly set out. We were joined by another camp, and together we stretched out on the prairie in a long procession, like an army on the move.

Soon a heavy rain storm, accompanied by a gale from the north, set in and before long most of us were wet through. We passed an hotel, and many of the men, not contented with being wet outside, soon became wet inside also. Confusion now ruled our outfit. Some teams, going much faster than others, were soon out of sight. Night came on before our journey was nearly done, and in the darkness many teams took wrong trails. None reached the camping ground before dark. All through the night teams came straggling in, and some did not arrive till the next morning. Not a tent was pitched that night. All had to shift as best they could. Some spread their blankets on wagons, some under wagons and some on the open prairie. Three of us spread out a tent and, having placed our blankets on this, lay down for the night, but not to sleep much. As teams were con-

stantly straggling in we were afraid of being run over in the darkness, and so had to be watching. The night was cold, the dew settled heavily and we spent a night that few will forget.

When morning dawned and we could examine our surroundings we found we were in the valley of a stream called the Little Pipestone. Our work was to fill in the approaches to a bridge which was to span this stream. Our outfit, as it lay scattered over the prairie, presented the appearance of an army disorganized by defeat. Soon the work of pitching tents began and soon a little village sprouted out of the prairie. It was ten o'clock before breakfast was ready, but while waiting some of the men invaded the provision wagon and greatly reduced the stock of canned goods.

In about two weeks our work here was completed and again we prepared to move. To avoid a repetition of the misfortunes of our first move it was decided that at the middle of our journey we should camp for the night. We started at midday. The weather was beautiful and the scenery through which we passed was delightful. The hitherto monotonous prairie was here relieved by numerous poplar bluffs, at whose feet nestled sloughs with myriads of waterfowl gliding over their calm surfaces.

Early in the evening we reached another camp and decided to spend the night here, as feed for the horses could be obtained at the camp. It was a spot of almost ideal beauty. The surface of the country was very rolling. The higher swells were clothed with trees of delicate foliage, while the depressions held in their embrace waters of exquisite beauty. Fringing the waters' edges were water plants whose tints gradually deepened from the light green of those in the water to the deep shade of the more remote. Conspicuous among them were seen the brown cylindrical heads of the cattails. Thousands of waterfowl had nestled on the glassy surface of the sloughs, whose waters reflected the flaky clouds of the summer sky. Myriads of flowers were peeping out of the long wavy grass, the blue eyes of the prairie flax being most charming. Here we wandered around, drinking in the scenery or feasting on raspberries which grew around, till the setting sun cast a crimson glow over the landscape.

During the night a thunder storm came on, but the morning broke clear and calm, and we were soon on our journey again. Before long we left the trees behind us and once again were on the unbroken prairie. In due time we reached our new station and had our tents pitched before dark.

It was here that the first foreigners joined our camp. Up to this time all our men had been English speaking, and most of them were well educated. Instead of requiring instruction in elementary subjects, as I had expected, they asked for talks on such subjects as heat, light and electricity. But now I had to do with the foreigner. Two Galicians joined us and at first neither could speak a work of English. One, however, could speak German, and as I knew a little German the task of teaching them was not too great. Both were honest and industrious, and had a great desire to learn English. They readily imitated what others said in English, but what they first learned in this way was how to swear. I tried to check this tendency, but with only partial success.

On the night of the 21st of August a frost, so severe as to form ice, visited this locality. The crops within its range were badly damaged or completely destroyed. Thousands of acres which up to this time gave promise of a bountiful harvest now presented a desolate sight.

Once more our camp moved. This time we crossed the Brandon-Wolseley branch of the C.P.R. and proceeding further west we crossed a deep valley over which a bridge about a thousand feet long was being erected, and continuing six miles further we reached our new station without any striking adventure.

In our construction work here we had many sloughs to fill. It became a common sight to see men or horses slipping into the water. The weather was growing cold and the work became unpleasant. The weather was most changeful. One night, September 18th, we had a heavy fall of snow; a few nights later there was a frost so heavy as to form thick ice on the water in the tents, and the night following we had a thunderstorm. Not far from us was a camp nearly as large as ours, occupied exclusively by mules and Galicians. This combination surprised me, and on inquiry I was informed that as a rule Englishmen were not

safe with mules, and horses were not safe with Galicians; so mules and Galicians made a happy combination.

The precision with which horses and mules will judge quitting time is most remarkable. Horses will do it well, but it is said that mules will do it better. When the teams on the grade thought it was quitting time they commenced to whinny and continued to do so till unhitched. An old railroader from Montana told of a mule which always insisted that his time was right. When he thought it time to quit he would whinny, then positively and emphatically refuse to go another step till unhitched.

About the 20th of September I received instructions from the society to leave camp, and with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret I prepared to do so. The evening before my departure I was invited to a certain tent and there presented with a very encouraging address, accompanied with a check, as an expression of appreciation of the services of the reading tent to the camps, the present coming jointly from the firm and the men. I shall always remember everyone connected with the camp with the kindest feelings, for all were kind to me.

T. H., '08.

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Editorial Notes.

IN view of the fact that his incumbency will terminate in May the new editor conceives it would be rather ludicrous were he to make a formal bow to the readers of THE MONTHLY and elaborately set forth an ambitious policy. A very short statement will suffice. He will endeavor to conduct the magazine in accord with its distinctive literary traditions and along the lines recognized during the sixteen years of its existence. The issue for January is necessarily delayed because of examinations. It is hoped that succeeding issues can be brought out by the twentieth of the month. The editor solicits the kindly support of graduates and students who have stood by THE MONTHLY in the past and helped to make it a successful venture and a not unworthy interpreter of the aims and life of the university.

All students of McMaster welcome home Professor P. S. Campbell. Professor Campbell was granted leave of absence last term and, impelled by his classical sympathies, has made an extended tour of Greece and Italy. He assures us he has returned in excellent health and with a mind refreshed and enriched by his trip. Professor Campbell holds a unique place in the heart of every McMaster student who has read the classics under his guidance.

Western University, at London, Ontario, has adopted the McMaster system of mid-year examinations. There are good and valid reasons, which the majority of students recognize, why the examinations should take place after the holidays. We surmise, however, that he would be a bold logician who would maintain this before the present student body at London. Time and experience alone will justify the innovation to new generations of students as a necessary evil.

In another part of The Monthly Rev. Dr. Thomas writes a generous appreciation of the life and character of the late Dr. Buchan. To what he has so well said, nothing remains to be added, unless it be a brief reference to Dr. Buchan's connection with our University. He was a member of the first Board of Trustees of Toronto Baptist College. He was named by the late Senator McMaster as an executor of his estate, and in the performance of his duties in that capacity, he showed himself a genuine friend of our educational work. He was also a subscriber to The Monthly from its first issue. Though Dr. Buchan was unknown to many of our present staff of professors and practically all the present generation of students, The Monthly desires, on behalf of the University, to pay a simple but sincere tribute of respect to one whom the present writer knows to have been a Christian gentleman in a very true sense of the word.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: W. F. L. EDWARDS, '08.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And all about the wind doth blow.—*Shakespeare.*

AND so with the new year we must also make our bow. Well, if is no new experience. All our lives we have been bowing, in all sorts of ways and places, and now we bow to fate and to our readers, and likewise beneath the burden of an honor unto which we feel we are not altogether born. Past editors of this department have become famous in many ways—among the number are Rhodes Scholarship men, editors of dailies, African missionaries and others who have made their names illustrious in business, in the pulpit or in the professional chair. But all this does not cheer us much. We wonder what the future may have in store for us that the variety may be complete. Our predecessor has left us some large shoes to fill for he brought the department to a high standard of excellence and is now our chief. However, we are supported by an excellent reportorial staff, so we shall endeavor to avoid all scandal and keep as respectable as possible. At any rate here goes—and a Happy New Year to us all.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.—Though the various meetings held throughout the term have reflected credit upon the society, yet the last (held Dec. 13, 1907) from the standpoint both of interest and of attendance may be said to be a fitting climax to a successful term's work.

The first note of the evening's programme was struck by Miss L. Craig, '10, whose piano solos never fail to please. After this selection President Waters announced that the audience would have the pleasure of listening to a debate between theology and nought-nine, on the subject, "Resolved, that international warfare militates against the best interests of a nation.

Since theology upheld the affirmative it is evident that it was their duty to make war upon war. Messrs. McNaughton and McCausland, though speaking in the interests of peace, did so in a very warlike manner, while Messrs. Jury and Routledge, in

exceptionally mild, calm and logical addresses, contended that war was indispensable. Nought-nine, hitherto invincible, for a time manfully withstood their opponents, but were ultimately forced to "come to Canossa." Only he who can tell what heroes feel when all but life and honor's lost is able to form a just estimate of their feelings as they yielded to the opinions of the religious potentates.

While the judges were arriving at this decision Mr. R. G. Saunders, '08, reviewed the news of the week. In doing so he gave a good old-fashioned farmers' institute speech, which showed a complete mastery of details and an elimination of everything foreign to his subject.

The news of the week concluded and the judges still undecided, Mr. Dadson gave an impromptu rendering of "The House that Jaek Built," and it was quite evident that he had lost none of his old-time humor. After the judges' decision, Mr. Iveson, '10, closed the programme with a vocal solo and the society adjourned for the term.

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That Bald Spot.—A certain young Spurgeon of the senior year in arts was recently preaching to a very attentive audience in a town not far distant. After the sermon was over one of the deacons assured him that he would pass for a man of forty years. The young man felt that this was indeed a striking comment upon his profundity of thought. Several weeks later, however, this young man again delighted the same audience. After the service the deacon's wife pulled him to one side and told him that the juice of burdock leaves in water was an excellent cure for baldness. Then did the preacher see the true drift of the deacon's "compliment."

Evangelistic Band.—Ever since the year '03-'04, when the McMaster Band, under the leadership of Mr. J. Russell Coutts, '04, held special services in Toronto Junction Baptist Church, and so started the work, the Evangelistic Band has been an important factor in the life of McMaster University. Campaigns of greater or less duration have been carried on in almost all the more important towns of Ontario, and even in Western Canada the influence of the Band has been felt. Through this work many students each year get a training that is exceedingly valuable, whether for minister or layman.

The Band this year is under the leadership of Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06. C. S. Edwards, '06, is secretary and D. H.

Williamson, '08, is musical director. Mr. Cameron is a veteran in Band work, having been interested in it since its inception. During the years '04-'05, and '05-'06, he was leader. In the summers of '04, '05, and from September, '06, to July, '07, he led Bands on very successful tours throughout Ontario. Mr. Williamson has been with Mr. Cameron on all these tours and has gained a name for himself as a musician and a capable musical leader. In order to give more time to this work, Mr. Williamson has resigned his position as tenor soloist in the Sherbourne street Methodist Church. During the fall term the Band conducted the evening service on December 31st in Parkdale Baptist Church; a Friday to Monday campaign (December 6th to 9th) in Georgetown; and a union campaign in Bobcaygeon, December 13th to 15th. All these services were very successful. Several engagements have already been made for the winter term. The first work undertaken was a week's services in the Jarvis street Baptist Church of this city, beginning on January 19th. The fact that Jarvis street Church is the largest Baptist church in Canada is an indication of the recognition which the Band has received as an evangelistic force.

CARPE NOCTEM.

The merry skating days are come, the maddest of the year,
Of happy boys, of laughing girls, and moonlight bright and clear;
Far to the pond called "Grenadier" the seniors all have fled,
For of the lectures and exams their thoughts alas are dead;
The months of March and April for this merriment will pay,
But the rinks and girls are calling, and the seniors know the way.

Or when doth come the calm cold night, as still such nights will come,
And tobogganing's the charm that draws each senior from his room,
When the sound of merry shouts is heard re-echoing from the hill,
And every fellow has his girl, as every fellow will,
Then look you out for some "results" next spring, if not before,
For nineteen-eight is leap-year—and it comes but once in four.

The Debating Club.—The importance of the Debating Club cannot be over-emphasized and the opportunities afforded by this society should not be ignored. The art of public speaking is one of the accomplishments necessary to a finished education and the student to-day who early realizes this is wise. Sooner or later he will be compelled to give public utterance to his thoughts, and then, what is more pleasing to the public eye and ear than a graceful and impressive manner, an eloquence of expression, a clear, full voice, purest diction, persuasive arguments? And what is more gratifying to him who speaks than to not only be master of himself, but to be able to convince his

hearers or incite them to action? Every true student must hope at some time to do honor to his Alma Mater, and no more favorable opportunity ever presents itself than that upon the public platform. He who is possessed of keen foresight, he who is conscious of his own defects but who is ambitious to overcome them and to advance will find no better occasion to do so than in the McMaster Debating Society, which meets regularly on Saturday afternoons. The student should bear in mind that time passed in debate is time spent most profitably, and he should not only avail himself of this convenient season but should regard instruction and development in public speaking as part of his college course.

On December 14th the last meeting of the society for the autumn term was held in Castle Memorial Hall. The president, Mr. E. J. Bingham, expressed his pleasure at the number present. After a piano solo by Mr. A. L. Cornwall, the debate of the afternoon began, the subject being, "Resolved, That it would be in the best interests of McMaster University to erect a ladies' residence prior to a gymnasium." Mr. J. E. Anderson, '10, upheld the affirmative, and Mr. W. C. Ronson, '10, led the negative. Mr. R. C. Bensen, B.A., who, in the absence of Mr. G. H. Campbell, acted as critic, expressed his regret that more had not taken part. After some critical remarks, in general, by Mr. Bensen, Messrs. G. G. Vichert, '08, and M. H. Long, '08, the judges, gave the decision in favor of the negative.

Sophomore (to a plugging junior ten minutes to exam. time.:—"My skate is broken; can you lend me a gimlet?" Junior, irritably:—"No. Should think you were bore enough yourself."

There was a young man from McMaster
Who met with a serious disaster:
Coming home, took a fall
O'er a chair in the hall
And now he's stuck up with court plaster.

Theological Society.—The Theological Society has been pursuing the even tenor of its way with H. R. Nobles, B.A., as its guiding spirit. While the impossible has not been attempted, nor all theological questions settled, the society has not been inactive. A meeting of the society was held in November for the discussion of the subject, "The Relation of the Laboring Man and the Church," and was ably opened by the president. The vital importance of the question was made apparent to all and was one on which all could voice an opinion for the settlement

of this great problem. In December another meeting of the society was held, the subject being that of "Authority." Mr. R. C. Benson, B.A., clearly and concisely laid before the society a few of the problems involved in such an important topic. The discussion which followed showed an awakening interest in the subject. During the coming term it is hoped that a greater number of the members of the society will avail themselves of the opportunity of attending these meetings, which open up problems which should enter into the mental machinery of every thinking theolog who expects to deal with thinking men.

THE POET.

He was asked to compose a lim'rick,
It's a job he could never do quick,
For at rhythm and rhyme
He was not worth a dime,
And the subjects he chose made you sick.

THE MISSION STUDY CLASSES.—About a year ago, under the inspiration of that wave of interest in missionary work which swept over America, and which included McMaster in its sweep, mission study classes were organized among the students to deepen this interest and to extend their knowledge of the work being carried on by Christian missions. These classes have met with various success. At the close of the spring term of 1907 some may have felt that the experiment had proven a failure. One class had held but one meeting, whose attendance probably so discouraged the few who composed it that no more were attempted. Another class, however, had continued their work throughout the year. They were quite satisfied with the results. In spite of failures, at the commencement of the fall term it was decided to persist in the effort to make the experiment a success. The classes were reorganized, and while in some cases the attendance is even now woefully small, meetings have been held fairly regularly. The class composed of the first and second arts years has shown the greatest interest. An average attendance of about twenty-eight to study "The Uplift of China" is a record beyond the horizon line of the other two classes. The class of the third and fourth arts years consists of a small knot of half a dozen fellows who meet during noon and read together "The Dawn on the Hills of Tang." Not one of the class, though, feel that the meetings have not returned full value for the time given to them. The third class is composed of the students in theology. There are, no doubt, circumstances making it more difficult for the members of this class to meet than those of the others, but

it might reasonably be expected that men in theology would be more interested in mission study than the common rank and file. If such an interest exists it does not find expression in study classes, for the theology class has met but once during the past term. It may be, however, that the present term will reveal greater activity on their part in this respect.

STRANGER (ten minutes before tea) :—"Could I speak with the steward a moment, please?" Maid (innocently) :—"Just in a minute, he's busy watering the milk."

A RESULT OF OVER-STUDY IN ENGLISH.

The boy stood on the burning deck
  And a scornful laugh laughed he;
Then took a lantern in his hand
  Across the sands o' Dee.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
  When clouds are highest up in air;
Then spread the white and rustling sail.
  The rich repast prepare.

Alas, they had been friends in youth
  In lands beyond the sea:
She dwelt unknown and who could know
  The still sad music of humanity.

For men may come and men may go,
  The cold sweat melted from their limbs;
She warned him of the toils below—
  I hear a noise of hymns!

For I'm sitting by the stile, Mary,
  In letters all of gold;
'Tis the middle of the night by the castle clock.
The parson was sitting upon a rock,
  And the sun did shine so cold.*

PROF. TINGLE, when in Chicago during the holidays, made arrangements with a number of American universities in regard to post-graduate work. The universities of Michigan, Ohio, Minnesota and Illinois will grant a doctor's degree to McMaster graduates in science on the completion of three years' work. They will also accept a McMaster M.A. degree in lieu of one year's work. This latter provision makes it possible for a student to pursue his graduate work in two universities. This is in accord with the German system, which credits work accomplished

*Attention should be drawn to the fact that this line is from Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy."

in any university and permits the student to study under various professors. In regard to the University of Minnesota Prof. Tingle has completed a further arrangement whereby any student completing M.A. work here who may be sent to that institution with a recommendation will be made an assistant. The post will carry with it sufficient salary to cover the year's college expenses.

After Second Year Latin.—New Soph. (as usual)—"Who is Ibid. anyway?" Seasoned Theolog—"Ibid? Why, he wrote Anon."

The Last Classical Seminar of the term was held on the evening of December 14th, at the residence of Prof. P. S. Campbell. The inclement state of the weather did not prevent those students interested in Greek and Roman antiquities from being in attendance and the hour spent in considering some features of Roman art and history was a most enjoyable one. Mr. Caleb Harris, '09, read a paper on "Roman Provinces," which, while showing a comprehensive grasp of the subject, was written in pleasing style and presented in an interesting manner. After a brief discussion of the paper Mr. G. H. Campbell gave a short lecture on the Coliseum, illustrating his remarks with several excellent photographs. The seminars are proving a valuable supplement to the university lectures in classics and will be continued throughout the year.

Junior Year Problems.—It was in a third-year class, while the professor was discussing the emotions, love, etc. First student—"I don't think there's much use falling in love when you're in school." Second student—"I do; it kind of helps a fellow out." First student—"Yes, down and out."

Stung.—It was at the rink; the night was beautifully calm and clear and as the ardent senior observed a most fair one on the bench he felt his heart within him burn (due, no doubt, to a hurried supper or to the luminous effect of the moonlight). At any rate, he reconnoitred, manoeuvred and finally secured the necessary introduction. To ask for a skate with the dear one—pardon, fair one—was a matter of course—and so was the acceptance. But, alas! The best laid schemes, etc. She was just learning to skate, and an hour later some comrades, while the band played "Home, Sweet Home," carried the ardent senior home on a stretcher. Moral: Don't break the ice too suddenly.

A Chapter of Proverbs.

Dining Room.

The fees are mightier than the board.

Some students eat to die; others die to eat. (McMaster students do both.)

Waiters come and waiters go. The students wait forever—but all "things" come to those who wait.

It's the early student that catches the force.

First come, last served.

Penny bread, pound pudding.

A wise student knows his own napkin.

An egg of "time" kills nine.

None but the brave can stand the fare (quoted).

Too many cooks make cowards of us all.

The Rink.

The theologs stand in slippery places.

A freshman goeth with a fall.

Wherever two or three Moulton girls are gathered together, there is a sophomore in the midst of them.

Where the ice is, there should your skates be also.

One good skate deserves another.

If a beginner entice thee, consent thou not.

A good skater is rather to be chosen than great talkers.

It's a long skate that has no ending.

Fall not upon the ice when it is rough.

Exams.

The idle inherit thirds, but the pluggers are crowned with firsts.

A professor may ask questions that a wise student cannot answer.

What is fun for the profs. may be death for the boys.

A correct answer turneth away wrath, but a grievous attempt stirreth up anger.

Many are plucked, but few get scholarships.

Results deferred maketh the student sick.

Early to the room and early to leave,
Makes a man wish he had notes up his sleeve.

Vacation makes exams. seem harder.

If 'tis for knowledge
Students come to seek—
The fact will be made known to all
Examination week.

You can lead a freshman to the examination room, but you can't make him think.

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN McMASTER HALL.

New Year's Eve in McMaster Hall,
One lone shadow against the wall.
Silence floats from stair to stair,
Nothing moves but the shadow there;
Silence swims from flat to flat,
Nothing heard but a shadow-chat.
Only a shadow—and he's no beaut.
Still, he's company, poor dear mute.
For all he's dull, for all he's dumb,
He's my loyalest, lealest chum.
Guileless, too, as a pollywog;
Proper pal for a theolog.
And here we frat it, cheek by jowl,
A feast of reason and flow of soul.
What do we care that the other jays
Took their keys and hiked for Shea's?
Or was it the Star? Please don't frown!
At any rate, they're away down town.
What do we carè to be left alone?
Sweet is the song of the telephone,
Carolling up from its gloomy hole,
Bless its dear old tuneful soul!
Sending the silence to Kingdom Come;
Who could be lonesome, who be glum
With such a musical neighbor near
Flooding the place with infectious cheer?
Whoop, huroo! this is certainly fun,
Being the only, only one.
Slam the doors, and thump on the floors!
Raise the deuce in the corridors!
And nobody glares and nobody glowers,
Nobody grumbles and growls, "study hours."
Shout and sing as much as you want to,
Not a Buttinski in all Toronto.
Isn't it jolly? Isn't it? Whoop!
The only bird in the chicken coop.
Flutter and flap and strut and preen,
Lord of Creation and Room Nineteen.
Fling your coat on that morris chair,
Wrecked in a scrap beyond repair!
Kick off your rubbers, muddy and damp!
Hang you hat on the student's lamp!
Take that chair with the doleful squeak,
"Slugger" won't want it until next week.
Put your feet on the cushion stack;
What do you care for the Kakiak?
Study out loud! None to disturb,
With the musical lilt of a Hebrew verb.
The perfect in Qal of the word Qatal
Is tender and sweet as a madrigal.
Run its synopsis down to "Coat-tail"—
Sounds like the trill of a nightingale.
Warble and coo and carol right through
All its mellifluous changes anew.
O elegant tongue, O musical speech!

O gosh! Go to ! ! ! (unprintable screech).
* * * * *

Come to the window and cool your brain;
Press your brow on the window-pane.
You've studied enough for to-night, I'm sure.
Watch the street cars, passing on Bloor,
Fiercely glaring through one red eye,
Each and all go whizzing by,
Spitting dartles of blue-green light.
Nobody calls at the Hall to-night.
Please don't look so blue and glum!
Who in thunder would want to come?
Why should you sigh and sadden and grieve?
It's a perfectly jolly New Year's eve.
It's perfectly punk!—Did I hear you say?
A theolog shouldn't swear that way.
Come, quit your moping and let us hear
Your good resolves for the coming year.
Resolved that you'll never, never what?
Your throat is troubling you, is it not?
Home for yours, next year, you're certain.
Don't wipe your eyes with the window-curtain!
Your folks are merry to-night, you think.
Is that a tear-drop that makes you wink?
You can see them all in the dear old place—
Why do you bend and bury your face?
There! The light goes out. The shadow has fled,
Take your poor, aching heart and go to bed.

—*Mamie Voo.*

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

"—that maketh glad the heart of man."

HOWEVER that devastating cyclone, examinations, may have left the mind of the student as desolate a waste as was ever the country-side in the train of a Texan tornado, a levy must be made upon the few feeble remains of intelligence to pay the tribute so inexorably demanded by the college journal.

When we cast about in our mind for the evasive news items which we were to furnish forth for The Woman's Department, there were brought to light after some little struggle two Y.W.C.A meetings, which, however, excellent, considered "as such," are rather inadequate, to say the least, when regarded as the sole material for two or three pages of interesting news. We wondered for a moment if the McMaster girls had been hibernating during the past month, but a vast and mingled voice, as the voice of many ink-spots on many examination papers, seemed to arise in doleful protest, and another voice, as of the sound of many skates catching in many ice-holes, declared even more emphatically and far more enthusiastically—"not much!" They have been merely "otherwise engaged," and now that the new term is fairly entered upon, the events will come crowding along as thickly as even the heart of the news-hungry reporter could wish.

Y.W. C.A.—The meeting of December 9th was largely attended, there being present not only the girls of the school, but a number of outside friends as well. Mrs. Holman spoke most impressively on the necessity of an absolute standard of truth, of truth in thought as well as in deed, of being true to ourselves as well as others, and also spoke a few words of warning against the disregard and dis-appreciation of conventionality, which she characterized as the condensed wisdom of the age. The McMaster girls are fortunate in having such a friend as Mrs. Holman. Her talks at our Y.W.C.A. meetings are always keenly appreciated, for she seems to know the subjects best fitted to the needs of college women, and presents them in such a way as cannot fail to leave a deep and helpful impression upon their lives.

The last meeting of the year was that of December 16th, when Mrs. Grigg, who has been among us for the fall term, gave a most interesting account of the life and customs of women in Burmah, among whom she had been working during the past years. Mrs. Grigg had brought with her a number of photographs, and the costume of a Burmese woman, which latter was voted by the girls to be as pretty as it was convenient. The girls have enjoyed very much having Mrs. Grigg among their number during the term, and we wish her all success on her return to her work in Burmah.

W. L. S.—The meeting of the Woman's Literary Society that did not take place on December 13th was to have been in charge of the girls of the sophomore year. They had aroused a good deal of curiosity and anticipation, both by their bulletin of the meeting and by the various suit-cases they had smuggled into the Ladies' Room, and over which they stood guard. At the last moment it was found that the chapel was in possession of some august body of dignitaries whom not even the Woman's Literary Society of McMaster University could dare to disturb, and as the sophettes declared that no other room in the school was large enough to contain their plans, the meeting was regretfully postponed until the next term.

It is interesting to notice in what proportion the girls are registered for the different special courses in the curriculum, of which almost all except economics seem to have been tried by them. Moderns has by far the largest number, having twice as many as the English and history course, which comes next. Many seem to have registered in special English in addition to their regular work, and this subject has by far the largest registration. Science has found three of the fair sex willing to brave stained fingers and spotted gowns, while the sterner attractions of classics and mathematics have drawn only two responsive spirits to each of these courses.

The fact that the year 1908 is leap-year has been the subject of some discussion in the Ladies' Room, it is true, but as the matter has not been taken up officially by any of the organizations as yet we are not in a position to give any information as to the attitude of the college girls in regard to this important matter.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLES, '06.

A LAMENT.—That head-line looks rather poetical for an athletic column, but he who writes it cannot think of anything more muscular. Sinewy reader, you whose dreams are now filled with visions of the winged steel (a little more of the above), there is really nothing to say in this column this month. Are we trying to say it? Rugby, association, tennis, quoits (a theological phrase), the track, all lie buried beneath the congealed condition of things, and belong to the ancient historian. Hockey is the next item on the menu-card, and it is not quite ready to be served yet. Speaking of hockey reminds us that we have no predictions to make. Our athletic buffet has never been over-loaded with platedware, and we do not see any cups coming in any frenzied dreams before the game. Gentlemen of the arena, wherein lies the black gutta percha, get your eyes off the silverware. It's dazzling, and sometimes results in an astigmatism which causes the owner of the same to fail to locate the territory between the goal-posts. Play the game, work hard, and if you win you will get the most heated reception ever accorded a McMaster hockey team. And if you don't win, well the column will be short, and we'll say the best team won. Here's all kinds of good wishes to every man who plays hockey with the green and black stripes adorning his stockings. We began with a lament because there was nothing to say, and close with a whoop for Captain Jordan and his hearties.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: C. S. EDWARDS, '06.

OWEN GRAY, '05, B.Th. '07, was ordained in Uxbridge on Dec. 13th, 1907.

C. W. NEW, B.A. (Toronto), B.Th. '06, B.D. '07, sustained a similar ordeal in Ridgetown about the same date.

We take the liberty of observing that the inevitable sequence of ordination is co-ordination.

J. W. RUSSELL, '95, M.A. '00, is taking lectures in education at Toronto University.

MISS ELIZA P. WELLS, '94, has vacated her position in Pelham Manor, New York, to accept the vice-presidency of Acadia Seminary, N.S.

REV. GEORGE H. JONES, '02, Eng., has accepted a call to Regina, Sask.

REV. GEORGE H. SNEYD, '97, has accepted a call to Port Arthur, to fill the pulpit made vacant by the resignation of Rev. E. W. Parsons, M.A., B.D.

REV. E. J. STOBO, B.A., B.D., has accepted a call to the church in Smith's Falls.

THE churches at Uxbridge and Goodwood have called Mr. Owen Gray, '05, B.Th., '07, to be their pastor.

CHICAGO UNIVERSITY seems to possess considerable attractions for McMaster graduates. Its latest accession from the Osciwowwow ranks is a trio of nought-six men: D. W. Campbell, J. B. Pengelly, and W. D. Whan. All three have ambitious designs on the Ph.D. degree.

D. A. MCKERRICHER, '02, has severed connections with his school at Strathcona and is taking a rest at his home in Pincher, Alta.

E. J. TARR, '02, visited the Hall during the Christmas holidays. He brought greetings from M. S. McArthur, '05. "Stan." is sorting out the intricacies of the Criminal Code in a law office in Winnipeg.

L. C. Fraser, '03, M.A. '05, is visiting his home in Weston. He expects to return to Stettler, Alta., where he has a homestead.

P. A. McDiarmid, '03, has taken charge of the Baptist Training School for training native workers at Nsona Mbata, Congo Free State.

Hugh McDiarmid, '03, attended the Bible League Conference in Toronto, Jan. 14-16, and readjusted some of his theological views. Hugh is pastor of the flock in Herkimer street, Hamilton.

"A Happy New Year!"—The editor of Our Grads wrecked chair, upset his ink-bottle, damaged his shins and nearly broke the decalogue in the precipitancy of his desire to express his feelings over the following from the *Globe*: "Married—On Jan. 1, 1908, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. McEvoy, Toronto, Miss Mary Elizabeth McEvoy to Robert D. MacLaurin, Ph.D., of Amherst, Mass."

From McMaster to Oxford.—Such, we predict, will be a readable chapter in the biography of D. H. MacIntosh, '06. He was eighteen months making the trip. But, then, consider; he had packed his trunk with steroscopic views, and, of course, John Bull insisted upon seeing them. That took time. Moreover, John Bull, himself, had a view or two to exhibit. There was Tintern Abbey and Kenilworth Castle and Bristol Cathedral. There were the thymy banks of Avon, and Arden village, and all the classic land of Shakespeare. Linger here he must; and especially in Stratford-on-Avon, in compliance with the solicitations of a policeman, who caught him riding his bicycle upon the public paths one rainy day. They fined him five and six-pence. But he evened that score immediately by canvassing the Lucys of Charlcote Park. Two weeks were spent in London, crammed with sight-seeing. This put him deeply into John Bull's debt, and he squared the account forthwith by loading numberless scopes and pictures on his benefactor. Meantime Scotland was calling to his Celtic heart. He shouldered his kit and crossed the border. Here he peddled his views and at the same time sated his soul with the

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood."

He knocked at Glasgow University, received a Scotch welcome, and enrolled his name. Having tasted the lectures of the Glasgow professors, he decided to try the Oxford bill of fare. On his way thither the impulse seized him to cross the channel. Christmas was spent in Paris. In January he donned the Oxford cap and gown.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MISS GWENDOLINE ROBINSON.

AFTER a delightful holiday, the Moulton girls have returned in larger numbers than ever before, and are again hard at work. According to the calendar we must have been away three weeks, but we are sure there must be some mistake, for it seemed scarcely two, ere we found ourselves again walking the familiar corridors, and realized that once more Christmas holidays were a thing of the past.

THE meetings of the Heliconian Society have been of special interest. Several friends of the college having contributed to the programme, among them being Mrs. Arnton, who read to us in her usual pleasing manner; Miss May Stockwell, and Mrs. Stewart, who sang, and Mrs. Stark, who gave us a very interesting account of her trip to Europe.

WE were pleased to have with us at our missionary meetings during our past term Mrs. John Craig, who gave a very helpful talk on her work in India, and Miss Norton, who gave a resume of our Home Mission work. Dr. Farmer also spoke to the girls on "The Religion that Counts."

SECOND only to Commencement Night in the hearts of Moulton girls is the occasion of our Class Tea. Old girls look forward in delightful anticipation, and new girls know for the first time the real meaning of loyalty to class and college. On the night of our tea this fall the college dining room looked most bright and festive. The tables were prettily decorated in the colors of the various classes, and no prettier sight could be desired than that presented as the tiny tots of the primary form took their places, followed by the senior classes, all looking their prettiest, with dainty frocks and happy faces. At one table sat the faculty and a number of friends of the college, as guests of honor. After doing full justice to the delicacies provided and listening to some very bright and witty speeches from representatives of the faculty and the different classes, all adjourned to the chapel, where an exceedingly interesting entertainment was provided, and the programme, consisting of songs, drills, and

dialogues, which everyone appeared to thoroughly enjoy, brought the evening to a close.

Dignified seems scarcely adequate to describe the air of our seniors since the granting of their "Special privileges." Even the long-coveted honor of leading the line is now disdained as the fourth year girls pass out to take their recreation in merry groups of two or three, smiling patronizingly at their less fortunate comrades of the junior years.

GRANDE LIGNE.

Editor: A. L. Therrien, '94.

OUR fall term was a successful one in every way. Physically, here is our record: No serious sickness to interfere with the proper working of the plans that had been laid. Our boys showed to what high degree of bodily vigor they can attain in good Grande Ligne air when they went to Montreal and beat at football the Montreal High School, interscholastic champions of the Province.

Mentally, our pupils "have honored themselves and the school," as Principal Masse puts it. It must be explained that our dictation tests are very severe. We mean to make careful spellers of our young people. More than five mistakes in the examination is called a failure. The consequence is that only five passed over 50 per cent. in all subjects (including dictation) at the Christmas examinations. They are, Emile Lemoine, Irene Marceau, Emily Hart, Beatrice Clarke, Ada Lancey. But notice, please, that there were 28 who passed above 50 per cent. in every other subject but dictation—that's why we say the classroom work has been good.

Spiritually, Feller Institute is proverbiably blessed. This year we have a large number of pupils who take the lead in giving Christian tone to the whole life of our little community. In Sunday School, girls' and boys' Saturday prayer meetings, in noontime prayer meetings, an earnest spirit shows itself to be consistently alive; and it is not belied in the less devotional hours. We look for a harvest very soon of those not yet "garnered in."

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

THE OCEAN WAVE.

Whither onward, wave of the deep?
Whither onward with surge and with leap?
Onward so lightly,
Springing so sprightly,
Rolling and swelling,
Sinking and welling,—
What of thy mission? Is it but play,
Wave of the deep, sweeping on and away?

Teach me thy gladness, thy care-free joy;
Teach me thy frolics, O wave so coy;
Take hence my soul, let it ride with thee,
Gay on thy mightiest wave, O sea!

—*Francis X. Cull, '09, in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

THE COLLEGE SONG.—There are few things which tend more towards the fostering and development of the subtle sentiment termed college spirit than the existence of a good college song. The making of such a song requires the combination of a number of essential elements. It must be poetry—not doggerel. It must be set to an inspiring air. Above all, its sentiment must embody the traditions and ideals of Alma Mater, and to these it must link in loyalty the personality of each of her sons and daughters. When this union of noble words, beautiful music and inspiring thought is happily accomplished, we have the true college song. On its swelling chorus the undergraduate is carried along into a harmony of loyalty and aspiration. As memory whispers its refrain to the alumni scattered in the work of life, it revives tender recollections and serves as an impulse to nerve and strengthen for the strife. Such a song is capable of becoming a potent factor in a university's life.

This fact has met with wide recognition in the college world and in response to the need have arisen such grand songs as the "Old Nassau" of Princeton and the "Fair Harvard" of Harvard University. Nearer at hand we have the "All Hail to Thee, Toronto!" of Toronto University, but at McMaster we are still tied to the old worn-out ditty of "Boom on Mac." To make

matters worse, it appears that this song, which we have been making our own, belongs primarily to a certain well-known institution in the United States. As such, we have no right to use it, and the task must be taken up sooner or later of providing for McMaster a song which shall be peculiarly her own, both by right of possession and by virtue of the spirit which it embodies.

This question comes particularly apropos at the present time for the reason that Yale, after a struggle of nearly ten years to secure a typical university song, has at last succeeded. The method adopted was that of offering a prize for the song that should best embody the university spirit. The prize was originally $50, but three years ago it was raised to the sum of $300. It was not until last month that the prize was finally awarded to Mr. Brian Hooker, of Yale, 1902, for his "Mother of Men." This is truly a magnificent college song and we take the opportunity of raising the query if it is not high time that McMaster took some steps towards filling this long felt want. If such action resulted in as fine a portrayal of the McMaster spirit as the following is of Yale's, we feel that the effect would by no means be ill spent:

MOTHER OF MEN.

Mother of men, grown strong in giving
Honor to them thy lights have led—
Rich in the toil of thousands living,
Proud of the deeds of thousands dead;
We who have felt thy power, and know thee:
We in whose work thy gifts avail—
High in our hearts enshrined enthrone thee.
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

Spirit of Youth, alive, unchanging,
Under whose feet the years are cast—
Heir to an ageless empire, ranging
Over the future and the past—
Thee, whom our fathers loved before us,
Thee, whom our sons unborn shall hail,
Praise we to-day in sturdy chorus,
Mother of Men—Old Yale!

—*Brian Hooker, Yale,* 1902.

Tainted Money.—The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust. "Thim chug wagons must cost a heap av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money." "An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much aboot."—*Ex.*

THE following pleasing verses in the negro dialect are from the pages of "The Touchstone":

LULLABY.

LITTLE LADY.

Whip-poh-will am callin' thu de stillness, little lady,
Singin' foh de sadness uv de day,
Meadows all in dahkness wheh dey weh so green an' shady
Waft de hauntin' melody away.
Dryness uv de summah softens undehneath de moon,
Softens thu de sadness, foh de lan' is deep in June!

Haystacks look lak houses oveh yondeh, little lady,
Passion flowahs drinkin' up de dew,
Climbah roses crawlin' on de lattice, little lady,
All'a's make me cry because o' you.
Oh! de long long yeahs since you weh singin' thu de noon,
Wheh de roses clambehed when' de lan' was deep in June!

Fah away de rivah tumbles silvah, little lady,
Tossin an' a-sighin' thu de night,
While de weepin. willo's ben' down closeh, little lady,
Watchin' wheh it hu'ies out o' sight.
Rivah an' de summah night will miss yo' mammy soon,
Foh, bimeby I'se comin' to you, in de land o' June!

THE ACTA VICTORIANA.—From the standpoint of makeup the *Acta Victoriana* is one of the most sumptuous of the magazines which has reached the den during the holiday season. The cover is chaste, the paper is substantial, and the typography excellent. The cuts, moreover, are clear and distinct and the frontispiece in color is one of the finest pieces of work we have see in college journalism. Indeed, the mechanical phase of the *Acta* compares very favorably with those of many of the larger popular magazines of the month. But, unfortunately, we cannot leave the comparison here. Instead of being content to rival them in this legitimate respect, the *Acta* has gone further and, by filling its pages with outside material, this issue at least loses its claim to be termed a "college" paper.

Excluding the four departments of Editorials, Personals, Locals and Athletics, the December number of the *Acta Victoriana* contains twenty-six articles, poetry and prose. Of these *one* is the work of an undergraduate. Of the remaining twenty-five *three* have figures affixed indicating their authors to be graduates. This leaves twenty-four articles to be accounted for and the best of these appear under such well-known names as Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Wilfrid Campbell, John Lewis, Jean Blewitt, R. W. Service, Frank Yeigh and others. Now, it is not with the

literary quality of these articles that our criticism is concerned. Their tone is excellent and their authors are for the most part above the sphere of undergraduate criticism. But we would like to ask, *Acta,* what relation these individuals bear to Victoria University which entitles them to oust the students from their own organ? We venture to think the question is pertinent. For what purpose does the literary section of a college paper exist if it is not intended to give scope to the literary development of its own constituency? When the policy of a college paper abandons its columns to outsiders, even though they may be "friends," is it not neglecting its duties to the student body whose sentiments and activities it is supposed to represent? Moreover, by so doing the magazine loses that peculiar flavor of academic individuality which alone entitles it to be called a "college" paper. It becomes merged in the common mass of magazines and is lost to college journalism. Aside from this fatal error, the December *Acta's* many excellences would entitle it to a very high place among the Christmas numbers of college magazines.

Mary baked a little cake—
An angel cake.
She baked it all for Johnny's sake—
His dear sake.
Johnny ate it every crumb,
And then he heard the drum,
And the angels saying "come"
And he went.

—*Ex.*

A maid from the state styled Palmetto
Sang all songs in a mode allegretto;
When asked to sing faster,
She answered, "Nay, Master,
I can't, for my teeth are falsetto."

—*Ex.*

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following December exchanges: Oracle, Georgetonian, Acta Victoriana, Presbyterian College Journal, Magnet, University of Virginia Magazine (Oct., Nov., Dec.), Queen's University Journal, St. Andrew's College Review, William Jewell Student, St. John's College Magazine, Trinity University Review, Lux Columbiana, University of Ottawa Review, Viatorian, Varsity, Vox Wesleyana, College Index, Vox Collegii, O.A.C. Review, Harvard Monthly, Hya Yaka, Nassau Literary Magazine, Collegian, Manitoba College Journal, Bessie Tift Journal, Bowdoin Quill, Acadia Athenæum, Mitre, Mercerian, Philomathean Monthly, Notre Dame Scholastic, St. Hilda's Chronicle, University (N.B.) Magazine.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
FEBRUARY, 1908.

STUART S. BATES.

STUART S. BATES was born in Cascade, Iowa, U.S., and this consideration alone, if none other existed, has been sufficient to develop in him a kindly feeling toward the great Republic which is the only near neighbor of Canada. While still a lad, his father, the late Rev. John Bates, moved with his family from Iowa to Ontario. Here for many years Mr. Bates was pastor of the first Baptist Church in Woodstock. In writing a sketch of the son, now entering upon the duties of Educational Secretary of McMaster University, it is not amiss to say that the father was one of the late Dr. Fyfe's constant and liberal supporters in the work of advanced education, as well as his pastor, for many years. The writer feels an almost irresistible desire to advert to one custom in the Bates' home, a custom perhaps borrowed from the daily practice of the noble Hebrew captive in Babylon, who with windows open toward Jerusalem offered his devotions to God, morning, noon, and night. Such was the custom in the home of Mr. Bates during my acquaintance with his home, and to this circumstance alone may be attributed in large measure the growth of many of the sterling qualities which have always characterized the members of the family.

"Stuart" received his academical education in the classrooms of the Canadian Literary Institute, now Woodstock College. Here he prepared for matriculation in Toronto University. After graduating in Toronto, he proceeded to the study of theology, first in Woodstock, and later, in Rochester Theological Seminary under the presidency of Dr. A. H. Strong. His first pastorate was at Gobles, near

Woodstock. His stay here was brief but happy. In 1886 College Street Baptist Church, Toronto, called him to become their pastor, and here he labored with constant success until 1903, a period of nearly twenty years. During this period College St. Church developed into one of our strongest, most intelligent, and most liberal churches. As a pastor Dr. Bates supplemented his excellent pulpit work with great devotion to Sunday School interests. For some time, after vacating the pulpit of College St. Church, he was engaged in perfecting and prosecuting a system of Sunday School education among the Baptist Sunday Schools of Toronto, which for practical efficiency has been most highly commended. To this may be added that the present unprecedented extension of mission work, and the organization of new churches in the city, are largely due to the impetus given to these by the efforts of Dr. Bates. Only mention will be made of the pastorate at St. Catharines, which he has just now resigned to take up the secretaryship of McMaster. Sympathy for St. Catharines is the word which best expresses the feeling of all who know how well adapted the church and pastor were to each other. But in the short time they were permitted to work together, much was effected for the permanent good of the church.

In writing thus of the man, only part of the many activities of his busy life are noticed. Our foreign missionaries and Christians in foreign lands know him best as President of our Foreign Mission Board. For many years he has served efficiently in this capacity; he himself would have served in the foreign field, but that the way did not open to him at a time when it was possible for him to go.

Of English and Irish extraction, an "American" by birth, a Canadian by choice, with foreign spiritual affinities, the only thing he might seem to lack in a perfected cosmopolitan make-up is a strain of Scotch blood. And this indeed may have been subconsciously instilled into his veins by the unceasing necessity of contact with persons of that nationality. He brings to his new work a breadth of sympathy and an extent of vision which will serve him well in his new duties. He is a child "to the manor born" undoubtedly. Educationally he has grown up with McMaster and McMaster's antecedents. As a youth he breathed the

atmosphere of the honored Canadian Literary Institute, and drew fancy pictures on her blackboards. As a man he has had bestowed upon him the highest honor in the gift of the Institution he is now asked to serve, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. And was it a prophecy of what he has now become that in the earlier days of our educational history, some twenty-five years since, he for a time served in a capacity similar to the one which he now fills? It might seem, indeed, to be an illustration of the common maxim, "Coming events cast their shadows before."

Many-sidedness of development however, or even large experience in things, may fail to qualify one for the best success in many departments of human activity. And this is particularly applicable to our educational activities. A "level head" is necessary—an ability to discern and to solve elements of difficulty in questions presenting themselves for solution. Such balance is found in an eminent degree in Dr. Bates. His judgment, while kind, seldom errs. Long association with pastors in the pastoral work, and with missionaries in the prosecution of missionary work will not prevent his whole soul being poured into his new

work, nor will his new duties so engross him that he will cease to sympathize with former activities. McMaster claims him, but so do all our other denominational enterprises, and to serve one well is to serve all well. This much may be said of any true workman among us—and this we may easily claim for Dr. Bates.

It is not for me to mark out the duties of the Secretary, but I may refer to his eminent fitness to manage finance. I never knew "Bates" to be in debt for anything. Debit and credit always maintained equal poise in his business relations. I do not think that I ever knew him to borrow; he would lend to any needy fellow, and with the best of grace, but he himself never seemed to wish for anything that was not in his own power to supply. And this was not by any means because he failed to appreciate the value, or the pleasure, to be found in many things desirable to young men, for he had a full-souled zest for every manly sport, and certainly social amenities of all kinds were as natural to him as breathing. With this instinct and ability for the square deal in everything it was no surprise to his friends to learn that in the oversight of churches he always developed a healthful condition in their finances. This the government of McMaster has discerned and has wisely secured his services to continue and increase the confidence and the affection of the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec for McMaster. All must commend them for this, for there is no possible monied endowment that can take the place of the hearts and the hand of the people.

I cannot close this sketch without congratulating the students of McMaster, as well as the Faculty and the governing body, upon the acquisition of this latest addition to the staff of McMaster men. To the students he will prove a most wise and sympathetic adviser, for he himself has passed through the whole gamut of student experiences from the campus to the pulpit, and because of this can adjudicate upon the value of each step whether as to relaxation from effort, or to application of one's energies to the duties which invariably press upon most students. Young men will find him to be a lover of all young men who have it in them to fear God, and to do good to others. And none others need apply for his sympathy, for Dr. Bates has himself always been a manly man in all relationships.

Personally, I regret that my friend has vacated the pastorate, but if in his new capacity of service he helps to secure five hundred young men to fill our pulpits, and inspires them with a measure of his own spirit, the apparent loss will be transformed into large gain. Nor should any worker in the kingdom think the number suggested as being extravagant, for we are in the presence of stirring times whose demands for men and money lead us to understand better the thought and the heart of the Master, when reflecting upon mission fields and their crying needs He said to His disciples—"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest."

A crowning benefit to McMaster in the acquisition of Dr. Bates for her Secretary, is that she has in him a man whose religion has its home in his heart, and not in his head only. His heart has been established in grace, and so far as his influence goes, it will be an influence for spiritual experience in the domain of life. "Evolution" theories, and the Babel of pseudo-criticism, and such like airy things from the mirk of worldly-wise brains do not appeal to a man of his experience in the ways of truth, and of the operation of the spirit of God in the heart. Heartily then, do I congratulate McMaster in securing Dr. Bates to her interests; he will wisely continue and enlarge the work already done by faithful men, in commending McMaster to our people, and in securing the support necessary for the prosecution of this important department of our denominational life. And most heartily do I wish that my old college mate may prove this to be the best work of his life time.

P. A. McEwen.

IN THE LUTHER COUNTRY.

A SUMMER in Germany is an education. No person is entitled to pronounce with any degree of finality upon the delights of bureaucratic rule until he has twice persuaded the police of some small German town that his passport is a valid reason why he should not be clapped into military service, nor is anybody competent to bring a railing accusation against the stupidity of officialdom, unless his stammering Deutsch has tried to impress upon the authorities of a Rathaus that he should not pay *Steuer* in Prussia, even if he is a millionaire in Canada. But the acme of red-tape is to matriculate into a university. It is a tortuous process. Each professor and dean has his *Sprechstunde.* But he has more, he has a reputation. He has discovered that Marcion did not weep when Tertullian assailed the Gnostics. Henceforth, all Germany is at the feet of the learned man, and both his reputation and his *Sprechstunde* are respected. Everybody is awed in his presence; everybody bows obsequiously to the earth. Each student enrolls with his instructor at his residence, carrying with him a little book to indicate that he has paid his fees. Then comes the great day for the new student. In the Aula of the University His Magnificence, the Lord Rector, will attend *"die feierliche Verpflichtung"* and in solemn tones will remind us of our duties to the fatherland, and of the traditions of the University.

No inconsiderable element in the distinction of the University of Halle is that it inherits the traditions of Martin Luther's University. Within a few months it will be exactly four centuries since the monk of Erfurt was transferred to Wittenberg. But in 1815 Frederick the Wise's University, with its magnificent traditions of Martin Luther and Philip Melanchthon, was removed from the Elbe to the Saale, from where the irate Reformer had nailed theses to church doors and burned bulls beneath oak-trees to where a more degenerate age beholds Prussian youths,

with countenances bearded and slashed, display their manly valour with the resounding cry of "*Immer noch eins*" and the clink of glasses, or defend their treasured honour in the Mensur.

Halle is in a district of great historic interest. The whole country-side is one great battlefield. Here centred the Thirty Years' War, the curse of Germany, the bitter, bloody duel between the Reformation which had been gathering strength and the Counter-reformation which the Society of Jesus had bolstered up. Some history books find an adequate cause in a quarrel over a procession of monks and in the exploits of Bohemia's Winter King. But one does not think of this as he looks upon Magdeburg and Breitenfeld and Lutzen, all eloquent of Pappenheim and Tilly and Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus. He thinks of hatred engendered, and havoc wrought, and German unity postponed two centuries.

Walk out some afternoon between two long rows of cherry trees from Corbetha till you come to Rossbach, the Quebec of Europe. Here on a slight eminence rises a sorry monument of the Seven Years' War. But for half a mark the voluble keeper of the monument will feed you on goat's milk and tell you how Frederick the Great laid the foundations of Prussia's greatness and established on a settled basis the military system which is the glory of the German Kaiser. And then you walk back over the dust of the dead, wondering whether after all there is much worth while in a system which makes those seventy women over in yonder field hoe the sugar beets, while the vigor of the nation are off in Kasernen learning to salute superior officers and to sing "*Deutschland, Deutschland uber alles.*"

If you are interested in the Napoleonic struggle, Jena, which paralyzed Prussia, is not far, and the sanguinary *Volkerschlacht* is close to Leipsic.

Within a couple of hours students of German literature and art can reach Cassel, Weimar, Leipsic, Dresden, Berlin, Goslar and the Brocken.

But it is the religious associations of this district that possess for the majority of men the most fascinating interest. One almost forgets the Pietists and Franke at Halle in the all absorbing fact that this is the Luther country. Just up the railroad

track a bit nestles the little town of Eisleben, picturesquely situated near the mines where Hans Luther worked. Here on November 10th, 1483, was Martin born in a house, a little house which we enter as some holy shrine. The church and the font at which he was baptized, the house with bed in which the great Reformer died, all can be seen if one will brave the ill-smelling streets. It is a humble town, with a humble church, but the preacher's text last June was *"Das Himmelreich ist einem Sauerteig gleich"** and I thought that young Martin had proved no mean leaven.

It is interesting to follow Luther to school. It was a happy day for him when old Hans transferred him from Magdeburg which he hated with a cordial hatred to beauteous Eisenach on the edge of the Thuringian forest. Here close to the market place good Frau Cotta gave him lodgings in a little bedroom of about the same dimensions as the usher's office in McMaster Hall. But if the kindly Ursula's rooms were small, her heart was big, and it mellowed towards the young singer in her home. They were happy times. He could revel in the great stories of the lordly Wartburg perched behind the town, and proud of a wealth of traditions about Lewis the Springer and St. Elizabeth and the Festsaal. Little would he realize how in the aftertime enthusiastic postcard vendors would sell lurid pictures showing how he was intercepted on his return from Worms and under shadow of night was brought hither as Junker Georg. Nor could he guess that future generations would call him blessed for the work begun here in translating the Bible, any more than he could dream that vandalizing American tourists would filch plaster from that little room with its lovely prospect over the Thuringian forest, on the supposition that when Luther shied the ink bottle at the devil, his Satanic Majesty ducked, and the bottle smashed against the wall. For the consideration of one-half mark more of Trinkgeld piously fastidious persons who think it highly improper to have good Bible-translating-ink besmeared upon the plaster, can have the guide rehearse the story, correct Luther's aim and have the devil hit. But, as I say, that costs one-

*The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.

half mark more. Nevertheless the Wartburg is a stately castle, and, next to the Brocken, affords the finest view in Germany.

It was Erfurt that really began Luther's religious struggles. It is singular that the same place should have been the scene of the missionary enterprise of St. Boniface, the great English Apostle to the Germans, who began here his crusade against heathenism. Eight centuries stand between the two struggles, but that of Luther is the more valiant, because the more personal. In 1501 young Martin entered the University of Erfurt. Although law was his aim, his motto was *"Fleiszig gebetet ist uber die Halfte studiert."** The university, suppressed in 1816, still stands. In fact, Erfurt is big with interest. The paintings in the Rathaus, the grand old cathedral, the great public square, fascinate the visitor. But above all, the Augustinian monastery, now an orphan asylum, will ever be immortal as the place where our monk tried to get to heaven through monkery.

Wittenberg on the Elbe is always most intimately associated with the Reformation. The popular mind loves to dwell upon the bravery of a man hammering 95 theses to a church door, and sees in every stroke of the hammer a knock-out blow for Rome. Yet, there was nothing particularly courageous in it. The Schlosskirche was the University church, and its black door was the customary bulletin board for the announcements of the faculty. The oak-tree where Luther burned the bann-bull on Dec. 10th, 1520, is the first object of interest one meets going from the railway station. But there are many more. You can visit the house which Frederick the Wise presented to Luther and listen to the German school children as they sing. Luther's drinking-goblet, table, bench, stove, pulpit, letters, can be seen, as well as the rosary of Catharine von Bora, his wife. When Frederick the Great visited Wittenberg he wanted to carry off Luther's drinking-goblet. Permission was refused. The invincible Frederick thereupon let it drop and broke it. The University (now used as barracks), Melanchthon's dwelling. Bugenhagen's house, the old Stadt-Kirche, where in 1521 communion was for the first time administered in both kinds, the Schloss-

* In your studies diligent prayer avails more than hard work.

Kirche, where the immortal Reformers sleep on either side of the altar, the theses, now done in bronze on the door, the splendid view from the Tower (one-half mark more Trinkgeld!)—all repay a student of Luther.

Augsburg and Worms are more remote. The latter contains a great monument of Luther, the former prides itself rather on its connection with the Roman Emperors, but both are miserable towns with evil odors.

Of course Luther visited many towns. Jena, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Marburg, Leipsic, Halle, are all proud of associations with Luther. Most of them have tablets to indicate that the Reformer rested in their midst on certain journeys, or held disputations with his foes. Indeed, except for Catholic South Bavaria, a monument to Luther is almost as essential to a city's equipment as one to the great William.

Dresden and Munich, Berlin and Potsdam, Cologne and the Rhine, all have their quota of American tourists, but students of German literature and German history cannot afford to neglect the scene of Germany's fiercest contests, the district which witnessed the best in the lives of Schiller and Goethe, of Melanchthon and Luther. E. H. O.

RECENT CANADIAN POETRY.

I.

THE year 1907 saw the publication of some charming little volumes of verse which are a welcome addition to the poetry of Canada. Already the sturdy young sapling of Canadian literature is beginning to put out its branches in many widely differing directions, while its roots draw from the strong soil of the native land a vigor promising yet more and more of growth and beauty. These late volumes are very unlike one another both in subject matter and in form of treatment. The singers are not all singing like songs. There is something given for almost every preference.

One of the most notable books of the year is the new one by Ethelwyn Wetherald—"The Last Robin."* It is very attractively dressed, and the promise of its covers is more than fulfilled by its contents. It is a collection of lyrics and sonnets written in this popular writer's best style. Some of the poems have appeared before, many have not.

Miss Wetherald possesses in a marked degree what is sometimes said to be an unusual gift for a woman, namely, the gift of saying a great deal in a few words. Perhaps this quality is one of the first things that strikes her reader. She does not usually give us long poems, but rather completeness in compression.

For example, read "The Fireweed":—

"Where forest fires have swept the land,
The musing traveller sees
These little bright-faced flowers stand
In crowded companies.

"So in the heart that grief has charred,
New fairness decks the sod,
And every blackened life is starred
With tender gifts from God."

—or "My Orders":—

"My orders are to fight.
Then if I bleed, or fail,
Or strongly win, what matters it?
God only doth prevail.

"The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose—
My orders are to fight."

—or "What Love Remembers":—

"What Love anticipates may die in flower,
What Love possesses may be thine an hour,
But redly gleam in life's unlit Decembers
What Love remembers."

Not often do you find more expressed in as small compass. Yet, at the same time, there is no loss in beauty of expression through the conciseness.

*The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. Wm. Briggs. $1.25.

There is no plodding along a beaten track with this poet. When we set out with her, we cannot guess beforehand just where she means to lead us, nor just the way by which she will take us to the place of her desire. Sometimes she leads us by winding ways of beauty through a land of surprises. Sometimes she takes us quickly by a direct cut to some end that will linger long in our memories.

Miss Wetherald gems her writing with odd conceits that spring from a quick and keen imagination.

Notice these lines from "Home":—

> "The horses from the plow's last round
> Drink with a deep, sweet cooling sound,
> And with the thin young moon afloat
> Comes up the frog's heart-easing note"—

—and the little poem called "The School of Pain":—

> "Here is the hard school kept by Pain,
> With pupils sad and white;
> While some shed tears like falling rain
> From dreary morn till night,
>
> "Some knit the brow and clench the fist,
> And fill the heart with hate,
> And some cross languid wrist on wrist,
> And say Pain is their fate;
>
> "But those that study very hard,
> And learn that Pain can bless,
> Are sent out in a leafy yard
> To play with Happiness."

Notice, too, "Crosses and Kisses":—

> "The letters I get from my little girl
> Are sure to end like this:
> x x x x x x
> "A score of crosses, row on row,
> And every cross is a kiss.
> And through the miles that separate
> My own little one from me
> I feel the tug of her loving arms,
> And her loving face I see.
>
> "Every cross is a kiss she says;
> My crosses are never few.
> They wait for me when I wake at morn,
> They follow the long day through.
> I never dreamed they were sent in love—

Ah, me! what good I miss
When I push away with angry hands
The cross that was meant for a kiss!

"We mortals walk in a world of love,
But we make it a world of care;
Some crosses are sharp and bring the blood,
And some are heavy to bear.
But I think when we go in the arms of Death
To heights of perfect bliss,
We shall see at a backward glance below
That every cross was a kiss."

Fervid imagination and deep sympathy are essential gifts for a poet, yet they are not all that is essential for the highest poetic achievement. Miss Wetherald has these gifts, and has, besides, the seeing eye that perceives the underlying meanings in the world of nature, and can look into the hidden things of the human heart.

Read some of her nature songs:—

"THE SUNFLOWERS."

"When lamps are out and voices fled,
And moonlight floods the earth like rain,
I steal outside and cross the lane
And stand beside the sunflower bed;
Each blind, unopened face is turned
To where the western glories burned,
As though the sun might come again,
With some last word he left unsaid.

"When Dawn, with slender, shining hand,
Inscribes a message on the wall,
I follow at the silent call
To where my tall sun-lovers stand.
Their wistful heads are lifted high
Toward the flaming eastern sky,
As though some voice had turned them all,
Some secret voice of strong command.

"Ah, should I from the windowed height
Keep vigil in the room above,
And see them lightly, surely move
Through the chill stretches of the night,
Would not the heart within me burn,
As loyally I watched them turn,
With sweet, undoubting faith and love,
From vanished light to dawning light?"

—or "The Hay Field":—

"With slender arms outstretching in the sun,
The grass lies dead;
The wind walks tenderly and stirs not one
Frail fallen head.
* * * * * *

"No more these tiny forms are bathed in dew,
No more they reach
To hold with leaves that shade them from the blue
A whispered speech.

"No more they part their arms and wreathe them close
Again, to shield
Some love-full little nest—a dainty house
Hid in a field.
* * * * * *

"Their little lives they yield in summer death,
And frequently
Across the field bereaved their dying breath
Is brought to me."

Let us try to catch some of her flashes of light on human hearts and lives.

How pathetic, and at the same time how inspiring, is the poem "A Failure":—

"A Failure, who had ne'er achieved
Self victory, at last lay dead.
'Poor Failure!' thus his neighbors grieved.
'Poor, pitiable wretch,' they said,
'His weakness was the worst of crimes.
He failed at least a thousand times.'

"Meanwhile the Failure gave to God
His vain attempts. Remorsefully
And prostrate on the skyey sod,
'I failed a thousand times,' said he.
'Welcome!' rang out the heavenly chimes;
'He strove—he strove a thousand times.'"

How absolutely and universally human is the feeling expressed in "At Dusk":—

"The phantom time of day is here.
Some spirit from diviner air
Unto our blindness draweth near,
And in our musing seems to share.

"Who hath not in a darkening wood,
At twilight's moment, dimly known
That all his hurts were understood
By some near presence not his own;

"That all his griefs were comforted,
His aspirations given release;
And that upon his troubled head
Was laid the viewless hand of Peace.

"Too sure for doubt, too sweet for fear,
Unfelt in days of toil and stress;
But when the twilight brings it near,
Who hath not felt its tenderness?"

How strong in its note of warning to the wilfully unseeing is "The Blind Man":—

"The blind man at his window bars
Stands in the morning dewy dim;
The pearly-mantled dawn, the stars
That wait for it, are naught to him.
* * * * * *

"And naught to him a greening slope,
That yearns up to the height above,
And naught the leaves of May that ope
As softly as the eyes of love.
* * * * * *

"The way a trailing streamlet goes,
The barefoot grasses on its brim,
The dew a flower cup o'erflows
With silent joy, are hid from him.

"To him no breath of nature calls,
Upon his desk his work is laid;
He looks up at the dingy walls,
And listens to the voice of Trade."

Nor does the strength of our poet's thought outride the sweetness of her music. No poetry of older lands or earlier master of English verse need scorn such fair passages as—

"The world at noon belongs to the sun,
At eve to the home-coming herds;
But while the dew is pearly—very, very early—
The world belongs to the birds."

—or this:—

"When spring has burned
The ragged robe of winter, stitch by stitch,
And deftly turned
To moving melody the wayside ditch,
The pale-green pasture field behind the bars
Is goldened o'er with dandelion stars.

"When summer keeps
Quick pace with sinewy, white-shirted arms,
And daily steeps
In sunny splendor all her spreading farms,
The pasture field is flooded foamy white
With daisy faces looking at the light.

"When autumn lays
Her golden wealth upon the forest floor,
And all the days
Look backward at the days that went before,
A pensive company the asters stand,
Their blue eyes brightening the pasture land.

"When winter lifts
A sounding trumpet to his strenuous lips,
And shapes the drifts
To curves of transient loveliness, he slips
Upon the pasture's ineffectual brown
A swan-soft vestment delicate as down."

There is a wealthy store of beauty in these lyrics. The poems "Unspoken," "The Twins," "A Midday in Midsummer," and "A Winter Picture" are all very fine, but we can only name them here.

The book closes with a collection of twenty-nine sonnets on widely separated themes—"The One Face," "Comrades First," "The Red Rose," "Love's Phases," "At Waking."

In these, again, our poet surprises us by seeing things many have not seen before, and telling them so clearly and naturally that we wonder we never saw them for ourselves. Have we ever seen all that she sees in "The Prairie"? No, but we do see it when she points it out, and we will not forget it. Have we ever thought all that she thinks in "Absence"? No, but we follow her thought, and remember it.

Perhaps "The Prairie" is one of the choicest of the sonnets:—

"Clothed in the virginal green of early spring,
Or, later, fragrant with her miles of sweet
Wild roses flushing in the summer heat,
Or mantled in a shining robe a king
Might wear when golden-rod is flowering,
Or thrilled responsive to the dancing feet
Of little laughing rains, or feeling fleet
Yet strong—how strong!—the mind's unwearied wing;

"Whate'er her garb, the prairie speaks of love—
Love's virginal beginnings, rosy woods,
Her golden joys and happy, happy tears.
The mighty wing that tireless sweeps above
Her summer sweets and winter solitudes
Is weariless as love's unending years."

We close the book with a warm conviction that it is a distinct and honorable achievement in the literary history of the land. It is not the stuff that only lives an hour, but will abide because it wakens echoes in men's hearts.

Ethel Botterill Patterson.

JIM AND I AND THE APPLE-TREE.

JIM and I are twins. That means that we wear the same kind of blouses, and are always getting mistaken for each onther, though we aren't so much alike, *I* don't think. Jim will never get to be a man like me; he's too fond of the girls. Our last birthday, mind you, he wanted to ask Susie and Alice Morton to our marble party, and when I made a fuss—(whatever would we do with two girls hangin' around and spoilin' everything?)—why he had to go and pout, till mother said we had better have just a nice little tea-party, and dispense with the marbles altogether. Pshaw! Before I'd be such a baby!

Jim has a big nose and a wide mouth like me, but his cheeks look like mother's five-cent calico did after it came home from the Chinaman's, while his hair is presackly the color of the new straw in our chicken-coop. Mine is like the besetting sun. Mother said so. I think the Lord must have made us both the same to begin with, but when He went to do the coloring part, He did me first, and got so interested getting me to look nice and bright, that when He came to do Jim, most all the paint was gone, and he had to mix the rest with water. Then, when He saw how wishy-washy Jim was turning out to be, He didn't think it worth while to waste any freckles on him, so just saved them for somebody else.

We live in a great big white house on the top of a hill, and we've got fourteen more little chickens than Bill Mason, next door. But, say, you just ought to see the dandy apple-tree right close up to Jim's and my window! The apples on it grow bigger and bigger, and redder and redder, till you think they'll *have* to bust, like soap-bubbles always do. They don't, though, and the funny part of it is, that they're solid right through—the bigger they grow the solider they become. Jim and I have had some great 'speriences with that tree.

You amember the war, when they had the big procession down Main Street, and everybody followed them, shouting, and

beating their drums? Well, one day, Dad rode off to town on Maud—(that's our bay mare; she's a beauty!)—and he never came back till years and years after. I think it was about ten. Jim and I had a great time while he was away. Mother's easy, you know, and she understands how little boys don't want to wear shoes all the time, like girls. I guess she just knows how nice it is to paddle in the ditches, and feel the soft mud oozing up between your toes. And she let us eat all the apples we wanted, but Dad, he's always afraid of us eating them before they get ripe, and that's just when they are the nicest, you know.

One hot day in the summer he came home again, and what do you suppose he brought with him for a soufener? Not, not a ship, or even a diamond mine, but an African, a real live one, to do his gardening and look after us boys, so Dad said. As if we were little girl-babies, that had to be watched all the time! I couldn't bear that African at first sight, and Jim was real scared of him, he had such a wicked, sly way of looking at a boy.

Dad told mother he was quite harmless, though, that we were to call him Jake, after a man he used to know, and that afternoon he showed him around the vegetable garden, the blackberry bushes, and our apple-tree, simply loaded down with lovely apples, green as green, except one little red spot on the side.

"See that the boys don't eat any until they are quite ripe!" said he. Jake nodded and looked at us out of the corner of his eye, making nasty cold chills run all up Jim's back and down mine.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" says I to Jim, when we were alone in the chicken-yard.

"I dunno. I don't like his eyes a bit."

"I don't neither. Of course, we'll have to get the apples somehow. But how can we, with him taggin' around all the time? I tell you what! Dad is going to take him next door to show him off to old Mr. Mason, and while they're away we can take a stick, knock down a couple, and go behind a berry bush to eat them. He'll never see us there."

We peeked through the garden fence, and watched, and as soon as we saw them safe in the house, off we scooted for our apples. But we must have been a pretty long time getting them, 'cause we only had them half eaten, when we saw two horrid black eyes glaring at us over the bushes.

"Let's run!" says Jim, poking the rest of his apple under the bush, while I gobbled mine up in three bites. (He saved the red part till the last; I ate mine first.)

But we were too late.

"Tell Master! Tell Master!" came a voice from under the eyes, and before we could yell or anything, he had one black fist on Jim's collar and the other on mine and was pushing us across the walk to the house.

"Now we're in for it!" thinks I, as he bumped us into Dad's study, where he and mother had started to talk about the war. I guess.

"Oh-ho! Caught already, are they? Thank you, Jake, you may go."

Jim was as white as our bantam. Mother looked sorry, and I felt something boiling up inside o' me, making my cheeks hot as hot.

"Now, boys, I have been away a long time——"

He needn't have told us that; the important part was that he was back home again!

"But I am pretermined that you shall obey me."

Jim's lip trembled, and a big tear rolled down his face onto his collar.

"Can't-we-have-any apples to-morrow, either?"

"No, nor the next day, nor the day after that, nor any day, till I say so! You may go to bed now, do you hear?"

I don't think he meant to be so cross. I suppose he got used to bossing his men around at the war. It seemed awful hard then, though, and we felt kind of humpy-up all inside, when we got to our room.

"I think mother might have stuck up for us, anyway."

"Perhaps she is scared of him, too. Oh, she'll be up here in a little while to say how sorry she is we're such naughty,

bad boys, and make that hard lump come up in my throat again. I'd rather feel 'dignant than sorry, wouldn't you, Jim?'' We made up our minds to lock the door.

Soon we could smell the nice hot supper cooking down in the kitchen, and Jim started to say his prayers.

''Wait for me, Jim!'' and together we kneeled down on the little mat beside the bed and said aloud our ''Now I lay me down to sleep.'' When we came near the end, to the ''bless'' part, Jim says:

''Bless fathern, mothern, Tomn, everybody but Jake,'' then we both joined in with the ''All men,'' like they do at meeting, jumped into bed and pulled the covers up high.

When I woke up it seemed like morning, but it must have been the moon shining in the room to make it so light.

''Why, Jim, what's the matter?'' There he was over by the window, crying like a baby. Poor Jim! he ain't like a boy at all.

''I'm hungry,'' says he, looking at me out of his pale blue eyes.

''Well, why didn't you stay asleep and forget about it?'' I was feeling kind o' withered-up inside, too.

''Just look how bright it is outside, Jim. See the apples tree? Wait, don't speak; I've got a idea. You amember what Dad said about eating the apples any day till he said so. He didn't say anything about night-time, did he? So it wouldn't be presackly disobeying, would it? Let's get dressed, all but our bare feet, slip downstairs quiet as mice, and fill our blouses with apples, then come back to bed and eat them.''

Jim stopped crying pretty quick, I can tell you, and in half a jiffy we were dressed. Then we unlocked the door, and started down the hall on tip-toes, me first, and Jim close behind. As we were passing mother's door, we could hear her sigh in her sleep, and he was for going back to bed again.

I felt awful guilty, too, and not comfortably wicked, like before we went to bed, either, but of course, I couldn't never let Jim know I was such a coward, and there was no use turning back then. At the end of the hall, there came the awfulest noise

out of Norah's room, just like a fog-horn on a misty night, and Jim caught a hold of my arm tight.

"What's that?"

"Sh! It's only Norah snoring." I whispered to him, but I can tell you, it startled me, too, at first, and I was pretty glad to get to the back door, and out into the moonlight.

"Now you just stay here till I get the ladder." I knew that if he went, too, he'd be seeing all sorts of scarey things behind the berry bushes.

My, but the apples were dandy! I climbed clear up to the top of the tree, and handed them down to Jim, who was sitting on one of the branches. All on a sudden, just as I was reaching high for a beauty, he had to go and get scared at a little noise in the house, and whispered that he had enough, and was goin' in.

"Wait till I get this big one here, can't you?"

"No. I'm goin' now." I tell you what, when Jim makes up his mind to anything there's no changing him, and down he started to the ladder. But just as he was about half way down, the ladder slipped, and Jim and it both went cher-plunk on the soft grass! I guess he thought he was a gonner, sure, but didn't cry out as I was certain he would, just made a bee-line for the door, and slid up to bed, I guess.

Well, I got the apple I was reaching for, and started down the tree, my blouse and pockets chock full. But when I came to feel for the ladder,—it was gone! There in the moonlight, I could see it, lying flat on the ground, where Jim had left it in his hurry.

I tell you, it isn't a very nice feeling to think you may have to stay up in a tree till morning, and for half an hour I prayed as hard as ever I could for the Lord to forgive me, and make Jim remember the ladder. Just as I was going to stop as no use at all, I saw the back door open softly.

Here he is at last! And I was going to whisper him to hurry up, when a man with black hair that didn't look a bit like Jim's yellow head stepped out on the grass under the tree. As soon as I caught sight of his eyes I knew it was Jake, the new gardener. But whatever was he doing out here? Surely

he didn't know we were out at the apples! My heart stopped going with a thump, and my tongue stuck tight to the roof of my mouth, and *wouldn't* come down!

I expected him to come right up after me, but he never paid any attention to the tree at all, and I noticed now that his arms and pockets were full of bright, glittering things, which he was laying down, careful as anything, on the ground, then stuffing them all in a big bag. Just as I was wondering what he was about, what do I do but see him pull out my own little box with the knife and fork in it that Grandfather gave me. Then I knew that he was stealing—stealing all our beautiful silver that Dad is so proud on.

Whatever could a little boy do? There wasn't no use hollering, for he would be off with everything before you could say "Jack Robinson." I don't know what put the notion into my head, perhaps it was the Lord answering my prayer. Anyways, I took three or four apples in my hands, and aimed one after the other straight at his head. Then I shook the nearest branch with all my might—(I got a far bigger muscle than Jim!)—and the apples come down like hail-stones. Well, you just ought to have seen that man! He let one yell, "Monkeys!" and made for the lane to the street as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving the silver lying on the grass.

Dad must have heard the noise, for he came running out of the house with a gun in his hand. He saw me up in the tree, first pop, and I guess he felt kind of funny, having only my red head to shoot at.

"Help me down, Dad, quick!" He held out his big arms, and I jumped. Then he planted me down hard on the ground.

"What are you doing out here this time of night, you little rascal?" I just pointed to the silver on the ground beside him, for I couldn't make any words come. Just then mother came out, asking if the house was on fire.

"I 'splained everything. I was pretty sure Dad was going to punish me hard, he looked so cross, when I said Jake's name, and I was real glad Jim had stayed upstairs. There was no use in us both getting it. But when I was through he just

fumbled about the silver to see if it was all there, and said, without looking at me:

"Well, I forgive you this time, son."

Mother, though, she never paid any attention to the old silver at all, but just looked at my blouse—(it was pretty knotty!)—next at my tousey, red head, then took me tight in her arms, and kissed me slap on the cheek, calling me her own dear little Tommy.

Well, say, ain't mothers queer, anyhow?

GLADYS D. JACKSON, '11.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE approach of St. Valentine's Day is heralded by the appearance in the shop windows of gaily-colored cards, adorned with cupids, hearts, or lover's knots, for this is the one day of the year when

> "On paper curiously shaped
> Scribblers to-day of every sort,
> In verses, valentines y'clep'd,
> To Venus chime their annual court."

Our observance of this festival is very limited, being almost wholly restricted to the sending of anonymous missives, either setting forth some foible of the recipient of the valentine, or expressing the ardent affection of the sender.

No one has been able to ascertain definitely why this particular saint's day has been chosen, but it seems that the connection of the custom with the Roman priest, Bishop Valentine, is purely accidental. He was a staunch adherent of his faith, during the persecutions of Claudian, and finally suffered death, on February fourteenth, 270 A.D., for practising the art of healing. He was widely known for his love and charity, yet this does not seem a sufficient reason for his being chosen as the patron saint of lovers. It is believed by some persons that the observation of this day is merely a Christianized form of celebrating the Luper-

calia, which were yearly feasts held in Rome, on the fifteenth day of February, in honor of Pan and Juno. Among other ceremonies, on these occasions, the names of young women were put in a box and drawn by the men, as chance directed. Later, the Christian clergy objected to this pagan practice, and sought to give it a religious aspect by substituting for the names of the women, those of particular saints, whose virtues were to be imitated during the ensuing year.

Whatever may have been its origin, the festival is known to have been observed in England as early as 1476. By looking at some of the ways in which the day has been celebrated, we find that there has been a decided change in the meaning of the word "valentine," for it was formerly applied only to persons. The custom appears to have been an expensive one, in earlier days, for some costly present was usually given to the "valentine." Concerning this custom, Pepys made the following entry in his diary, February, 1668: "This evening my wife did with great pleasure shew me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately, as my valentine's gift this year, a turkey-stone set with diamonds. With this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewels of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch should have something to content herself with." The reader will understand that "wretch" is used as a term of endearment.

Mission, a French traveller, who visited England in the seventeenth century, gives an interesting account of the form of celebration in vogue at that period. He says that equal numbers of maidens and bachelors gathered together on St. Valentine's Eve, and after each had written his or her name on a slip of paper, the men drew lots for the maiden's names, and, likewise, the maidens for the men's. He, however, assures us that "the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him than the valentine to whom he is fallen." The company was thus divided into couples, and the knight was in honor bound to defend and attend his valentine for the following year.

The custom of looking out the window for a valentine is illustrated by the song which Shakespeare has Ophelia sing:

Good-morrow; 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine.

Another idea in favor in Shakespeare's time was that the first person one saw on St. Valentine's Day would be the Valentine for the next year. On this account, one gentleman alleges that his wife kept her eyes closed all morning, lest she might look at the painters who were gilding the mantel-piece and pictures in her dining-room. From this little incident, we see that married as well as unmarried people could be chosen as valentines.

A series of essays, dated 1754-6, give an amusing account of a young woman's belief in the traditions of her day. She says: "Last Friday was Valentine Day, and the night before I got five bay leaves and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, B— said, we should be married before the year was out. But, to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper and rolled them up in clay and put them in water; and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it, Mr. B— was my man? I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

Some of the customs connected with the day are apparently of classical origin. In parts of Kent, the young village maidens assembled to burn an effigy, called a "holly boy"; while elsewhere the boys burned an "ivy girl." These practices were supposed to have the power of recalling a recreant lover, or of inspiring warmth in a cold and indifferent one. There are passages in Theocritus and Virgil that indicate that similar practices were in vogue in ancient times.

In Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire, the village children were accustomed to go from house to house, on the morning of St. Valentine's Day, soliciting gratuities and singing:

Good morrow, valentine!
First 'tis yours and then it's mine;
So please give me a valentine.

The day is also supposed to influence the weather, as can be inferred from the old saw, "In Valentine, March lays her line."

One of the earliest known writers of poetical valentines was Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken prisoner at the Battle of Agincourt. The first trace of the modern valentine, however, is found in 1667, when illustrated cards and mottoes appeared. Thus it only remained to join the verses and illustrations to produce the valentine as we see it to-day.

Bessie M. Pugsley, '08.

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Editorial Notes.

THE entrance of Dr. Bates on the duties of the Educational Secretaryship is an event of unusual importance in the history of McMaster University. It is an indication both of the policy of the institution and of the attitude of the denomination. On the one hand, the governing bodies are possessed of the conviction that the nature of the work which is being done under their direction constitutes a claim to the services of the best men the Baptists of these Provinces possess, or can produce; on the other hand, the intelligent and thoughtful men of the body have recognized increasingly the cardinal relations of the University to the denomination whose school it is. This, we take it, is what Dr. Bates' coming to us principally signifies. No man can be named who enjoys the confidence of the churches in a higher degree. Few, if any, are better aware of the worth of education to the work of a Christian body. We cannot doubt that McMaster's relations to the people henceforth will be of the most intimate nature. The office of Educational Secretary is practically a new one. Dr. Bates may be depended on to apprehend its possibilities and to bring them to realization in a corresponding degree.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR : W. F. L. EDWARDS, '08.

"News, news, news, my gossiping friends,
I have wonderful news to tell."—*Lytton.*

FEBRUARY has been a social month with us; much has happened—too much. With all its frost and its snow and its twenty-nine days, it has kept us so busy that we have almost wished for the ability to lead a double life. Almost every class and year has had an outing—even to Theology, some of whom spent a most enjoyable evening at the home of Dr. Cross, and when theology gets giddy what can be hoped for the rest? The juniors had a regular old time rally at the home of their Honorary President, Dr. Smith, and the sophs. and freshmen also had riotous times, of which we may speak elsewhere. Then there were banquets and carnivals, and days of prayer, and valentines, and one day the "Board" got its picture taken. We hope that the chronicles which appear below may stand as samples of the varied activities of our college life.

FEBRUARY AIRS.

In the early part of February
In the year of nineteen-eight
The weather was chill and the wind blew shrill,
And it froze just right to skate.

But the weather became more nebulary,
And it stormed till the snow was deep,
And on the rink sifted, and piled up and drifted
Enough to make anyone weep.

Still, there's no use in using vocabulary,
For it snows, blows and freezes a heap;
Though it does seem a crime that all of the time
We must walk, eat, and study and sleep.

THE DAY OF PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.—In the busy days that make up our school year the Day of Prayer for Colleges occupies a unique place. While our various prayer meetings and Fyfe Days all contribute much to the spiritual tone of our university life, yet the Day of Prayer for Colleges brings its own distinct

blessings, and the sessions held this year on Jan. 23rd, were not disappointing in this regard. Several features of unusual interest made the day one of especial blessing. The morning session met in the chapel at 10 o'clock. An interesting matter of business was the adoption of a revised constitution for the Fyfe Missionary Society, to make possible the organization of a Y.M. C. A. in our University. This was followed by the adoption of a Y.M.C.A. constitution, and McMaster now has a regularly organized Young Men's Christian Association. Addresses were then given by Mr. C. Waddell, Theol., on his three years missionary work in Nigeria, West Africa, and by Mr. A. W. Staub, travelling Secretary of Student Volunteer Work, on present opportunities for mission work in China. These addresses were much appreciated because of their interesting and instructive character. After singing by the McMaster Male Quartette, Prof. P. S. Campbell gave a very inspiring address on "The Call to Pray." It was with a sincere welcome the Fyfe Society greeted Prof. Campbell after his absence on the Continent. His earnest, practical message illustrated the need of prayer and the power of prayer in Christian service. The general prayer meeting in the afternoon was presided over by the Chancellor. The devotional spirit of this meeting and a very helpful address by Prof. Gilmour on "This one thing I do," made the hour a spiritual stimulus for student life. At 3 o'clock the members of the various years met for their separate class prayer meetings. As in former years, these class prayer meetings proved a source of deep spiritual quickening to all who attended.

III. Year Bible.—Professor: It is not always the great of this world who receive the best rewards. The bootblack of this world may be the star in heaven. Student: And will he keep on shining there?

A Special Service.—Many and various are the experiences of ministerial students. Not long since four of the budding flower of our theological chivalry sallied forth on a fair Sabbath morn to conduct a service at the School of Veterinary Science. There was reader, pianist, singer and preacher, and as they marched along nature so smiled upon them that in a moment of brotherly affection they agreed to take the ushering in turns. Arrived at the well known street, with the noble name, Temperance, they proceeded—with the help of one of the V.S. faculty who was kind enough to point out the way—to look up the auditorium. This they found to be noteworthy in at least two features, viz., it was situated immediately above an ambitious livery stable, and contained, besides the usual furniture, some cigarette

stubs and the skeleton of a horse at the back. Well, they began with a song service and all joined heartily in the singing until the congregation arrived. The congregation appeared to be about twenty-eight years old and sat on a chair at the back. He sang bass for a couple of hymns, and then put on his hat and walked out. They tried another hymn—"Toiling on"—but the piano got out of tune and a couple of bones fell out of the skeleton, so the offering was taken and the meeting closed by the four fading out of the doorway and evaporating up the street.

The Lit Banquet.—"The best yet," is the one phrase which most adequately expresses the opinion of those present at this, the society's chief function, held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 7th, 1908. The presence of two hundred and forty guests, a large number of whom belonged to the Senate and Board of Governors, as compared with one hundred and forty in 1906, is stronger evidence, than any complimentary word that might be spoken here, that the work of the President and his assistant is appreciated. A most enjoyable hour was spent from seven until eight, for, "All human history attests—

> "That happiness of man—the hungry sinner—
> Since Eve ate apples—much depends on dinner."

When all had fully dined, President W. B. Waters, the toastmaster of the evening, proposed the health of his Majesty the King, and the entire company responded by singing the national anthem. Mr. T. M. Dadson, B.A., in proposing the toast to "Canada" departed from any stereotyped form of speech used on such an occasion, and gave an address which was at once novel and masterly. As the Hon. R. L. Borden rose to reply to this toast he was greeted with loud and prolonged applause. By a few humorous remarks at the outset Mr. Borden seemed to transmit his happy mood to the entire company, after which he spoke at some length upon the obligations of practical patriotism and public service. He suggested a doubt whether, in this country, we had yet come to have that affection or love for Canada such as is felt by the Scotchman, Irishman or Englishman for their country, while we have both the physical characteristics and material resources that ought to inspire such affection, he was inclined to believe that we lacked some of that enthusiastic loyalty, so prevalent in the Republic to the south of us and on which the welfare of a nation largely depends. In speaking of public service he stated that "politics are exactly what the people make them, what they want them to be and what they desire to have." "Every one of you," he said, "must set his stamp on public life, either by participating in that life, or

by refraining from taking your share in it.'' The speaker urged upon the young men to play the game as men, and not merely to win and in this connection he contrasted the high ideals of the Mother Country with those of the United States which show such a tendency towards excess and degeneracy. In conclusion, he said that Western Canada, the greatest undeveloped country in the world, should be held as a prize for the best immigrating races.

Mr. N. J. Ware, '08, in an apt address, presented ''Canadian Industries,'' to which J. W. Flavelle, Esq., LL.D., responded. Mr. Flavelle drew a sharp distinction between liberal culture and practical education, and urged upon the students to take a live interest in all social and economic problems. The speaker dwelt for some time upon the important part which the thrift of our people plays in industrial enterprise, giving interesting statistics to substantiate what he had said. Make your equipment for life your chief concern, rather than the choosing of an occupation, was Mr. Flavelle's timely utterance in concluding his address. Chancellor McKay responded to the toast ''Alma Mater,'' proposed by Mr. G. H. Campbell, M. A. The Chancellor spoke in words so prophetic that his audience fancied they heard the footsteps of an advancing era of expansion and prosperity, soon to come upon the University. Mr. W. A. Scott, '09, very humorously proposed the next test of sentiment, ''The Ladies,'' and Miss B. M. Pugsley, Vice-President, replied with that dignity and grace which is fitting to those on whose behalf she spoke. The last toast of the evening, ''Sister Institutions,'' was happily introduced by G. G. Vichert, '08. The various representatives present chose Mr. Turney of the O. A. C. to speak on their behalf, which he did in a pleasing and effective address.

During the dinner music was furnished by D. A. G. Glionna's orchestra, and between the toasts the carefully chosen and equally well rendered selections of Mrs. Pickard, soprano; F. E. Bemrose, tenor, and Frederic Nicolai, violoncellist, added much to the evening's entertainment.

'Twas at the summons of the bell,
The night the senate sat,
We tumbled down the stairs pell-mell
From every room and flat.
And Osciwowwow was the shout;
And Boom on Mac was sung;
Then some got wise, and some got out,
And quite a few got stung.

An hour passed. Again the gong
  Its brazen summons spread.
And down we flew, an eager throng,
  All silent while he read.
And then arose a blur of words,
  But in a foreign tongue,
For some got firsts, and some got thirds,
  And quite a few got stung.

—*Mamie Voo.*

Somnambulism has been rampant on the first flat.

Evangelistic Band.—Our last issue went to press before the series of services held in the Jarvis Street Baptist Church was closed. From the 19th of January to the 26th, the Band held services every night, except Saturday night, in the main auditorium of the Church. The Band also took charge of the sessions of the Sunday School on the two Sundays. All the meetings were under the leadership of Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, and the University quartette, composed of Messrs. D. H. Williamson, '08 (leader); E. T. Newton, '11; N. S. McKechnie, '08, and W. F. L. Edwards, '08, took part in every meeting. Every night of the week from fifteen to forty members of the Band were seated on the platform or scattered throughout the audience, ready for their part in the work. In spite of many counter attractions and somewhat unfavorable weather conditions the campaign was a pronounced success. The direct results of the meetings were good and without doubt Dr. Perry, the pastor, will be busy for many weeks gathering up the results which were perhaps less direct, but nevertheless very real. At the beginning of the service on Sunday evening, January 26th, a splendid tribute was paid the Band when the large audience passed by standing vote a resolution expressive of the church's high appreciation of, and deep thankfulness for the work done during the week's campaign.

Yellow shoes have become an epidemic around the hall.

There once was a carnival "shine"
Arranged for a start sharp at nine
  On the rink Aura Lee;
  But it snowed, so you see
They postponed it till weather was fine.

Some Social Events.—"There was a sound of revelry by night," and a very similar sound the following night not long ago. Yes, our freshmen and sophs. have been at it again with the usual result—poor sophs. It began this way: Exams. being

finished and a beautiful fall of snow enticing, the freshmen decided to have a sleighride one Monday evening, and strange to say, the sophs. conceived the original idea of taking a similar outing the following evening. The freshies engaged a dazzling red carryeverybody for the occasion—we have been informed that it was one left in the city last summer by Ringling Bros.—but of this we are not sure. At any rate it was a wonderful conveyance and was drawn by three teams of trick horses with real bells on, and ridden, we understand, by real members of the year. It also had four pairs of runners and would carry seventy people, or else it had seventy pairs of runners and would carry four people—whichever way it was the figures pass belief. All went well until they drew up in front of the college. Then of course everyone took a ride—especially the sophs.—one of whom unfortunately got into an altercation with one of the Chinese drivers—and it really seemed a long time before the freshmen had their conveyance to themselves.

Act II. Time: Tuesday, 8.30 p.m.—Place: Yorkville Avenue.—Snowbanks—excited boys and girls in the background looking through windows. Not to be outdone in uniqueness, the Sophomore "Four Hundred" had, at no small trouble and expense, removed the tops of a couple or so of moving vans, and hitched a team of good reliable dray horses on each. They had then gathered up their beauty and their chivalry at the home of one of their number, and while awaiting the vans no doubt as the lamps shone o'er brave women and fair men that

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again."

But suddenly a terrific yell thrills every manly heart—the vans had arrived! and so had the freshmen! Three or four sophs. went valiantly forth to do battle for their unvanquished year, but alas, in vain. The freshies charged them home—at least one of them they charged into the house, and another several blocks up the street, and still another who had twice need of life got upset in the snow and another with an independent air, all his own, came home, for he had been charged with carbon bi-sulphide; henceforth his presence was hateful to his fellows, so the three hundred and ninety-nine continued without him. But then "There is no flock however watched and tended, but one dead lamb is there," and realizing this they forgave the member as soon as the sulphide had worn off and all shook hands in a mission study class next day. In conclusion, we would say:

"Let them be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes McMaster benedictions
Assume this dark disguise."

The Debating Society.—The meeting on January 18th partook somewhat of a humorous nature, the programme consisting of a series of impromptu speeches. After a vocal solo by Mr. W. L. Iveson, '10, and a Habitant selection by Mr. C. R. Duncan, '08, several gentlemen delighted the assembled multitude with their after-dinner wit. The subject for discussion on Saturday, February 25th, was of a more serious character, "Resolved, that mid-year examinations should be held prior to the Christmas vacation." The affirmative was contested by Mr. A. F. Smith, '09, and the negative upheld by Mr. W. J. Donald. The judges granted their decision to the negative. On Saturday, Feb. 1st, the subject for debate was: "Resolved, that capital punishment should be abolished." After a vocal solo and encore by Mr. G. E. Holmes, '11, Mr. L. S. Haverstock, '10, led the affirmative, and Mr. N. McCausland, Theol., the negative. The judges awarded the debate to the latter. At these meetings the presence and remarks of Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and Dr. A. L. McCrimmon, proved very helpful.

The Literary Society.—A particularly good programme was furnished by the "Lit" executive on Friday evening, January 31st. The opening number was a well rendered vocal selection by Miss E. Dryden, who also favored the audience with an encore. Miss B. Duncan, '10, then gave a Scotch reading in charming and inimitable Lowland style, and following this was a piano duet by Miss C. L. Murray, '08, and Miss G. W. Murray, '09. The event of the evening was an address on "Impressionistic Art" by A. F. Smith, '09. Mr. Smith first gave some excellent suggestions which should place all his hearers in a better position to criticize and appreciate an artist's production. The last number on the programme was a "Habitant" selection by C. S. Edwards, '06, which was rendered in perfect patois.

Professor in Chemistry.—When was an anæsthetic first used in an operation? Earnest Student—When they caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam until they removed one of his ribs.

In Toronto the folk all are freezing;
Down town one hears nothing but wheezing.
In the stores, on the street,
Sounds of hurrying feet,
Are attuned to humanity's sneezing.

A Popular announcement was made at chapel the other morning when the student body was informed of Mr. Matthews' promotion to the professorship of Hebrew. Professor Matthews

holds a warm place in the hearts of McMaster men, as was shown by their reception of the announcement and of his remarks which followed it. He comes to the chair possessing the confidence and the support of all.

Classical Seminar.—On Saturday evening, Jan. 25th, M. H. Long, '08, gave a very pleasing and highly educative paper on the "Roman Navy" and Mr. G. H. Campbell, at whose home the meeting took place, spoke briefly on the earliest form of ornamentation found amongst the Romans. After delving for some time in these mysteries, to gather around the board, and while partaking of its dainties, to review the questions already perused, was a pleasure to which Horace himself would have sought no superior.

The Student Volunteer Band.—The first meeting of the Band was held Jan. 24th after the strenuous times of exams. had passed into history. Rev. E. H. Shanks, Theol., gave a very instructive and optimistic account of mission work among the Fijis, and interest was added by the exhibition of a number of views of the islands and the natives. The meeting of Jan. 31st was addressed by two of the new members of the band, A. Gould, '11, and F. W. Waters, '11. They gave an account of the circumstances leading to their volunteering for foreign work. The last meeting of the Band on Feb. 7th was addressed by our Foreign Mission Secretary, Dr. Brown. He spoke of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, its history, aim and influence in every phase of missionary enterprise. Two new members have been added to the Band, O. E. Rutledge, '09, and H. F. Jeffrey. The members of the Band welcome these men and are hoping that others may take a similar step.

Mock Trial.—On Saturday, February 8th, a mock trial was held in place of the regular weekly meeting of the Debating Society. The following were the impersonations: Judge, W. F. L. Edwards, '08; Clerk of the Court, C. D. Jones, B.A.; Court Crier, J. Wearing, '10; Lawyer for the Prosecution, J. E. Anderson, '10; Lawyer for Defence, R. C. Crowe, '10; Prisoner, E. J. Whan, '11. The charge was one of forgery, and during the proceedings, several witnesses were summoned and wittily examined and cross-questioned. In closing the case, the Judge, after some humorous deliberations, declared the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to manifold and severe punishments.

THE WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"Under the snowdrifts the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June;
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-sung tune."

LITERARY SOCIETY.—One might be inclined to think from the signs of the times that the W. L. S. had developed or degenerated into an amateur theatrical society, so frequently do its members repair to the chapel, and when they have shut the door, make the very walls re-echo with more or less dramatic renderings of Will Shakespeare's wise and witty sayings. We hasten to assure "one" that in this case his inclination would lead him sadly astray. There is nothing more alarming in progress than the preparation for the usual "reading" at the spring open meeting of the Literary Society. The girls are striving to forget that a voice "ever soft, gentle, and low" is "an excellent thing in woman," and are learning to shout out the very tenderest sentiments of bashful love in stentorian tones that will "reach the last seat in the gallery."

The preparation of the play, though it takes a great deal of time, and causes no little inconvenience, would be well worth while were it only for the good that the girls themselves get from the practices. It may safely be said that no literature is so intimately understood and so thoroughly appreciated by them as these plays that have been taken up with Mrs. Arnton's able interpretation, and under her tireless supervision. The girls become fairly saturated with the play, and for a couple of months the conversation in the Ladies' Room is highly flavored with Shakespeare. The quotations sometimes occur ludicrously enough: a senior on her way to class is hailed with "Tarry, Jew!" by a saucy sophmore who wishes to speak to her, or a mild-looking junior sitting in class suddenly exclaims to the justly indignant girl beside her, "The fiend is at mine elbow!"

THE regular literary meetings have been rather neglected in the interest given to the preparation of "The Merchant of Venice." The meeting of January 24th, was, however, an excellent one. After some business had been transacted the chair was taken by Miss Simpson, Vice-President of the Second Year, and

the programme was in the hands of the sophomores. After a piano solo by Miss Craig two papers were read, one on "The Status of Woman in France," and the other on "What French women have contributed to literature, music, science, and art." Miss Dickens then gave an exceedingly humorous reading in Derbyshire dialect that left her audience literally in tears of mirth. But the last number was undoubtedly the *chef d'oeuvre*, a pantomime which was nameless on the programme and is quite beyond our powers of description. The adventures of its heroine and the misadventures of its heroes seemed to touch some sympathetic chord in the hearts of the fair audience, and the pantomime was most enthusiastically received. The meeting was closed with a vote of congratulation to the sophomores, and the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

IT IS BETTER SO.

Freshette.

When through the halls to class I go
I droop my bashful eyes full low,
And on my cheeks, the blushes glow.
Tell me, is it not better so?

Sophomore.

When through the halls to class I go
No foolish bashfulness I show;
As cool am I as winter's snow—
Believe me, it is better so.

Junior.

When through the halls to class I go
My mind is not on things below;
Unconscious I of friend or foe—
Believe me, it is better so.

Senior.

When through the halls to class I go
I guide my placid steps full slow
And smile at every boy I know.
Believe me, it is better so—
I've been through the mill—*I* know. ....

Y. W. C. A.—The first meeting of the new term was held on January 20th, and was one of exceptional interest. Miss Paxton, Travelling Secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the meeting, and presented most forcefully and eloquently the needs and opportunities for Christian work in the nations of the East at the present day. The conditions prevailing in China, Japan and Korea were especially emphasized, since Miss

Paxton has recently visited these countries and seen the work there for herself. We are very fortunate in having had Miss Paxton with us. Her earnest appeal for workers from among the McMaster girls was too convincing to be left unheeded, and cannot fail to leave a deep impression on our religious life in the school.

Miss Violet Dickens presided at the meeting of January 27th, and the subject, "College Temptations," was taken up by Miss Edy. The meeting of Feb. 6th was in charge of Miss Kennedy and Miss Jackson, and the topic was "Standing firm for principle."

Bible Study.—The Sunday morning Bible Study classes at the home of Miss Pugsley are being continued under the leadership of Miss Grey, and have a faithful, if small attendance. Miss Garbett, who started these classes last fall and was their leader, has not returned to McMaster this term.

DICHTUNG UND WAHRHEIT.

[Being the result of an appeal to our loyal constituency for humorous poetry. As one contributor remarks: They may not be humorous, but they certainly are ridiculous.]

There was a young freshman so green,
A more verdant one never had been;
  Once he slept on the grass,
  An old cow chanced to pass—
Since then he has never been seen.

A co-ed there was very wise,
A Portia she, in disguise;
  But, of wisdom grown tired,
  This maid so admired
At the boys learned to make goo-goo eyes.

There once was a brilliant young senior
Of sedate but deceptive demeanor.
  He his friends would amaze
  With his devious ways,
For no saint e'er had aspect serener.

A student attended McMaster
Who thought he would make a great pastor;
  But his sermons so deep
  Put the people to sleep:
Alas! They were drier than plaster.

Mission Study Classes.—Last year a Mission Study class was held among the girls under the leadership of Professor Matthews. Though the interest in these classes was very well kept up, the at-

tendance was by no means so large as it should have been. This may be partly explained by the inconvenient hour at which it was found necessary to hold them. This year the matter of study classes was not brought up until shortly before Christmas, when an interview with Mr. Lovell Murray of the Student Volunteer convinced at least the President of the Y.W.C.A. and the Convenor of Missions that the classes were one of the necessities of college life. It is extremely hard to find place for study classes of any kind during the rush of the second term, especially when the girls are so few in number, but it is hoped that when the value of a genuine interest in this great work of Christianity is realized, they will undertake to find time for this study. It is proposed to have smaller classes, one for each year, so that it may be possible to find an hour when all may attend, and that the study may be more informal and intimate. The first year class will be under the direction of Miss Arkell; the second year of Miss Pratt; the third year of Miss Hope Gray, and the fourth of Miss Bessie Pugsley.

One moonlight night of enchantment a few weeks ago there was seen heading in the direction of Grenadier's Pond a party of merry, dimpling youth, each escorted by a gay and gallant maiden with a couple of pairs of skates slung over her shoulder. The somewhat novel order of procedure of this jolly crew, together with the particular auspiciousness of the season, seemed to promise something of especial interest, and accordingly our reporter was sent to interview Grenadier Pond the very next day. She met with a very frigid reception. The pond was very close about the whole affair, in fact, seemed quite stiff about it, and our representative did not succeed in breaking the ice at all. There were unmistakable signs, it is true, of a recent heavy thaw, and evidences were plentiful that it had been quite "soft" the night before, but for the rest—time alone will tell.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLES, '06.

"We need the money."—*Dooley.*

A HOCKEY CHAPTER.—On the twenty-eighth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred and eight, between the hours of two and four o'clock, the McMaster Hockey Team did wilfully and unlawfully suffer defeat at the hands of the University of Toronto Hockey Team (second edition), to wit:—To quote from one of Toronto's leading daily papers, "There was not a chance for McMaster from the first." We were beaten by a better team. There is only one way to face this matter, and that is to face it just the way they didn't do with the puck. And now to use a little scientific language— the score was 14 to 5 in favor of Varsity. It was a good fast game, and there was some brilliant hockey in spots. McMaster played well, but Varsity played better. The green and black worked hard and worked well, but they lacked the staying powers which seemed to be the inheritance of the blue and white. Varsity played a strong combination game which the McMaster defence had trouble in breaking up. The Varsity defence played a strong game. At half time the score stood 9 to 4 for Varsity. McLaurin, *i.e.*, "Hamish," played a fine game in the net, and stopped many hot shots. Bensen was working hard all the time and Jordan also did many good turns. Keith and McDougall were the stars for Varsity. We refrain from publishing the details of the game—the score tells the story. The teams:—

Varsity II. (14)—Richardson, goal; Hanley, point; Gallie, cover; Keith, rover; McDougall, centre; H. Kennedy, right wing; McLean, left wing.

McMaster (5)—McLaurin, goal; Benson, point; Moyle, cover; Firstbrook, rover; Robinson, centre; Haydon, right wing; Jordan, left wing.

Referee—M. D. Kennedy, Varsity.

ANOTHER TUMBLE.—The second game of the series was played on Tuesday afternoon, February 4th. The McMaster line-up was the same as in the first game. The result was 9 to 4 in favor of Varsity. McMaster failed to play the game until the last ten

minutes. Then they made things hum for a little while, but as they had only ten minutes, they discovered when the gong rang that they were rather late in starting. "Jake" Robinson played a stellar game for the losers. The least said the better, as the press is waiting and the staff are over-worked. Here endeth the chapter on hockey for the year 1908.

As we go to press His Majesty's mail brings a letter from our old friend and veteran sport, "Stan McArthur." Stan is with the law-firm "McPherson and Saunderson," of Winnipeg. He weeps copious tears, and his letter is damp with the flood thereof, as he thinks of how we lost a couple of hockey games. His closing advice is "to live laboricus days, etc."

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: C. S. EDWARDS, '06.

H. C. PRIEST, '94, has resigned his pastorate in Georgetown to accept a call to the church in Strathroy.

N. A. HARKNESS, '04, has temporarily abandoned his pursuit of the Ph. D. at Chicago University. He has accepted a call to a pulpit in Banning, California.

A. B. COHOE, '98, appears to have won the admiration and love of his flock in Brussels St. Church, St. John. An appreciative address recently disclosed that delightful disposition on the part of the congregation. And a purse containing a hundred dollars in gold, ably established a genuine q. e. d.

THE Western Baptist Board have appointed D. B. Harkness, '99, M.A., '04, editor of the Western Outlook, the new publication which represents the union of the North-West Baptist and the Western Baptist of British Columbia.

SINCE D. G. Munro, '05, left the S. P. S. last spring he has been giving a good account of himself. Seventeen miles from the scene of the Quebec bridge, a small shanty buried in snow-drifts is his home. He is in the employ of contractors on the Mackenzie & Mann line between Quebec and Montreal. Under his command is a gang of a hundred dagoes, whose respect is evoked mainly by two methods, —— the pick-handle and the vernacular. Gar. seems to be still playing a winning game with his usual amount of grit. The black tide on the St. Lawrence River took a

violent fancy last November to a boom of timber that Gar. was particularly devoted to . Five thousand dollars' worth of cedar was eloping on the strong breast of the out-going tide. It was bitterly cold but he plunged in. With a a rope tied about his waist he swam out to the boom, and after the most urgent persuasion, secured its inseparable attachment to the shore. We recommend Gar. to the respect of all other rivals.

McMaster graduates are noted for their versatility. The career of Ephrem Viens, '05, furnishes a good illustration. You knew him as a student of special philosophy. Moreover, he was a theolog. If there is any combination that the scientific devotees abjure it is the amalgam of philosophy and theology. Such was Eph in his Poggawogga days. But what of him now? Go to Ottawa and inquire at the Public Works Department. Lo, what a surprise! your philosophical theologian is chemical analyst in the cement laboratory. In a splendidly equipped room in the Mackenzie block, Eph presides, chief wizard of the art which searches the secret character of all the cement purchased by the Goernment for public work. $H^2 SO^4$ sits upon a throne of Hasting's Dictionary; and Kant's Critique of Pure Reason has been divorced in favor of Remsen's Chemistry. But Eph is just as dead in earnest and as interested in religious work as he was in his undergraduate days. He is superintendent of the French Mission School in Hull. He teaches a senior class in the Ottawa French Mission School. And he is President of the French B. Y. P. U. of Ottawa.

"Making Gas From Straw."—These four words in huge letters, covering nearly a square foot of space, are the striking head-lines of a full-page illustrated article that recently appeared in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. The article proclaims with unrestrained enthusiasm the discovery of a new process for the manufacture of gas, which, it is prophesied, will revolutionize the gas industry of America. Our readers will be pleased to know that J. R. Coutts, '04, is the discoverer of the new process. As a diversion from evangelistic labors he presided at the burning of a straw stack on a western ranch some years ago. While thus engaged a most insistent idea invaded the sanctity of his theological speculations. Dispossession was impossible. He had blue blazes on the brain. After three years of hard work his idea resulted in the new process of manufacturing gas from waste farm products, such as straw, cobs, cornstalks, etc. Applications for patents covering the process have been applied for in the United States, Canada, Russia, Hungary, Austria, Spain, Argentine, India and Australia. Something over a year ago the Inter-

national Heating and Lighting Co., with headquarters at Cleveland, was organized and took over the patents. This company has erected a plant costing about $100,000 in Beatrice, Nebraska, and to-day the streets and homes of that city are lighted by gas made of corn stalks and straw by the Coutts process. The value of the new process is evident from the fact that a ton of straw yields over 15,000 feet of gas, while the best coal gives but 10,000 feet to a ton. The International Company have secured franchise rights of the most liberal character in nearly every town of importance in Canada west of Winnipeg. Mr. C. S. Eaton, '05, was the company's representative who visited these western towns and secured the franchises. We congratulate Mr. Coutts in the success of his *lux fiat*.

D. C. MacIntosh, B.A., '03, has an article on "The New Theology" in a late number of The Review and Expositor, the comparatively young, but nevertheless vigorous Baptist theological quarterly, edited by the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. As many readers of The Monthly may know, Mr. MacIntosh is now in charge of the department of Systematic Theology at Brandon College. For one year after graduation he remained at McMaster as instructor in Philosophy, and then went to the University of Chicago to pursue his studies in philosophy and divinity. There his record has fully sustained the reputation won for McMaster by such men as Findlay, Jordan, Newman and George. Responding to the need of the Canadian West he has interrupted temporarily the completion of his course in order to serve the educational interests of the denomination, but will probably take his degree during the coming summer. Those who desire a clear statement of Rev. R. J. Campbell's theology and a judicious criticism of its weak points will do well to read Professor MacIntosh's article.

We have before briefly noted in this department the appointment of A. M. Overholt, B.A., '97, M.A., '98, head of the mathematical staff of the London Collegiate Institute. Mr. Overholt's career in the teaching profession is a convincing proof that our McMaster course, though not so highly specialized as that in larger institutions, is, nevertheless, well qualified to prepare a student for teaching in the secondary schools of Canada. After graduation, Mr. Overholt attended the Normal College, where he received his certificate as a specialist. Soon after he joined the staff of Woodstock College, his old school, and there made a good name as a teacher and man. From the College he returned to Hamilton Collegiate Institute as assistant in Mathematics, and

later went to the Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, as Mathematical Master. In both of these well-known institutions Mr. Overholt won a reputation as a popular and successful teacher. Last summer one of his bright pupils won the mathematical scholarship at the Provincial Honor Matriculation Examination. For the vacant position at London he was chosen out of a list of about fifty applicants, a clear proof that graduation from McMaster is, to say the least, no barrier to a man's career. Mr. Overholt is a true friend of his Alma Mater, remembering her with affection and bringing credit to her by his well-won success. During his course at the University he served for some time on the staff of THE MONTHLY, acting as editor of "Here and There" for one year. In 1903 his fellow-graduates in Arts elected him as one of their representatives on the Senate. Mrs. Overholt, it may be noted, is also a graduate in Arts.

R. D. MACLAURIN, B.A., '02, M.A., '03, whose marriage was announced in this department last month is now Professor of Chemistry at Amherst College, Amherst, Mass., one of the famous old degree-conferring institutions of New England. From McMaster he went to Harvard, where in due course he took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Showing more than average ability for research work, Dr. MacLaurin was recommended to a position at the Rockefeller Institute of Research, New York, from which he went to his present position at Amherst. Dr. MacLaurin is therefore another good illustration of the fact that the general training given at McMaster gives a good foundation for work in the graduate school. We reiterate congratulations upon his marriage, and add others upon the success he has achieved in his work since leaving McMaster. We expect to hear more of him in the future.

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: L. A. THERRIEN, '94

IN 1902 our boys organized a Y.M.C.A. which has since then controlled their religious meetings and directed the affairs of our reading room. Last December we were visited by Mr. T. H. Billings, International Student Secretary, who, besides giving the school some admirable talks on the Christian life, instituted the Bible Study Course among the boys. There are now 10 classes in operation, comprising some 50 boys.

Our Association wants to keep in touch with the great world-wide Association, and recently delegated its President, Omer Jette, to the Interprovincial College Convention held in Toronto, February 1-4.

ON the 21st of January our school had the unusual pleasure of listening to Mr. Willie Eckstein, the remarkable boy pianist of Montreal, who electrified us with his rendering of such works as the Weber Concerto, Chopin's Black Key Study, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso. In popular music he was ably assisted upon a second piano, by one of our own boys, Ingraham Rice, who has long been Eckstein's intimate friend.

"BENEFITS forgot" must have an awful time trying to "bite more nigh" than the bitter skies and winter winds that we are having served up to us this February. That's the opinion of our hockey enthusiasts, who have so far done much more shovelling than skating, on their open rink. O, for a millionaire alumnus to build us a covered rink!

BUT the snowshoers enjoy it! The kings of the place, Principal Massé, "Art" White (now Prof. White), and Henri Brouillet take the lead, while the boys plod after them, and as their swaying forms breast the storm, we see them disappear down the wide meadows in a whirl of driven snow, singing James Hogg's Boy's Song, with changed words:

Where the snow lies white and deep,
Cov'ring the grass in its winter sleep,
Down the fields "and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me."

Here and There.

EDITOR: H. M. LONG, '08.

THE TEMPEST.

As Pallas sprang from the head of Zeus,
  Divine in her splendid mail,
I leapt full-armed from the Sun-god's brow
  And rode on the roaring gale.
A thousand leagues to the east we fled,
  While heaven and earth and sea
Arose to the tread of my mighty feet
  In terrible symphony.
I sang of wars in the dawn of time,
  Of worlds in the outer night,
I stabbed the dark with my two-edged sword,
  And struck in a burst of light.
The great ship drove on the rocks aflame,
  A towering funeral pyre,
While I swooped down on the shattered coast
  And tortured the land with fire.

* * * * * *

But lo! the heart of the mystic east
  Is drawing the veil away,
I weaken, bound in a drowsy charm,
  The spell of another day.
My father comes; with a slower pace,
  I languidly seek my rest.
And deep in the poppied warmth I sink
  Asleep on the Sun-god's breast.

John S. Reed, in the Harvard Monthly.

THE HARVARD MONTHLY.—The policy of the great majority of our exchanges has a two-fold object in view: first, to make a clear presentation of the academic life of their respective institutions; and, second, to afford scope for the literary development of their student constituencies. Some universities, however, are fortunate in having a student body sufficiently large to support two college papers, each devoting itself to one of these ends. Such is the case with Harvard. The Harvard Lampoon is the University newspaper, while the Harvard Monthly forms the medium for the literary expression of the University's undergraduates.

As a literary magazine, it is hardly necessary to say that the Harvard publication takes a place in the first rank of college journals. In harmony with the literary character of the magazine, the cover of the February number is a quiet brown, with

an artistic design in black and red. The balance of the contents impressed one as particularly excellent. An article on "Debating at Harvard University" and the editorial on "Scholarship and the American University" give the paper a certain practical touch necessary to make it an active factor in the university life. With this commendable exception, the magazine is devoted exculsively to literary interests.

Mr. Addison's critical sketch of Stephen Phillips is very apt, and we thoroughly enjoyed "The End of the Journey," by E. B. Sheddon. The story is well told, and it possesses a human element that commands the reader's interest to the end, in spite of its somewhat unusual length. The whole number is rounded off by a series of good verse, in which "California" and the sonnet to Browning were most pleasing. Taken altogether, in mechanical makeup, balance of articles, and literary quality, the February "Harvard Monthly" is the best exchange of the month.

THE BLIND CUPID.

(From the Spanish of Alberto Lista.)

I met young Cupid in a wood one day,
And seeing he was blind, I asked of him,
"Sweet boy, why is it that thou hast no eyes—
The gods have orbs; pray, why are thine so dim?"

And Cupid answered me, with sorrowing mien,
"The Heavens gave me eyes when I was born,
But lo! it left them blind; and so I changed
My eyes to stars, and decked the skies forlorn."

—*James C. Bardin, in the University of Virginia Magazine.*

The following exchanges reached our table during January: Acta Victoriana, Queen's University Journal, University Monthly (N.B.), Harvard Monthly, O. A. C. Review, Philomathian Monthly, Athenæum, Bessie Tift Journal, Nassau Literary Magazine, Cap and Gown, Manitoba College Journal, Victorian, College Argus, Notre Dame Scholastic, Varsity, Trinity University Review, College Index, Collegian, Acadia Athenæum, William Jewell Student, Colgate Madisonensis, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Mercerian, Davis-Elkins Acta, Vox Collegii.

MORNING.

Awake, in the morning's twilight;
Awake, at the first bird-song;
Awake, when the earth is breathing—
Breathes, deep sweet, and strong.
The day in it's stately progress
Has heralded far and near
It's coming with rose-tints dainty—
Awake, for the day is here.

—*Spencer W. Phraner, in the Nassau Lit.*

NATURE'S ALCHEMIST.

The leaves of every maple tree,
That stands in yonder wold,
By Autumn rarest alchemy
Are changed to purest gold.

—*F. T. M., in Notre Dame Scholastic.*

A LOVE SONG.

If I could set my nightly dreams of you
To music, that the listening world might know
The love of you, sweetheart, that haunts me so,
And with its whispering passion thrills me through,
If I might voice my constant thoughts of you—
What melody, deep, potent to express
Your lip's red charm, your eyes' dark tenderness,
Should thrill night's silences of stars and dew!

And those who heard should smile beneath their tears,
Touched by the witchery of some magic strong;
Sorrow should hope, and doubt forget its fears
If I could sing! Love, I have loved thee long,
And though my lips are dumb, through silent years
My trembling heart has sung to you this song!

—*Mary Antoinette Dickinson, in The Hollins Quarterly.*

THE Bishop of Qu'Appelle, renowned for his anecdotes, was attending a luncheon given in his honor, at a certain parish in his diocese last summer. Having successfully entrapped various guests with his ready wit, intending to pay his hostess a compliment upon a fruit salad which formed part of the luncheon, he asked: "What do you call this dish," to which query the alert hostess replied: "Glass, my lord."—*Ex.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, sweetheart,
The day has gone beyond the west
To dream and rest;
And on the great blue chart
The stars and dim twilight—
Sweetheart, good-night.

Good-night, sweetheart,
The little birds have ceased their song,
And all the throng
Of shadows troop apart,
With noiseless step and light—
Sweetheart, good-night.

—*H. E. Joy, in the Nassau Lit.*

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THE
McMaster University Monthly
MARCH, 1908.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

I.

"There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."—*Thoreau's "Walden."*

THIS rare New Englander was born in Concord, Mass., a beautiful village about twenty miles west from Boston, on the twelfth of July, 1817.

As a commercial or manufacturing centre Concord does not take any rank whatever, but it is by far the most interesting place in America from the viewpoint of a student of literature. To the American patriot also it is a place of tremendous interest, for here the first shots of the revolutionary war were fired on the 19th of April, 1775. The settlement dates from the year 1635. It was the first inland territory occupied by the Puritans. Concord village is a quiet and reposeful old place, full of restful homes bordering along deeply shaded streets. Since the time of Thoreau it has become trebly sacred. To the traditions of the Puritans, and the historic interest derived from the war of the revolution, is added the fascination which a place ever gains from being the home of world-renowned authors.

In Concord, Ralph Waldo Emerson lived and wrote most of his compositions beginning with his Nature Essay, which was composed in "The Old Manse," the same venerable parsonage in which Hawthorne wrote some of his most famous short stories under the title of "Mosses from an Old Manse." In

Concord dwelt the Alcotts, known chiefly because of the works written by Louisa M. Alcott. This place, surrounded with beautiful meadow lands and low hills, with the sleepy Concord flowing by, is to the American what Stratford-on-Avon is to the Englishman. There are many haunted houses in Concord, for truly as Longfellow says:

> "All houses wherein *men* have lived and died,
> Are haunted houses."

And it was of Concord, beautiful Concord, that Emerson wrote in the lines:

> "Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
> I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
> And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
> Where the evening star so holy shines,
> I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
> At the Sophist schools and the learned clan;
> For what are they all in their high conceit,
> When man in the bush with God may meet."

In this place which his genius has helped to immortalize, Thoreau was born and reared, and there he spent nearly his entire life. He says, "I have travelled a great deal—in Concord." In the present article I will first give a brief sketch of his career, then a brief description of his philosophy of the conduct of life, and, in the third place, I will endeavor to indicate the part played by him as the poet-naturalist.

To begin at the beginning, his father was John Thoreau of Concord, who was engaged in the business of making lead pencils. His mother was Cynthia Dunbar, the daughter of a New Hampshire clergyman. She was probably the parent to whom Thoreau was the more indebted, for while the father is described as "quiet, plodding and unobtrusive" she is reported to have been "keen, quick-witted, sprightly, musical and loquacious." The grandfather of Thoreau was an emigrant from the Island of Jersey in 1773, so that there was a mixture of French and Scotch blood in the veins of Thoreau.

They were a happy and affectionate family, the Thoreaus. There were four of them—two boys, John and Henry; and two girls, Ellen and Sophia. They were all talented, but Henry

was the only member of the family who enjoyed a university training. They were far from being wealthy and the expense of Henry's education bore heavily upon them. It was provided for only by severe economy and stern self denial.

At the age of twenty Thoreau graduated from Harvard University with the class of '37. He lived a very studious and isolated life while there. He was little noticed by his classmates and preceptors. He was not distinguished as a student. This has often happened, for some geniuses blossom early in life, some late. Thoreau was in the latter class. The result is that very few memorials of Thoreau were gathered by his college associates. Now, however, when his fame is assured, and its star steadily rising, the slightest recollections of him are eagerly sought after.

His contemporaries thought little of him but his successors now

> "Beg a hair of him for memory,
> And dying, mention it within their wills,
> Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
> Unto their issue."

Thoreau did not esteem a college training very highly. He says that the only thing he owed to his Cambridge studies was the art of expression, but as it turned out, this was of supreme value to him as the use to which he put the gift endued his name with immortality. One reason that Thoreau undervalued the university was that its curriculum consisted at that time too exclusively of classical studies. It did not emphasise the subjects he preferred, such as geology, botany, ornithology and the like. After his graduation he was in great doubt for a time as to what profession he should choose. Finally he settled down to school teaching in Concord, but gave it up when his trustees insisted that he should use "the birch."

Throughout his boyhood and youth Thoreau had been devoted to outdoor studies and recreations; indeed among the reasons ascribed for his failure to win a higher rank as a student at Cambridge was this, that he was worshipping the rising and setting sun, listening to the matins and vespers of the birds and studying the flowers and trees when he should have been occupied with Greek or Latin.

In the year 1839 in pursuance of his favorite aims, he and his brother John spent "A week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" in their little home-made boat the "Musquetaquid." The story of that trip formed the framework of Thoreau's first volume, published ten years later and inscribed in this simple verse to his brother, who had shared the voyage with him and who had died in the interval.

> "Wher'er thou sail'st who sailed with me,
> Though now thou climbest loftier mounts,
> And fairer rivers dost ascend,
> Be thou my muse, my Brother!"

It was in October 1837, that Thoreau began his famous diary. In this journal he noted his botanical observations, his reflections upon the books that he was studying, people whom he met, and the germs of his ascetic philosophy. This diary was methodically kept up by him for twenty-five years and grew into thirty large volumes. Out of this rich material he himself wrought two books, "The Week," just mentioned, and "Walden," published in 1854.

From the same material his literary executors have evolved several other volumes which, in addition to his lectures and essays, were drawn from the same storehouse.

In the year 1841 Thoreau took up his residence in the household of Ralph Waldo Emerson. The fact that Emerson invited him is proof enough that as early as this the philosopher recognized in Thoreau conspicuous talent. While living with the Emersons, Thoreau employed himself about the garden and orchard, and we can imagine how efficient he would be there. He also studied and wrote indefatigably. He made his literary debut at this time by assisting Emerson in the editorship of "The Dial," which was a journal published in the interests of Transcendentalism—an intellectual movement then in its palmy days. In all he resided with Emerson about three years. This brought him into contact not only with Emerson, but with many of the distinguished visitors who came from all parts of America and Europe to see the Sage of Concord.

He was now fully entered upon the preparation of his life-work, which combined the study of nature with the working out of

a philosophy dealing with the proper conduct of life. Whatever changes occur in his outward life we must still think of him as pursuing his aim of self-culture unremittingly, by observation, study and writing.

He removed to Staten Island for a short time in 1843, where he was employed as a tutor. He wrote a little poem while there which was suggested by the sea and which is highly characteristic of him. Eight lines of it are:

> "My life is like a stroll upon the beach,
> As near the ocean's edge as I can go:
> My tardy steps its waves sometimes o'erreach,
> Sometimes I stay to let them overflow."
>
> "My sole employment 'tis, and scrupulous care,
> To place my gains beyond the reach of tides,
> Each smoother pebble, and each shell more rare,
> Which ocean kindly to my hand confides."

He was not long to remain at Staten Island. He was a home lover and in a few months was glad to be once more in his loved Concord.

We now come to the incident in Thoreau's outwardly uneventful life, by which he is best known to the outside world and by which the cynic will say he received "a big, free advertisement."

Thoreau was early impressed with the necessity for economising life. He thought that men gave far too much of their thought, time and energy to providing the merest material necessities. The result was that the average man devoted no time worthy of the pursuit to the development of the mind and soul. The interests of these were sacrificed without remorse to money-getting. He made up his mind not to be found in that class. The result of this was that he "reduced his necessities to the lowest terms." Many of those things that among us are deemed necessities he sacrificed in order that his time might be free for study and writing. He carried this to what most people would think an absurd extreme. Eight years after his graduation, when twenty-eight years old, he borrowed an axe from Bronson Alcott, went out into the country two miles from Concord and there by the side of Walden Pond built himself

a little house. He took up his residence in it on July 4th, 1845. In this place he lived for something over two years. His expenses were so small that he was able to devote all but about six weeks of the year to his garden, his manuscripts, or his books. People regarded him as eccentric, not knowing exactly what the purpose of his experiment was, but when in 1854 "Walden" appeared, they realized that the hermit was something more than eccentric. There are few books into whose pages so much common sense is compressed as into this which has served to make famous a lake, a man, a family and a town—but more of that hereafter. The total cash cost of his little cabin at "Walden Pond" was $28.12 1-2. To this doubtless must be added a goodly amount of censure and ridicule on the part of his friends and neighbors. But he was too rich a man to feel that expenditure. He says: "The cost of a thing is the amount of what I will call life which is required to be exchanged for it, immediately or in the long run." Ah! that is it, not money but time for the upbuilding of the soul and character. That is the precious currency of which we are so reckless. After making up a curiously precise statement of his income and outgo for the year, he says: "All things considered, that is, considering the importance of man's soul and of to-day, I believe that that was doing better than any farmer in Concord did that year."

One great end achieved by Thoreau through his Walden experiment was, that he gave a practical, a very striking and an original demonstration to the world of the fact that we can vastly reduce our output of time and energy, merely by simplifying our life. I do not think for a moment that Thoreau would counsel everyone or any one to go to the woods, there to hew himself out a $28.00 mansion. It was done to give a vivid and an ocular demonstration of the practicability of a principle. The obligation to pay calls, to dress according to a standard, to accumulate a fortune, to own an automobile or a yacht or both, to achieve worldly success, to get on, in fact; all these, thought he, weigh upon us so that we lose our lives in preparing to live.

"The world is too much with us."

It was to impress this strongly upon our minds that the Walden experiment was tried, and this being the aim it was a success. Thoreau was of course called eccentric. Every life that is worth while is eccentric. It is well said, "If you would be natural you must be odd." What Dante saw in his vision of hell, we see in human society—crowds upon crowds of silly spirits following the flag of custom. Dante says:

> "And I, who straightway looked, beheld a flag,
> Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
> That it no pause obtained: and following came
> Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er
> Have thought that death so many had despoiled."

God does not choose his great ministers from among this number. If Thoreau's life has been lived conformable to custom, I know not how we should have had the green and golden pages of "Walden" or of "The Week." Let us resolve to be at once as gentle and yet as inflexible as he.

> "As journeys the earth, her eye on a sun, through the infinite spaces,
> And radiant in azure, or sunless, swallowed in tempests,
> Falters not, alters not, equal advancing, home at the due hour,
> So thou, child of earth, who hast space goal and time, march still onward."

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

(*To be Continued*)

A SCOTTISH FISHING VILLAGE.

ON the shore of a little land-locked haven, into which the gulls and herns bring tidings of the sea, stands the fishing hamlet of Glencraig. It is in the east "neuk" of Fife, a part of old Scotland fronted by a girdle of little towns, of which Glencraig is the smallest and most characteristic. There is no landward road thither, unless you follow the path of the goats along the cliffs overhanging the water. When you go there, you go by the sea; when you leave, it is only by the same grand highway.

Landing at the quay, you have but a short walk up the shingle to the cluster of cottages, which, with the kirk, the post-office and the little grocery store, form the entire village. Nor, as one might expect in a fishing village, are the walks to the huts strewn with nets and fishing tackle; on the contrary, flowers border the gravel paths, old-fashioned, it is true, but yet picturesque. A short distance to the west a low range of sombre hills forms a background to the scene. These, though perhaps less majestic than "silent pinnacles of aged snow," are much more suitable, with their heather-clad slopes, to the hardy, strenuous life of the fisher-folk.

The inhabitants of Glencraig, clad in the conventional attire of their profession, present a rather fantastic appearance; indeed you must have a profound regard for its suitability, to see anything even tolerable in the crude garb they wear. Yet there is something picturesque in the simple, homespun dresses of the women, the sombre grey of which is relieved by a white kerchief neatly folded about the neck and shoulders. Coarse as the garments of the men are, however, they in no way detract from the simple grace and dignity their tall, muscular figures display. Their faces, too, tanned and hardened as they are by the sun and wind, command respect—even admiration—for there is something indescribably winning in the strength and tenderness of their expressions. Often rough and repelling in manner to older people, yet these men show only the gentler side of their

nature to the younger; children's hands can unlock the apparently tightly-closed doors of their hearts, and turn them back upon their rusty hinges; and those whom a child can love are never bad.

These fisher-folk are tenaciously religious. The Bible is to them a vital and vivid reality. To them Abraham and Moses are more real than Bruce, or even Wallace; David more than "Bobbie" Burns. And it has been so from time immemorial. It was among the fishermen of Fife that John Knox began his crusade against Popery; and from their midst, in later years, sprang Chalmers, the champion of the Free Kirk.

It is not wonderful, then, that every Sabbath almost every inhabitants of the village may be seen, dressed in holiday attire, making his way to the kirk. To be sure there are a few "black sheep" in the flock, who stroll over the mountains to the forest beyond, preferring the "pleasures of the pathless woods" to the rather wearisome sermons of their "stickit" minister.

These people are by no means without their sorrows. Even the youngest of the men have known what it is to battle with the powers of the air, and the might of wind and wave and icy cold. Even the weakest of the women have felt the hallowing touch of sudden calamity, and of long, lonely, life-and-death vigils. Many a gallant fisherman has gone forth in the morning, eager, hopeful as ever; but a storm would arise, or a leak spring in the boat, and he would return no more. Many a woman has waited in vain for the coming of father, husband or brother. Many a corpse lies "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown" in the graveyard of the sea, the only remembrance left of it being a boat "beached" upon the shingle, avoided by the inhabitants as if it were a conscious criminal, purposely sacrificing the lives entrusted to its care—which lies upon the sand, a more haunting and significant memorial than any granite monument or marble slab.

In spite of this their lives are happy. Go early in the morning, when the watchman's bugle rouses the folk to their day's toil, and watch the glad, eager expression on their hardy, weather-beaten faces, testifying to anything but dislike of their

labor. Watch at mid-day the children playing along the shore, building little boats and casting miniature nets, while the smaller ones amuse themselves at the ever-old, ever-new employment of digging in the sand. Go at night, when the sun is setting over the western hills, its last crimson rays reflected on the rising waves of the sea—when the boats are being moored after the day's work. Wait until the weary but glad throng have gone home to their evening meal, and you will still find, here and there along the beach, perhaps an old man, perhaps a woman, perhaps a lad listening, with eager face and glowing eyes, to

> "The moanings of the homeless sea,
> The sound of streams that swift or slow,
> Draw down Aeonian hills, and sow
> The dust of continents to be."

No! Sea-life is by no means colorless, as some have said; neither do its followers dislike it. I have never yet met a fisherman who has not as ardent an affection for the waters as Byron expresses in his apostrophe to the ocean. They are completely under the spell of the "Gray Man of the Sea."

Annie I. Grierson, '10.

RECENT CANADIAN POETRY.

II.

"SONGS OF A SOURDOUGH"* is the uncommon title of a collection of poems by Robert W. Service which strikes out for itself an as yet unblazed trail in Canadian literature. Mr. Service writes of the Yukon with its savage laws and strange magic attraction.

"This is the law of the Yukon, and ever she makes it plain:
Send not your foolish and feeble; send me your strong and your sane.
Strong for the rage of battle; sane, for I harry them sore;
Send me men girt for the combat, men who are grit to the core."

Mr. Service writes of the men of camp and mine, rough in thought and expression, passionate and primal. He sings the songs of the rolling stones of the world, the men lured ever onward by the call of the wild.

"There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will."

Like the much-criticized Kipling he spells out his meanings very plainly. This is a day when most of us break the points off our arrows, but see to it that there shall be a very fine feather on the other end. Mr. Service, on the contrary, points his arrow keenly and only uses the feather when it is necessary to aid the flight. "The March of the Dead" is typical of his refusal to gloss over the horrors of the scenes or the truths that he may be recounting. It is a strong showing of the price a people must always pay for war, no less when victory crowns them than when defeat is their portion.

Among the poems that give voice most clearly to the call of the wild are, "The Heart of a Sourdough," with its

* "Songs of a Sourdough." By Robert W. Service. Toronto: William Briggs.

"I knew it would call, or soon or late, as it calls the whirring wings;
It's the olden lure, it's the golden lure, it's the lure of the timeless things;
And to-night, O God of the trails untrod, how it whines in my heart-strings!"

And "The Lure of the Little Voices":

"Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the awful lonely places;
They're whining and they're whimpering as if each had a soul;
They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and god-like spaces,
The stark and sullen solitudes that sentinel the Pole."

"The Pines" is a fine picture of rugged nature, a poem of the highest merit, and intensest expression. The poet enters into the inmost heart of such groves as were "God's First Temples" and leaves us a pathway to follow upon.

"Wind of the East, wind of the West, wandering to and fro,
Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that the sons of men may know
The peerless pine was the first to come, and the pine will be last to go!

We pillar the halls of perfumed gloom; we plume where the eagles soar;
The North-wind swoops from the brooding Pole, and our ancients crash and roar;
But where one falls from the crumbling walls shoots up a hardy score.

We sprung from the gloom of the canyon's womb; in the valley's lap we lie;
From the white foam-fringe where the breakers cringe to the peaks that tusk the sky,
We climb, and we peer in the crag-locked mere that gleams like a golden eye,—

Gain to the verge of the hog-back ridge where the vision ranges free;
Pines and pines and the shadow of pines as far as the eye can see;
A steadfast legion of stalwart knights in dominant empery.

Sun, moon and stars, give answer; shall we not staunchly stand
Even as now, forever, wards of the wilder strand,
Sentinels of the stillness, lords of the last lone land!"

A dainty little book, delightful both without and within, is Mrs. M. A. Maitland's "Autumn Leaves."* Readers of the McMaster Monthly already know and love her poems, since many have appeared from time to time in its pages and have prepared a pathway of friendly interest for this little volume to follow upon.

* "Autumn Leaves." By Mrs. M. A. Maitland. Toronto: William Briggs.

In "Autumn Leaves," Mrs. Maitland sings of "Summer all the year," and through the shouting winds and the chilling frost we catch a breath of that heart atmosphere which keeps the world warm, be it ever so wintry. She croons for us a "Cradle Song":

"Hey-a-day! Ho-a-day! Joy makes me sing:
Who would have thought that a baby could bring
Weary of "Black Sheep" and "Little Boy Blue,"
Weary of "Little Jack Horner" too;
Weary of "Ding Dong" and "Caper and Crow,"
Weary of "Pretty Maids all in a Row."
Though I have sung her ditties a score,
Little blue eyes are as wide as before."

As those rebellious "little blue eyes" begin gradually and reluctantly to close we get such a glimpse of that "mystical, whimsical, comical elf," that the singer sets our hearts to singing with her:

"Hey-a-day! Ho-a-day! Joy makes me sing:
Who would have thought that a baby could bring
Into my bosom a love so divine,
Into my heart all this music of mine;
Into my home such a halo of light,
Unto my hands such a magical might,
Unto my feet all the fleetness of wings,
Into my being such wonderful things!"

Two poems with a like sad comment on the way in which we human beings hold back our appreciations and our sympathy until too late to help and comfort, are "The Unattained" and "Regret."

From one come the words:

"Wait till for aye beyond the hand of clay
Has slipped the bridle of the winged steed,
Then we will mourn the bard in life forlorn,
And span the fabled bourne to grant him meed.
. . . . . .
Wait till the thrill of the poor heart is still—
Still its vain longings and its bootless strife,
Then we will say what we might speak to-day,
While yet its pulses play the march of life."

From the other:

"Alas that our blind eyes should need
Anointing at so stern a hand!
Alas that human hearts should bleed
Ere they can fully understand!"

One of the quaintest and sweetest of all this poet's utterances is found in this book, in the little Scotch poem—so appealing—"The Little Auld Man." It is a rare combination of beautiful rhythm, picturesque description, quaint speech and lofty thought. Many of Mrs. Maitland's poems are as strong in their expression of faith in the Unseen, but the expression here is unique, so homely and at the same time so fine:

"The little auld man's awa',
Wi' his pech an' his hoast an' a',
Wi' his bouk sae jimp an' his locks sae scrimp,
An' his voice sae thin an' sma',
Wi' his dowless step an' his feckless grip,
An' his fourscore years an' ma.

The little auld man's awa',
Frae his hame an' his houff an' a';
Frae the hairts aye leal whether guid or ill
The luif o' the years let fa',
Frae the mist an' rime o' the gloamin' time
An' the warstlin' win's that blaw.

The little auld man's awa',
He was wept, he was sung, an' a';
Though he left nae name in the buk o' Fame,
Nor ocht that was gran' or braw,—
Yet his name was penned by a han' unkenned
Whar only the Maister saw.

The little auld man's awa',
To his Lord an' his lo'ed an' a',
To be seen an' see wi' a faultless e'e,
To a bield in his Faither's ha';
To behauld His face at the trystin' place,
Wha washed him as white as snaw."

We lay this little book aside at last with a regretful sigh because it is so slender.

Those who already have on their shelves that little volume, "Converse with the King," which contains so many verses from the pen of Rev. W. H. Porter, will be glad to greet a larger work of his in "Canadian Scenes and Other Poems."*

In the "Canadian Scenes from Eastern Coast to Western Isle" we have a shifting series of pictures, painted by one whose knowledge of the land is glorified by his love for it. City and country, river and lake and bay share in his song. Familiar

* "Canadian Scenes and other Poems." By Rev. W. H. Porter. Toronto: William Briggs.

scenes are photographed for us by the flash-light of his memory, and even the remotest corners of the great Dominion have their meed of mention.

The remaining poems, which make up the greater part of the volume, fall fittingly into two classes, which we might call poems of the gentle and kindly emotions of the heart, and poems of triumphant Christian faith. Readers who find their joys in the home-life and the home relationships will echo many of the songs of friendship and love. Christians of ripe experience will love the hymns found on many of the pages.

Noteworthy among the hymns are those called "Thanksgiving" and "Spirit Divine." From the former come these lines:

> "Give thanks that what sight faileth to perceive,
> Faith to God's loving care, can calmly leave:
> And since He cannot but do all things best,
> Give thanks for what He does, and trust the rest."

The hymn to the "Spirit Divine" is quoted here in full:

> "Spirit Divine, Thy power display,
> And make me know and choose thy way;
> O let Thy light within me shine,
> Making each thought and action Thine.
>
> Spirit of grace, whose breath inspires
> In human souls divine desires,
> So teach and train my heart to prayer
> That I Thy choicest gifts may share.
>
> Spirit of light, illumine me,
> The treasures of Thy truth to see;
> Shed on Thy Word Thy radiance bright
> That in Thy light I may see light.
>
> Spirit of love, who lov'st to dwell
> In those who of the Saviour tell,
> Thy tender power to me impart
> That I may speak from heart to heart.
>
> Spirit of Christ, my zeal inspire
> With thine own self-consuming fire,
> That all my ransomed powers may be
> A living sacrifice to Thee."

Among the home songs note specially: "Mother's Baby," who is, of course, the sweetest baby in the world; "The Crystal

Wedding," and the little reminiscent poem, "When My Children Were About Me."

There is a clear note of Christian faith and consequent comfort in "Our Baby:"

"Think of our darling one
Free from its clay,
Dwelling in light and bliss
Not far away.

Think of the little one
In our new home,
Tenderly cared for
Till we shall come.

Think of her bright and free
Learning to know
Far more than we could teach
Her here below.

Take a last lingering look—
Come, love, away,
Till, night and sorrow past,
We meet in day."

If each year, with its passing, brings as rich and diverse gifts to Canadian poetry, it will not be long before there is a golden store for all the world to draw upon.

Ethel Botterill Patterson.

MISS ALICE.

THERE were six of us on board vessel coming from Port Arthur to Owen Sound. Three of us had come from Edmonton and had been joined by the others along the line. All were students returning to Toronto after the holidays; at least, five were students and Simpson, the sixth, an old graduate. Simpson, who was the youngest looking of us all, who had married in the spring in Toronto only to be sent west by the Grand Trunk to take charge of a construction gang. We were all uproariously glad to get back east. The contagious exhilaration of home-coming induced high spirits and merriment. Altogether we were in fine feather.

We had not been on board two hours before we discovered with wide-open eyes that there was just one genuinely attractive girl among the passengers. Apart from her there were half a dozen misses, in pig-tails, bound, no doubt, for the cloistered walls of St. Margaret's, Havergal or Moulton, and two Salvation Army lassies—the latter comely, but quite impossible. And here were we direct from the wind-swept west, where you rarely see a pretty woman, with unlimited capacities for worship, and only one girl upon whom we could lavish our admiration. And her, we did not know.

That the big vessel was speeding us down the lakes and in two days we would be in Toronto became a dull, objective fact. The pleasures of anticipation with which we had fondly consoled ourselves for many days now seemed vain and delusive. Toronto, the delectable, was yet at the other end of the rainbow, and the journey was long. We counselled together. We agreed unanimously the girl was beautiful. Quite beautiful, Simpson said. Not so much that she was handsome, but she had soft yellow hair, deep blue eyes, and the roses played shyly on her delicate cheeks. Added to this her expression was bright and gracious. She wore a blue tailored suit, while she strolled with

a curious swinging stride along the deck, as one accustomed to the sea and a slanting beam.

We concluded she was English. We watched her as we sunned ourselves against the pilot house, and noted her companion. The latter we took to be her father. He was short, stout, middle-aged and might have been an English manufacturer on a holiday.

The problem that confronted us was how were we to meet the lady. As we lazily debated ways and means, Henderson voiced the sentiment of the group when he declared: "She is the kind of lady you would like to fall in with, but you would be disappointed if she would let you flirt with her, and in no case would you venture the attempt." And then we six—Henderson, Stuart, Wilson, Ashley, Simpson and myself—for we insisted on including Simpson—it was all for sport—formed a compact. Which ever fellow was lucky enough to meet her first was to receive a pair of silk-lined gloves from the others in token of his prowess. Also, as Wilson observed: "No one would be such a 'stiff' as not to introduce the remainder of the party, if he were so fortunate."

Of course, she was not to be annoyed in any manner. The meeting was to be of that casual, incidental nature, characteristic of ship life. Any act of gallantry acknowledged was not to count unless it led to further conversation. To these terms we bound ourselves, and pledged that we would play the game fairly. Simpson said he would take merely a passive part in the proceedings because he was a married man and past all such foolery.

At dinner we discovered, over a desert of bald heads, that she sat five tables down the room. Clearly no occasion could present itself at that time to make her acquaintance. It seemed as if the gloves would go a-begging. She kept absurdly close to her father, and the old gentleman appeared to be rather a reserved individual who watched over her with exaggerated solicitude. Wilson scored the first vantage. We were all in the main saloon after dinner. An old lady desired music, and demanded so insistently that she play that she complied. Wilson, sitting near, rose and turned her music with deference and care. She said,

"Thank you," when she had ended and went back to her seat by her father. Well, if that were all we were yet on equal terms. To-morrow, when we would be on the water from sunrise to sunset, would reveal whether his luck would advantage him.

We warmed up to the game and began to play it with intentness. Five of us rose early next morning. English girls are traditional early risers. We saw the sun rise and throw its magic over Lake Superior, but milady did not appear. Indeed, Simpson, who had slept in, gleefully reported about nine o'clock that she was enjoying a late breakfast.

At noon we went through the "Soo" locks. One scrap of information we secured then. Her name was Alice. While we were all on deck watching the passage through the locks we heard her father call her and point to the Canadian customs flag, as the flag "that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Stuart said if it would promote their acquaintanceship he would go and get her the old rag. Simpson, with Henrietta waiting for him to take up the thread of their truncated honeymoon, began to hum softly, "Don't you remember, sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" Truly, indeed, was she desirable in the sight of us all.

The day slipped by. Ashley had a chat with the old gentleman on deck, but Alice was not present. Later in the evening, when she was, he nodded pleasantly to our party, but did not resume his conversation. Wilson condoled with Ashley. Five seats near the piano were pre-empted early that evening, and Simpson, for lack of company, occupied a sixth.

Miss Alice, however, did not play, and we retired to our state-rooms after a dull evening. We would be in Owen Sound by noon next morning. Henderson said it had been a foolish game from beginning to end. He was glad he would be in Toronto to-morrow, where a pretty woman was not such a rarity that a single specimen appeared a goddess. Simpson told him sound sleep would restore his good humor and make him a game loser. At any rate he would not be out his share of the price of gloves for the winner.

But as Stuart and I were packing our grips in the morning

Wilson burst in with the news that Simpson himself had won the prize. "He is on the upper deck," he reported, "chatting with her while they watch the scenery." We were coming up the Sound, and the high, green bluff stood out to our right in the soft sunny haze of autumn.

We hastened on deck. By the wheel-house stood Simpson conversing amiably—father on one side, daughter on the other. "Just as if he were a member of the family circle," Henderson growled. "I suppose he learned the gentle art of advance when he was courting Henrietta."

We came up in a party as near as we thought proper. She turned and glanced at us, and dropped a remark to Simpson, whereat he chuckled. Simpson rejoined us at the wharf. He was not as elated as we expected he would be. Indeed, he seemed rather crestfallen. "I will tell you all about it when we get on the train, boys," he said. We turned the seats in the car to face each other and he told us.

"I have some shocks for you," he announced.

"Let them come," we answered.

"Well," he said, "the fact of the matter is the old party is her husband. That is correct. He introduced me to her. I guess they are on their honeymoon. They are from Duluth. She is an American, native born. He is a Britisher who has become a citizen of the United States."

"Is that all," said Henderson.

"No," and he laughed dryly. "When you fellows came up on deck and made yourselves as conspicuous as you could without being actually objectionable, she said her brother had just left home to go to a 'prep' school, and asked if we were going to one also!" . . . "Boys," he added, "I think we have been rather badly 'stung.'"

We said nothing, but taking our cue from Henderson silently dug into our individual pockets for the price of Simpson's gloves.

D. A. MacGibbon, '08.

GLIMPSES OF NIGERIA AND ITS PEOPLE.

IT has been the privilege of the writer to spend three years in Nigeria, on the West Coast of Africa, engaged in missionary work. This part of the Dark Continent has for many years been unknown, but to-day it stands out as one of the most promising fields for missionary enterprise.

It is a large and picturesque country. A beautiful but dangerous river, the Niger, with its tributaries, forms the great water system. The rivers are navigable, affording a splendid access to every part of the country besides yielding an abundant supply of fresh fish for the natives.

Large flocks of wild ducks live here and it is the home of the hippopotami. The low marshy land on either side of the Niger is cultivated with rice and sugar-cane plantations. The malarial fever, so prevalent in these low-lying places, has kept the country closed to missionary work. Inland, there is a wide plateau four thousand feet high, where numerous small hills are dotted about, some barren, others well wooded. These elevations afford an excellent shelter for herds of deer, flocks of guinea-fowl and partridges, and are also the haunts of leopards and hyenas. Large banana groves have been planted along the small streams which intersect the hills.

Much difficulty has been experienced in travelling along the narrow winding footpaths of the natives. Sometimes these lead through dense forests, then in the open fields among tall bearded grass; at other times they encircle the hills, and, what is worse, pass through streams in which crocodiles lie hidden. But now the British Government is opening the country with wide roads, bridges across the rivers, and railroads to important places.

The most important city is Kano, a large commercial centre about three hundred miles south of the Sahara. Valuable products, such as ivory, skins, ostrich feathers and kola-nuts are

brought there and transported over the desert to North Africa. This city is well known far and wide, not only for its commercial interests, but especially for its slave trade, which the king of Kano and his chiefs carry on among the heathen. One of the friendly tribes, the Nupes, who suffered so much from his hands, now rejoice over their oppressor, who is a prisoner in their country.

The Nupes lead a quiet agricultural life and possess a crude knowledge of many useful trades. They have built for themselves comfortable dwellings made out of clay and thatched with grass. It is their custom to build a house for each member of the family and to enclose them all with a mud wall. They grow large fields of guinea corn, sweet potatoes, yams, peanuts, and red peppers. They dig the soil with a wide hoe, which they have made from the iron stone found in the hills. This implement answers for the plough, the cultivator, and the reaper. They also raise chickens, goats, sheep, cattle and horses, the latter being used only for riding.

In certain hilly sections they are engaged in smelting the iron stone and converting it into various implements. As they do not understand the process of moulding they have to beat the heated ore into thin plates from which they cut and shape spearheads, arrowpoints, knives and nails. Some are able to do carpenter work and make from the rough timber, canoes, chairs, shoes for wet weather, and doors. It is their custom always to drive the nails hot, and consequently it requires the blacksmith to assist in framing the doors. Two cross bars, roughly hewn, are laid down; on these are placed the boards, which overlap. The blacksmith heats the nails and holds them with his pinchers while the carpenter carefully drives them through the boards into the crossbar and clinches them. The heated nails burn their way through the timber and clinch without breaking. The most important industry is weaving. They have learned to make beautiful embroidered robes for the king, cloths for the men, and colored dresses for the women and children. The only part the women take in making their clothes is the spinning.

The Nupes are very hospitable and courteous. When a stranger enters their town, he is taken to the chief, who receives him graciously and makes large provision for his stay. When he is about to leave he presents a small gift to the chief, who in return implores God's blessings to rest upon him in these words: "May the Great Spirit stand between you and Satan." It is the custom of the father upon rising to salute his family with such words as, "Have you risen with a clean eye?" meaning, "Have you risen apart from sin?" The reply is, "I thank the Great Spirit." If two friends meet after an absence of some time, they salute each other by asking, "Is that your face?" "Yes," answers the other, "this is what remains of it."

These people are not without a knowledge of God, but it is so vague and they rely so much upon traditions that their religion may be summed up in one word, superstition. Their conception of Him is that He is a Great Spirit who dwells among them and is the cause of both good and evil. To win His favour they choose a large tree near the village to be His temple and there the men assemble to offer sacrifice. Food and water is placed along the roadside and near the king's house for the benefit of the Great Spirit. All this they call Kute, which is the general term for paganism throughout Nigeria. The women, although respected, have no part in the religious ceremonies. The only reason given is that they are too bad. The men say, "One woman in a thousand may get through to heaven, while fifty per cent. of the men are sure of it."

A great awakening is manifested among the Nupes and other heathen tribes for the gospel. When teaching them for the first time it is customary to gain the confidence of the chief with a gift. He is delighted with such things as highly colored handkerchiefs and especially small looking glasses, for very few have ever seen their faces. Then, at the king's command, the men gather, armed with spears, arrows, knives and the hoe with which they have been working. It is very touching to see them as they listen to the message of the gospel.

Some bow low to the ground and put dust on their heads; others smite their breasts and cry out; still others sit amazed as they listen to the message of Christ, which is higher than their thoughts or ways of doing. At the close they express themselves in words like this: "It is strange we have not heard of Jesus before. We have never heard our language clothed with such truth. Is Jesus a white man? Our fathers told us that the white people possessed wonderful power."

On the other hand there is a great awakening among the Mohammedans. The Hausa, the largest and most influential tribe in Nigeria, is doing much to spread the faith of Islam. As soon as the rains are over they leave their homes in the north in large numbers, taking with them valuable products such as leather, dye, brass work, cloth, and an alkaline mineral found in Lake Chad. These things they trade among the Nupes and other tribes as they journey to the Coast. Busy as the Hausa is in his trading, often weary with the long marches over hot sandy roads, yet he never fails to speak a word for his prophet, Mahomet. As they rest in the heathen towns and villages they write prayers on wooden slates and sell them to the natives. The poor heathen is told to wash them off carefully into a bowl, drink part of the dirty inky water and with the remainder wash his body. In this way he attains to the faith of Islam. He also buys charms made out of portions of the Koran encased in leather. These are to be his guide and comfort throughout life. Before the Hausa leaves the town he has persuaded the chief to accept his faith and build a mosque in honour of Mohamet, in which he himself will worship on his return.

These brief glimpses of Nigeria reveal to us that there are intelligent, friendly tribes in the country who are open for teaching and the gospel. Beginnings have been made by several missionary societies and a few converts won, but the greater part of the people still remain untouched by Christian influence. We have also seen that Mohammedanism is spreading rapidly even under a Christian government. A short time ago a missionary writing in Nigeria said: "I foresee a great revival of the faith of Islam on purely peaceful methods."

The evangelization of this country depends upon the Christian young men and women in our churches. This is Nigeria's opportune time for the gospel. Are there not among those who are preparing for Christian service, some who are willing to forsake home comforts for the honor and privilege of making known to the natives of Nigeria the unsearchable riches of Christ?

CHARLES WADDELL, TH.

LEAP YEAR CUSTOMS.

THE year 1908 has brought us another leap year, for which the month of February must ever plead guilty. It is not my purpose, however, to explain why it is that February must be given twenty-nine days in every year that is known as the Bissextile year. Anyone who is of a scientific turn of mind may learn that easily by reading a learned article on the subject from some dusty tome. But the less weighty theme of leap-year customs will be treated in this rather desultory paper. Few people can tell why a lady is supposed to have the right of laying aside "maiden modesty" and of making proposals of marriage as long as she signs the date 1908. Nor can they say why the gentlemen, if not choosing "to have the pleasure of Miss ————'s company," must, perforce, give her a silk dress to appease her. There are many leap-year parties where the women must act the men's part throughout the entire evening—until it is time to "wend their way" homewards; there are many anonymous valentines and proposals sent by mischievous girls to certain beings sometimes designated as "the dearest things that ever were"; but of those who thoughtlessly take part in such frivolities, few, perchance, know the why and the wherefore. For the special enlightenment of such persons, let it be said that leap-year customs are lawful and time-honored, inasmuch as they date from the days of the patron saint of Ireland.

History is not silent on the subject. We are told that in the year 1288 the following law was passed in Scotland: "It is statute and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk year known as lepe-year, ilk mayden shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes, albeit he refuss to taik hir to be his lawful wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye sum one pundis or less, as his estait may be; except and awis gif he can make it appeare that he is betrothit ane ither woman he shall then be free."

A few years later, a similar law was passed in France, and received the approval of the king. The maidens of Genoa and Florence also were given the same privilege. We are told, however, that "there is no record of any fines imposed under the Scotch law, nor any trace of statistics of the number of spinsters who took advantage of it or of the French enactment."

In England, no written law was needed, but the custom became a *lex non scripta.* The following is taken from a curious little book, entitled, "Love, Courtship and Matrimony," published in London in 1606: "Albeit it now become a part of the common law in regard to social relations of life, that as often as every leap-yeare doth return, the ladyes have the sole privilege, during the time it continueth, of making love either by words or lookes, as to them it seemeth proper; and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

In modern days, so far as we know, there is no written law concerning the matter, as there was not in England. But the "little blind god," probably, is just as busy with his bow and arrow in leap-year as in any other. He may even laugh more over "the pretty follies" lovers commit when the threads may become more easily entangled from both ends.

But why and how and where and when did this custom originate? Myth tells us the great patron saint of the "Emerald Isle," from whence come all other good things, is responsible for all leap-year escapades. One day as St. Patrick was perambulating the shores of Lough Neagh, after he had driven the frogs out of the bogs and the snakes out of the grass, he met St.

Bridget. Now St. Bridget was in trouble, for "dissension had arisen among the ladies in her nunnery over the fact that they were debarred the privilege of 'popping the question.'" St. Patrick, who possessed a genuine Irish heart, tried to comfort his sister saint by telling her that he would concede to the ladies the right of proposing one year in seven. St. Bridget, however, throwing her arms about his neck, exclaimed: "Arrah! Pathrick, jewel, I daurn't go back to the gurls wid such a proposal. Mek it wan year in four." Patrick, delighted, replied: "Biddy, acushla, squeeze me that way again, and I'll give you leap-year, the longest of the lot." "Then," the legend says, "St. Bridget, thus encouraged, bethought herself of her own husbandless condition, and, accordingly, popped the question, herself, to St. Patrick. But, as he had taken the vow of celibacy, he had to patch up the difficulty as best he could with a kiss and a silk gown. And ever since then, if a man refuses a leap-year proposal, he must pay the penalty of a silk gown and a kiss."

We have all often heard of the silk gown, but who, pray, ever hears of the kiss? But, as Topsy would say: "Familiarity breeds contempt."

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Editorial Notes.

IT seems strange that comparatively so few of our students realize the value of THE MONTHLY as a field for training in writing. Even if the one who is now a contributor is not destined to make any great stir in the literary world, the careful preparation of a story or essay for publication entails exercise of the powers of expression and the qualities of invention and imagination, which will prove of practical use in the world of affairs. It stands to reason that every article cannot be accepted; sometimes the piece submitted is not suitable for an academic journal, or rhetorical or grammatical faults make its insertion impossible. The non-acceptance of an article ought not to result in the discouragement of a contributor and the wounding of his susceptibilities, but should act as a stimulus to further endeavour to write worthily. In this connection, it is worth while to note that Maupassant, the greatest writer of short stories that France has produced, served a rude appren-

ticeship, and was compelled by his preceptor Flaubert to write for seven years before his stories were considered fit for publication. No such severity is exercised by The Monthly Editorial Staff. We, therefore, urge students to take advantage of the exceptional opportunities offered them in the college magazine. The effort made to write an acceptable article will prove to be a supplementary means of education and a rounding out of the university curriculum. As a further incentive to the undergraduates, we may add that we have the authority of the Professor of English to say that he has always been willing to accept contributions to The Monthly in lieu of regular essays. Those who are not aware of this fact would do well to submit their literary efforts to the Editorial Board.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: W. F. L. Edwards.

"A bird note thrills the thickets thin and bare,
And lyric blood is warming yonder stream;
Hark! through the roughened whistling of the air,
Spring's reed-pipes echo with a softer theme."—*S. A. White.*

ANOTHER month of March has come and almost gone, and with its progress the skating and other pleasures of winter have slowly faded from the horizon, while the spring exams. cloud, which a month ago was no larger than a man's hand, is assuming Brobdingnagian proportions and threatens to obscure the interest in all things else. Still March has not been without its enjoyments and festive gatherings. There have been Walmer Road receptions and Moulton College skating parties, and Aura Lee skating parties, and "cute" little tobogganing parties, and "round-the-fireside" parties, all of which have been duly weighed in the balance and found delightful. The graduating class have all "sat" for their "pictures—fortunately with only one accident, in which an athletic senior's feelings were lacerated—and the sophomores have also sat in the limelight or rather played hockey in it to no small disad-

vantage. The different societies in the college have been flourishing like the proverbial green bay tree, nor have our inter-college debaters been idle. But alas! such joys must pass, and as our copy goes to press the motto is no longer "fun and study," but "study and plug."

The Intercollegiate Debate.—Induced either by the privilege of "yelling in the hunt" or by the conviction that a man's first duty ever is at home, many loyal students denied themselves the rare treat of hearing William Jennings Bryan on Tuesday evening, February 11th, in order to follow their representatives to Trinity College where a struggle for supremacy in argument was about to take place. After a vocal solo by Mr. Sills, Professor G. O. Smith, who occupied the chair, announced the subject of debate, "Resolved that capital punishment should be abolished." Messrs. J. B. McLaurin and R. C. Bensen of McMaster upheld the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Messrs. L. V. Redman and E. A. Baker of Trinity. The judges were Professor Alexander, Professor DeLury and Principal Hagarty. Mr. McLaurin, the leader of the affirmative, opened by showing that capital punishment should be abolished because it does not adequately meet the desired ends of punishment; that the old idea of revengeful retribution is dying out, and that such a vicious practice as capital punishment can be rendered justifiable only under most exceptional circumstances. He anticipated and refuted most of the arguments produced by Mr. Redman, the leader of the negative. Mr. Redman in a good debating style argued that capital punishment has a strong deterrent effect on the criminal mind. He also contended that since society has given the individual certain rights therefore society is justified if the individual betrays his trust in taking those rights away. The next speaker for McMaster, Mr. R. C. Bensen, maintained that an opportunity for reformation should be afforded every murderer, and proceeded to outline a scheme of imprisonment. Prisoners should be made to labor in the interests of the State, and should receive educational and religious instruction. If reformed at the end of a twenty-year period of confinement, they should be released. The scheme he showed to be feasible and efficient because it is retributive, because it prevents crime through its certainty of application, and because it reforms the criminal and gives back valuable members to society. It is the method of punishment now in vogue in Mexico and in Portugal, and is coming to be talked of more in other countries as the whole of modern popular opinion leans toward a merciful type of punishment. Mr. E. A.

Baker did not attempt to point out any defects in the scheme outlined, but endeavored to show that capital punishment does not contain any of the elements of revenge; that it is a powerful deterrent of crime; that society has the right to take away the life of its unworthy members, and that life imprisonment is only a lengthening out of capital punishment. In the reply Mr. McLaurin effectively answered the arguments of the opponents, and again outlined the proposed scheme of reformation. While the judges were arriving at a decision the audience was amused by responsive singing and college yells on the part of the waiting students, and the enthusiasm was by no means lessened, at least on the part of McMaster, when Professor Alexander announced that it was the unanimous opinion of the judges that McMaster had won.

THE AURA LEE SKATING PARTY.

Anticipation.

Air piping cold,
Maidens glad and students bold,
Moonlight bright, north winds light,
Skates and ice and lunch just right,
A "time" to be retold.

Realization.

Air hardly cooled,
Girls sad and boys fooled,
Dim lights showing, south winds blowing,
Snow and rain, the rink just flowing,
Alas—a trifle sold.

The Evangelistic Band in Chatham.—From February 14th to 24th, inclusive, the McMaster Band carried on a very successful campaign in Chatham. The meetings were held in connection with the William St. Baptist church, of which Mr. W. E. Matthews, B.A., B.Th., is the honored and successful pastor. The Band in this mission was represented by a quartette of speakers and singers, Messrs. W. A. Cameron, B.A., C. S. Edwards, B.A., D. H. Williamson, '08, and N. S. McKechnie, '08. A busy time was spent by the men, as during the ten days' mission they conducted twenty-one services. From the first the campaign was a splendid success. The musical part of each service proved to be a great attraction, and large audiences resulted. Sunday morning meetings were conducted in some of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches of the city, two noonday factory services, two large meetings for students and two men's meetings, besides the regular evening meetings in the Baptist church. The men's meetings are specially noteworthy,

as the first one, held in the opera house, drew an audience of fully eight hundred men, and the second, in the church, about six hundred. The two final meetings in the William Street church on the evenings of Sunday, 23rd, and Monday, 24th, packed the church to overflowing, scores being turned away. The results of the campaign were excellent. A very large number professed conversion, and the pastor reports that the William Street church has received a strong impetus toward aggressive Christian work in all departments of the church life.

A Poor Yell, like a poor relation, is the most irrelevant thing in nature. Weary of toiling for more than a year under the incubus of a yell which has been a perpetually recurring mortification, the sophomores in their growing prosperity offered a substantial reward to any one of their number who could discover a real yell. And a real yell, we are glad to say, has been discovered, a part of which at least has been thoroughly proven. The first line is from Yale's yell, the second from the yell of Kalamazoo, the rest appears to be original. At any rate it has already proved a talisman in leading the sophomores on to victory in athletics, and has won for them the coveted Matthews Cup.

Brekety-Kex, Co-ex Co-ex!
Para-baloo-baloo!
T-E-N! T-E-N!
Nineteen Ten! Huroo!

The Literary Society.—On Friday, Feb. 21st, the Seniors made a final futile attempt to secure the debating championship of the school. The cause of their failure was the Freshmen; the question on which they debated was: "Resolved that in form and operation the Government of the United States is superior to that of Great Britain." Messrs. Ware and Telford supported the affirmative side of the resolution for year '08. Messrs. Newton and Gould, year '11, opposed them. While the judges, Drs. Ten Broecke, Findlay and Hogg, were straightening out the many weighty arguments advanced by both sides, a piano triolet was pleasingly rendered by Misses MacIntosh, Pugsley and Murray, '08, followed by some cornet music by A. T. Mercer, '09. The meeting on Friday, the 28th, was in the opinion of many members one of the most interesting and profitable of the year. J. L. Telford, '08, R. D. Moyle, '08, and L. D. Jackson, '09, who have recently spent some months in the old lands across the sea, with the assistance of a number of stereopticon views, made some of their most enjoyable experiences among the famous landmarks of England and Rome very real to the members present.

THE GRIND.

It's hurry to meals and to lectures,
And it's essays to write every day,
It's executives, church-work or plugging,
It's one hustle at work and at play.

Hark! The breakfast bell! Then the patter
Of slippers; you mustn't be late.
Four lectures this morning? What matter?
Such is the student's fate.

And the lectures begin at eight-fifteen
And last till fifteen past ten,
Then the few short moments of chapel mean
A rest ere you work again.

Two more lectures; then dinner with announcements
Of various executives comes,
And if you skip meetings denouncements
Come from every one of your chums.

And as soon as they're over more lectures
From two until four o'clock;
Then you borrow some skates—someone's wreck'd yours..
Or maybe you take a walk.

But it's tea-time again ere you know it,
Then chapel and reading room.
Then writing a thesis or various pieces
Of Latin and Greek is your doom.

Till the early small hours steal upon you
And you sleepily climb into bed;
No wonder at breakfast at dawn you
Feel just about half dead.

Oh it's hurry to meals and to lectures,
And it's essays to write every day;
It's executives, athletic, debating,
The Lit., student-body, or skating.

Or Volunteer Bands congregating,
And Mission Classes relating
What missionaries are stating,
And it all must continue till May.

It's a bustle from morning till evening,
And it's work every night till late,
The very same style through days and weeks,
Such is the student's fate.

It's only odd times there's a fun day
When there's nothing but pleasure to seek,
For it's plugging on Saturday, church work on Sunday,
And hustle the rest of the week.

The Debating Society.—On Saturday afternoon, February 15th, the subject discussed was : "Resolved, that the poets of England have done more than the statesmen for the advancement of the nation. After a vocal solo by Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, Mr. W. C. Ronson, '10, led the affirmative, Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, the negative. On February 22nd the proposition, "Resolved, that woman suffrage would be in the best interests of the Dominion," was considered. The affirmative was upheld by Mr. R. G. Sanders, '08, the negative by Mr. W. T. Moore, '10. The criticisms of Dr. Keirstead in the first debate and of Dr. Findlay in the second proved very helpful. The decision on both occasions was awarded to the affirmative.

Alarming.—Student (reading essay in sociology class) : In England liquor is given only to children in corked and sealed bottles.

The Theological Society has been neither dead nor sleeping this term, but on two occasions has met in secret conclave to discuss some problems of theology. A very able paper on "The Problem of Evil" was presented by Mr. A. Ward at the meeting in January, and the discussion which followed showed that every member had at least a first-hand knowledge of the subject. The second meeting was held on February 24th, when the Society was privileged to hear an address by Dr. Cross on "The Historical Jesus and the Historic Christ." Needless to say, all the members deeply appreciated the words of Dr. Cross, and carried away as one of the important facts that every great revival is born of a re-emphasizing of the synoptic Jesus and his teachings. A greater number of theologs should attend these meetings, not only to impart but to receive inspiration.

THOUGHTS FROM CICERO.

O mud is mud, and slush is slush;
You step in a puddle, slip! kersplush!
For March is March, and May is May,
We're here to-morrow and gone to-day.

The Student Volunteer Band has held its meetings regularly during the past month. On February 14th Mr. T. J. Hind gave an address on "Preparation for Service." At the meeting of the following week the work in the Soudan was very forcibly presented by Rev. Mr. Bingham, who was engaged there in missionary work for some time. He spoke of the great opportunity offered for work among the natives of the Soudan, an

opportunity which has but recently presented itself. On February 28th Messrs. G. S. Jury and C. D. Jones gave brief accounts of the events leading up to their volunteering and of their probable field of mission work, while at the meeting of March 6th, Mr. C. L. Timpany gave an excellent review of the establishment of modern Protestant missions. The attendance at these gatherings has been encouraging, and it is to be hoped that many may avail themselves of the few remaining meetings.

Our attention has often been called to the terrible effects of over-application in any subject. One of our students, who had been preparing long and earnestly for an intercollege debate on immigration, began his prayers the other night with "It is a blot on the fair name of Canada."

The Classical Seminar.—On Saturday evening, February 22nd, Miss L. J. Craig, '10, gave a very interesting and highly instructive paper on "Roman Luxury," after which Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, very ably and vividly depicted "A Day in Rome, A. D. '70." These papers were followed by a discussion of Roman antiquities and Roman customs. The evening of March 7th was likewise profitably spent, two very excellent papers being read, one having been prepared by Messrs. W. L. Blackadar, '10, and W. J. Donald, '10, on "The Roman Magistrates," the other by Miss M. R. Vansickle, '08, on "The Sack of Rome."

A brief and interesting address was delivered at chapel service the other morning by Rev. P. Albert Costabel, a pastor of the Waldensian Church in Italy, who has been in America for two or three years in connection with the Waldensian Aid Society. M. Costabel spoke feelingly of the centuries of persecution endured by the people of his faith, and concluded with a description of their present hopeful condition and ever lofty ideals. He is a man who enlists immediate sympathy in the Waldensian missionary work.

Economics Class.—(Labor Problems.) Professor: A cask of wine worth ten units if put in a cellar for ten years would be worth twenty units. How do you account for it? Student: Probably the wine worked.

Y. M. C. A.—Already we have been permitted to enjoy some of the privileges to be derived from having a regularly organized

Y. M. C. A. in our University. From Feb. 28 to Mar. 1st a conference of the theological colleges of the Central States and Canada was held at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the student department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations. To this conference Mr. G. G. Vichert, '08, was sent as the representative of McMaster. At the first international convention of the Young People's Missionary Movement, held at Pittsburg, Pa., Mar. 3-5, our society was represented by Mr. H. S. Mullowney, '09. Not only do these conventions benefit us by the inspiring reports which our representatives bring back, but they also give our University a wider recognition among the American colleges.

The Debating Society.—The discussion on February 29th was one of the most animated of the term. The resolution read "That high license is preferable to Local Option in Ontario." The affirmative was led by Mr. G. E. Holmes, '11, the negative contested by Mr. J. L. MacLaurin, '09. Prof. I. G. Matthews acted as critic. The debate was awarded to the negative. Mr. R. C. Crowe, '10, contributed a vocal solo which was much appreciated. On March 7th, after a vocal number by C. S. Robertson, '10, the subject of the intercollege debate, "Resolved, that the total prohibition of Oriental immigration would be in the best interests of the Dominion of Canada," was discussed. Mr. R. C. Crowe, '10, who argued for the affirmative, was opposed by Mr. J. H. L. Morgan, '09. At the close of the discussion Dr. R. Wilson Smith gave some very valuable criticisms. The judges declared that the affirmative had won.

From time to time during the past couple of months most enjoyable experiences have been reported by the several seniors who have represented the Literary Society at the various social functions of sister institutions. The following gentlemen have been the representatives: W. B. Waters at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, F. W. Weston at Pharmacy, D. A. MacGibbon at Trinity, N. J. Ware at Osgoode, R. D. Moyle at the Faculty of Education, E. F. Cohoe at the Normal School, G. G. Vichert at Victoria, D. H. Williamson at the Medical College, A. J. McLaren at the School of Science, and L. C. Harkness at 'Varsity.

A large number of professors and students attended the reception given by the Young People of Walmer Road Church to the Baptist students in attendance at the various colleges in

Toronto. The hosts and hostesses spared no pains to give their guests a hearty welcome, and were entirely successful in their efforts. An attractive musical programme was provided and toothsome refreshments served. Pastor MacNeill made a characteristically happy speech. Altogether the affair was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

Proverbs: Chapter II.

One touch of theology makes the whole world grin.
Money makes the care go.
Professors find some essays still for idle hands to do.
An hour with the wise is worth two with the foolish, but not half so enjoyable.
A ring in the hand is worth two in the imagination.
All is not old that titters.
They that sew in tears shall rip in joy.
A thing of beauty is a toy forever.
The apparel oft works wonders.
A little knowledge doth make cowards of us all (especially about exam. time).
A scolding crone gathers no boss.
Silence makes the heart grow fonder.
A fortune never won fair lady(?).
A Freshman is not learned however long his ears.
Too much familiarity proclaims the Sophomore.
'Tis not the beard that makes the Junior.
'Tis but a step from the senior to the theologue.
Every theologue loves to hear himself pray.
Out of the frying-pan into the fire.
Out of the pulpit into the choir.
It is a good professor who understands his own instructions.
A little money is a dangerous thing.
All kirk and no plays make Jack a dull boy.
You never miss the skating till the rink gets dry.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter."

PEN MEETING OF THE W. L. S.—"All is over and done; render thanks." This quotation does not, we hope, express the feeling of those of our friends who filled Castle Hall to overflowing on the night of March the sixth, and proved such an appreciative audience to the reading from "The Merchant of Venice," but rather of the impersonators themselves, who cannot suppress a faint sigh of relief that the ordeal is over, and if we may believe the congratulations of our friends, so successfully over. The reading from "The Merchant of Venice" was by far the most ambitious production that the society has as yet attempted, but each part in the long and varied list of characters was well taken and well sustained. The following is the list of characters: Antonio, Hope Gray; Bassanio, Dora McKay; Prince of Morocco, Lottie Tapscott; Salanio, Lillian Murray; Salarino, Gladys Jackson; Gratiano, Muriel Farmer; Lorenzo, Winnifred Dengate; Shylock, Emma Kennedy; Tubal, Lottie Tapscott; Launcelot Gobbo, Florence Edy; Old Gobbo, Barrie Duncan; Leonardo, Monroe Tucker; Balthazar, Hope Simpson; Stephano, Maymie Montgomery; The Duke of Venice, Gertrude Pratt; Clerk, Barrie Duncan; Portia, Blanche Edy; Nerissa, Etta Pugsley; Jessica, Elsie McLaurin; Musicians, Gladys Murray, Gertrude Carey, Gladys Jackson. For the success of the production too much credit cannot be given to Mrs. Fenton Arnton, who has given most unsparingly of her talent and of her not so abundant time to make this reading possible. The best expression that the girls can offer of their appreciation of her kindness is the interest they have shown in their efforts to make the reading a success.

AFTERMATH.—At Mrs. Arnton's invitation, the girls who had taken part in "The Merchant of Venice" spent a most delightful afternoon at her charming rooms in Sussex Court. Here Shylock, once more in her usual high spirits, jested with Antonio, who also seemed in a more cheerful frame of mind, while it was rather startling to observe the prosaic and matter-of-fact attitude of the various lovers to each other. Such changes may be worked by a few short days! A most thoroughly enjoyed

feature of the afternoon was the exchange of compliments to the play that had been heard by those present. Who does not enjoy a few sweets with afternoon tea!

Y. W. C. A.—On Feb. 12th the Society was fortunate in having with them Mrs. Russel, who addressed the girls. While the meetings taken by the girls themselves are always excellently prepared and very helpful, there is undoubtedly an added stimulus in the presence and words of our friends when they come to speak to us. The meeting of Feb. 19th was under charge of Miss Florence Edy and Miss McLaurin. Miss Edy read a paper on the subject of the afternoon, "For Self or Service," while Miss McLaurin took the opportunity to urge the importance of the mission study classes. "Lessons from the Lives and Habits of Great Men," the topic for Feb. 26th, proved a very interesting one. Miss McKay and Miss Vansickle had charge of the meeting. The topic for March 4th was to have been "A Girl's Life in Bolivia," but as the leader, Miss Etta Pugsley, truthfully remarked, a girl didn't seem to have much of a life in Bolivia, and she chose another subject, and gave us a most interesting discussion of "Pre- and Postmillenianism." Miss Pugsley very rightly said that most of us know very little and seem to care still less about doctrine, and that it would be a good thing to arouse some interest in the matter. There was no discussion of the topic during the meeting, but the very great interest shown in the informal discussion afterward suggested that it might be profitable to bring up these topics in some of our meetings and have an open discussion on them.

OF ALL THE BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

Of all the beautiful pictures
  That hang on the ladies' room wall,
The ones of old theologue classes
  To me are the best of all.
Not for the names, now famous,
  Modestly printed below,
For none of these eminent gentlemen
  Had I ever the pleasure to know;
Not for their graceful postures,
  Nor the placid charm of each face,
As they smile all day at the co-eds.
  With a calm theological grace;
Not for the flowing whiskers
  That spread o'er each manly breast,
Nor the gleam of their stand-up collars
  Seem they to me the best.
But once in this room I took lectures
  In subjects both learned and deep,
And before me there hung these same pictures

And watched o'er my innocent sleep.
In the long afternoons, after dinner,
I would try with my mind in a maze
To follow the speeding professor
As he hastened through learning's hard ways.
But my brain in the effort grew weary,
And oft as the minutes lagged by
I would turn my dim eyes to these pictures
So peacefully hanging on high.
And then as the soft shades of slumber
Would gradually fold about me
The whiskered smiles of these theologues
Were the very last things I would see.
Thus, of all the pictures
That hang on the ladies' room wall,
The ones of old theologue classes
To me are the best of all.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—In the cosy tea-room of the Tea Pot Inn one frigid evening in February there was held what might be called the inaugural tea of the Student Volunteer Movement among the women students of McMaster. The Society itself is as yet scarcely as large as its title, though it is hoped and expected by its members that the interest will grow among the girls, and that a number more will join, even this year. The members are studying Dr. Brown's book on the "Qualifications of a Missionary."

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLE, '06.

"It's strange how the price of coal keeps up."—*Czar of Russia.*

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY AND OTHER THINGS.—The athletic life of McMaster University would be far from being complete without its array of inter-year struggles. Each term the games are contested with a great deal of speculation, a good amount of excitement, and no end of amusement. They produce many players, who otherwise might never be discovered, for example, the great Bert Vining blossomed into fame some years ago through inter-year hockey. This year the hockey games were quite up to the standard. Freshmen and sophomores yelled just as loudly as ever they did; light-hearted theologs chatted as gaily with fair maidens along the boards, and were so inattentive to the game as always they are; jovial juniors

and staid seniors argued as to the outcome just as though they knew all the ins and outs of the science in the same old-fashioned way, and the game went on.

To attempt a detailed analysis of these contests, to describe the dresses of the ladies, the casualties, the officials, and the many other tragic details would be to attempt a description of old Vesuvius in eruption, without using poetry, and only prose is allowed in this column.

Herewith we publish a list of the contests:

Feb. 17th—'10 vs. '11, won by '10, score 3-2.

Feb. 19th—'10 vs. '09, won by '09, score 10-3.

Feb. 25th—'09 vs. '08, won by '09, score 4-3.

Feb. 28th—'08 vs. '10, score 2-2.

Mar. 3rd—'08 vs. '10, won by '10, score 4-1.

'09 won first place with the following team: McLaurin, Laing, Jury, Hayden, Robinson, Perron, Detlar.

'10 won second place with the following actors: Crowe, McKay, Robertson, Firstbrook, Iveson, Curtis, Sayles.

The Palm of Victory.—There are many kinds of palms. There are the palms under which you like to sit between the songs; then there are the palms of hands which you like to—look into if you are a—fortune teller; there are also palms of victory. Such are the palms sought after by the athletes of this institution. One of these is the Matthew's Cup, sought after by burglars some few seasons ago. This year the Matthew's Cup, emblem of victory in inter-year frays, goes to the sophomores, known in classical language as the year 1910. We congratulate them on their hard-earned victory. They deserve it. We trust that this worldly advancement may not give them enlarged cerebellum.

A Sectional Skating Affair.—The management of the Aura Lee rink kindly placed their sheet of ice at McMaster's disposal over a month ago for an evening's skating. Twice did it snow, and twice did shy maidens and gallant youths suffer disappointment. Then the moon grinned on the last Tuesday night of February. We all went up, but the moon smiled so loud that it melted the ice, and it was all off—ice, party, and maidens plus the youths.

The Great J. B.—Those who have followed the games this winter in which St. George's figured will have noticed the prominent part which J. B. McArthur, '05, has played. J. B. has not forgotten how to play the game, and we have not forgotten J. B.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: C. S. EDWARDS, '06.

F. T. TAPSCOTT, '97, M.A. '00, has resigned his pastorate in Victoria, B.C.

L. H. THOMAS, B.A., 99, B.Th., '01, is leaving Guelph after some six years of successful service.

GEORGE E. TOMKINSON, '05, assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lowell, Mass., is making a success of the Young Men's Bible Class. More than seventy-five young men attend.

FREDERICK C. MABEE, '04, M.A. '05, is a graduate that McMaster remembers with peculiar pride and love. His work in Harvard during the past three years has brought honor to his Canadian university. His many friends will be glad to learn that he has volunteered to go to China in the service of Missions.

ISN'T that like Naught-five? E. R. Fitch wants fifteen thousand dollars, please! It seems he has a lot where he would like to see a church erected. It reminds us of the tramp who said: "Would you mind sewing a shirt on this button, mum?"

WE congratulate A. H. Baker, '04, upon the honor he has received in being elected assistant treasurer of the Medical Society in the University of Toronto. This election also means that Mr. Baker will be President of his year for 1908-09.

No doubt homesickness is responsible for it. We thought last month we had J. R. Coutts, '05, immovably established in Cleveland, "making gas from straw." But when a man has a special car at his service he is apt to sing like our hilarious undergraduates:

> "By gee whiz! Let the blamed train siz;
> I'm going back."

At all events he came and we enjoyed his visit.

NAUGHT--SIX is the banner class for missionaries. Two more members of the year have volunteered for foreign service. Geo. R. M. Wells, who is at present taking theology in Newton Theological Seminary, is one of these. India or perhaps Bolivia will be the field of his service.

The other volunteer is Ernest J. Chave. He is now in Nelson, B.C., selling real estate for A. N. Wolverton & Co. He expects to

return to McMaster next fall to join the theological ranks. Ernest has never been false to his name. The Baptist Church in Nelson will lose its Sunday school superintendent and one of its most zealous workers when E. J. returns to his alma mater.

J. A. Ferguson is one of McMaster's sons who are filling useful and honored places in the world. In '98 he left us with *plus ultra* for his motto. His quest of the beyond made him a disciple of Aesculapius, and in 1903 he was graduated a Doctor of Medicine. For a year he ministered to the aches and pains of hospital wards, and then he hung out his shingle in Rudyard, Mich. For the past four years the ills that trouble the flesh of Rudyard have been his personal concern. Dr. Ferguson's enjoyment of his profession is a measure of the success he is achieving. We feel inclined to translate *plus ultra* thus: "Still there's more to follow."

We have before plumed ourselves upon the achievements of various leaders of Naught-one. This month we call attention to another member of the shining galaxy—W. C. Gordon. This modest alumnus is a geologist, and for a number of years he has been leaving behind him footprints on the sands of time, or, speaking more scientifically, on the strata of Michigan. The record of these footprints has been published by the State of Michigan, under the title, "Gordon on Black River." A survey of this report, covering some five hundred pages, creates the conviction that McMaster has strong reasons to be proud of Mr. Gordon. We expect all the members of Naught-one will indulge in "Hulla-ba-loo-ya," their war-whoop of undergraduate days. Mr. Gordon has recently accepted a position with the United States Steel Corporation.

J. H. Cranston, B.A., of Class '05, who has been on the staff of the Toronto Star since graduation, was for some time this winter Parliamentary correspondent of that paper at Ottawa. While a student at Woodstock College, he served an apprenticeship to journalism with the Woodstock Sentinel-Review. During his whole course at McMaster Herb. was on the staff of The Monthly, as reporter during the first two years, as editor of "Athletics" in the third, and of "Around the Hall" in his fourth, filling each position in an almost ideal manner. Beginning his work on The Star as an assistant to the editor, he was soon given charge of "Everybody's Column," and latterly has been editor of the Sporting Extra, a late edition of the paper that has added to the Star's popularity. His promotion to the responsible position of Parliamentary correspondent is a sign of the confidence shown in his ability by his superiors. We who are still at the old school are glad to hear of his prosperity.

THE following item is from the *Mail and Empire* of March 5th: "Mr. R. H. Mode, M.A., B.D., a graduate of the University of Toronto in Arts and of McMaster University in Theology, has been appointed to a permanent position on the staff in Semitics of the University of Chicago. After completing his undergraduate courses, Mr. Mode acted for a couple of years as lecturer in Hebrew in McMaster, and carried on graduate study in Orientals with Professor McCurdy, at the University of Toronto. He then went to the University of Chicago, where for the last two years, under the direction of Prof. R. F. Harper, he has been engaged in deciphering and translating Babylonian cuneiform texts of the Sumerian period. The results of his researches will appear in due time from the University of Chicago *Press*. He expects to go to the East shortly to carry on further investigations."

GOING UP! Quite a few of our graduates in the ministry appear to have adopted the watchword of the elevator man.

First we congratulate J. A. Hilts, of Arnprior, who has been called to fill the pulpit of the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, Belleville. A more desirable pastorate would be difficult to find.

Another pastor on the move is Hughson W. Wright, '05. He transfers his household gods from Goderich to Royce Avenue, Toronto. With respect to this advance, we are inclined to imagine the elevator took a kink. However, as Mr. Wright intends to pursue further studies in McMaster we prophesy his ultimate arrival at the top storey.

There is no doubt about the destiny of A. L. Huddlestone. His goal is the skies. His latest use of the elevator was his flight from Wentworth Street, Hamilton, to St. Catharines, where he succeeds Dr. S. S. Bates. It is apparent that Mr. Huddlestone will need a balloon at no distant date. His past record is a series of achievements in the ascending order. The formula reads thus:

$$(\text{B.A.})\ (\text{'02}) + (\text{B. Th.})\ (\text{'04}) + (\text{B.D.})\ (\text{'07}).$$

Not content with this imposing algebraic quantity, Mr. Huddlestone is about to add another term, to wit, M.A., of which he has already completed Part I. in Philosophy. Evidently he intends to monopolize the alphabet. His degrees represent ten years of ceaseless mental grind and brain-sweat. But through it all the toiling scholar never lost his sunny heart. His smile is as broad and beaming to-day as it was in those olden days when the blood-curdling prolongation of "Hoodles" used to resound through corridor and dormitory. His sunny ways, no doubt,

have contributed to his success as a pastor in Hamilton. Under his ministry in Wentworth Street, the membership increased very considerably, while the growth in the congregation was a fine tribute to his popularity. The Monthly wishes Mr. Huddlestone success in his new pastorate.

God makes his best the ministers of the meanest. So it appears as we think of Volney A. Ray beyond the Atlantic and the Equator serving the black denizens of the Congo. How noble and good a soul he was—and is—many worthier pens than ours could record. Naught-three was proud of him; McMaster honored him; all who knew him loved and admired him. He is a man, a scholar and—we say it soberly—a hero! Last September he landed on the dark continent, and went to his station at Lukunga in the Congo. There he is laboring to-day, seeing only black faces, meeting only darkened minds. But he is wrestling with his difficulties with characteristic cheerfulness and Scotch grit. He is in the game to win, and to do it with a laughing heart. At present he is sweating over the lingo of the land; for an intense desire to get preaching among the natives is consuming him. The prospects are indeed bright: thirty-four have been baptized since his arrival in the country. Meantime, his chief ministry is spent upon the bodies rather than the souls of the natives. The sick and the afflicted bring their ailments to him, and frequently the day is spent diagnosing, prescribing and dispensing. Mr. Ray was married last June to Miss Bernice McCall, of Galt, who is his worthy helpmeet in all his labors. May God protect and bless these brave young missionaries as they follow in the footsteps of Livingstone and Stanley.

We have the pleasure of recording in this issue the marriage of a well-known member of the class of Naught-five. On February 5th, Rev. George W. Young, pastor of the Kenilworth (Ont.) Baptist Church, was quietly married to Miss Evaline Parker, daughter of the late Samuel Parker. Rev. Dr. Perry performed the ceremony, which took place at the bride's home, 243 Carlton Street, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Young have taken up their residence at Kenilworth, where they have the best wishes of a large circle of McMaster graduates and undergraduates, who knew Mr. Young when he pursued his course here.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MISS GWENDOLINE ROBINSON.

THE skating party given by the Faculty to the girls of the third and fourth year classes was most enjoyable. The evening was clear, and in spite of the bad weather at the beginning of the week, the ice was in splendid condition. The rink was well lighted with lanterns, and music was provided by a number of Italian gentlemen, who took turns at playing a street piano. Most of the guests enjoyed a pleasant two hours of skating, but for those who did not skate games were provided in the drawing-room. About eleven o'clock they all went into the house, where refreshments were served.

ON the evening of St. Valentine's Day the members of the Heliconian Society enjoyed a special treat in hearing Mrs. Jean Blewett, one of our Canadian poetesses, read selections from her own poems. Among those rendered by Mrs. Blewett in her very pleasing manner were: three poems on "Work," "She Just Keeps House for Me," "He Was Scotch and So Was She," and "His Valentine." Mrs. Blewett's poems—simple, human and realistic as they are—appeal strongly to all who read them.

AS it was St. Valentine's Day, the last poem read by Mrs. Blewett was received by the girls with special enthusiasm and interest. The words on the old valentine, now grown yellow with age, re-read by the husband and wife as they sat discussing the growing attachment of their son for some "layde faire," brought back their own young romance and love.

> "I love you, I love you with all my heart,
> And fain would I call you mine,
> My Mary, my darling, my beautiful girl,
> Will you be my Valentine?"

This poem turned our sympathies quite in favor of the patron saint of the day, who works such havoc in the hearts of the young.

A LARGE number of the girls attended the concerts given by the Mendelssohn Choir in Massey Hall last month.

WE were fortunate in having Mrs. McLaurin with us at our last missionary prayer meeting. Mrs. McLaurin gave us a most interesting talk on a Sunday spent in a frontier mission station in India. Being the mother of Miss Katie McLaurin, one of Moulton's representatives in the mission field, Mrs. McLaurin was doubly welcome.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

February* Budget.

THE day of Prayer on January 23rd was very helpful to all who were privileged to attend the services and prayer-meetings to which the day was devoted. In the morning Dr. McKay preached an inspiring sermon in our own chapel. In the afternoon Dr. Thomas came and talked with some of the girls. Dr. Thomas is always a very welcome visitor among us, and we were glad that he was able to conduct one of our mid-week prayer-meetings during the last month.

The study of Canadian literature has been given very little prominence in our schools generally. We as Canadians do not know enough about our own writers and their works. So in order to learn more about Canadian literature, an evening of the Heliconian Society was devoted to two of our Canadian writers, namely, Archibald Lampman and Henry Drummond. Biographies of these two men were given, and selections from their poems were read. The singing by a quartette of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" received great applause. Several piano solos by the girls completed a very enjoyable programme.

On Friday evening, January 17th, the pupils of the Preparatory Class were entertained by the Faculty. Judging from the laughing and talking they all must have had a very jolly time.

Our annual sleigh drive, held last week, was a great success. The evening was bright and clear, and promptly at half-past seven a much be-wrapped and be-furred company of students and teachers, to the number of fifty-seven all told, issued from the College with spirits light and expectations high. An immense sleigh with six horses stood waiting to receive us, and that was where our only troubles began. After much pushing up, and many insistent repetitions from the drivers of "Plenty of room at the front," we were at last all packed in safe and sound and soon were off. The air was made to ring with our new College yell, until our throats were sore and our voices nearly gone. After a two-hour tour of the city we came back to Moulton happy and hungry. An oyster supper, which had been prepared for us, remedied this, however, and with cheers for the Faculty, Miss Cruickshank and ourselves, our sleigh drive was over.

*Too late for insertion last month

GRANDE LIGNE.

EDITOR: L. A. THERRIEN, '94.

FIRST and foremost, Feller Institute delights to honor Christ. Through His servant, Geo. R. MacFaul, McM. '95, He is this week enriching us with blessing, in special meetings. A large number of the boys and girls have already declared their allegiance to Him as Saviour.

THERE are advantages to be had in McMaster University that no other College in the country can offer our Baptist young people. Consequently, we here at Feller Institute regret that so many of our graduates prefer to stay near home and attend McGill. We, nevertheless, are happy to note the worthy positions they are taking in that College. Of the twelve Feller graduates attending McGill this year, one is valedictorian of Class '08, besides being President of the "Cercle Francais;" another has been President of his class two years in succession; still another holds a special scholarship from the Grand Trunk Railway on the strength of good work done in their shops; a fourth figures promptly in social and athletic circles; four of them are officials in the College Y. M. C. A., and last, but not least, our Dr. Masse's daughter has distinguished herself on several occasions in three years' time, as the winner of the highest prizes to which she was eligible. These twelve young people are one and all out and out Christians and are sure to be a credit to themselves, to us, and to their country.

FELLER INSTITUTE shelters beneath one of her broad wings sixty of the choicest girls and young ladies in the land. Dainty "co-eds," but not so dainty that good solid housework repels them. They even find time for rousing basket-ball series, and then run away with the first places in many classes. The Atlantas are not all gone yet. We have a few here.

IN the blinding snowstorm of February 8th, the Feller "Old Boys now in McGill" beat our hockey team on its own ice, 3-2. Our efforts to "cultivate a smile of joy" are made more serious, however, by the fact that the return match in Montreal came out with exactly the same result. And then, on top of that, to have Montreal High School "do" us, 6-0! Well, we sing the Song of the Sourdough: Though "we're up against a bruiser and we're getting knocked about," we try to "grin."

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Rev. Theodore Lafleur, LL.D.

THE
McMaster University Monthly
APRIL, 1908.

THEODORE LAFLEUR.

IN the death of Rev. Theodore Lafleur, which took place October the 13th, 1907, Montreal lost one of its best citizens, Grande Ligne Mission its most distinguished laborer, and French Protestantism one of its strongest advocates. This truly great man held a very large place in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, especially those of the same faith, and was highly esteemed by all who came into personal contact with him. His name was *Lafleur*, which, by interpretation, means "The Flower," and he was indeed *the flower* of French-Canadian Protestantism.

It is my purpose to speak of him briefly as a man, a Christian, a missionary, a writer and a preacher.

As a Man Dr. Lafleur was a unique personality. Contact with him for a single hour convinced an observant mind of this fact. It is a trite saying that "Man is the noblest work of God." Doctor Lafleur was a man, and a noble man, a beautiful specimen of truest manhood. It has also been said that God is the noblest work of man—the highest ideal man can form of infinite power, wisdom and goodness. There are few men, if any, who have given to their fellows a higher ideal of the Divine Being than Dr. Lafleur. If nobility of character means the absence of meanness, of narrowness, and of egotism; the presence of honor, of dignity, and of generosity—then Dr. Lafleur was a man of noble character. His very mien bore the marks of nobility. In repose, his face reminded one of the lion—strength, dignity and self-control. And yet, this strong, austere face could in an instant, in conversation, or in preach-

ing, be transformed into the kindliest, tenderest and loveliest expression of high-bred, broad-cultured and sympathetic manhood.

He also was a "man among men," possessing remarkable power of adaptability, being as much at home with the rich as with the poor, with the learned as with the unlettered, in the aristocratic homes of Europe as in the homes of American democracy. He could find equal pleasure sitting on the steps of a railway station, as the writer saw him once, amongst a company of uneducated farmers, disclosing to them some of the secrets of the resplendent heavens which shone over their heads, as he was in a vast assembly of cultivated hearers, addressing them on the great problems, moral and spiritual, which exercise the highest powers of the human mind.

Though by nature serious, and perhaps a little austere, no one could laugh more heartily, or appreciate humor and wit more thoroughly than he could, and few men could tell more adroitly a humorous story. His fine and high-strung organism made him exceedingly sensitive to his surroundings, and liable to experience acute pain, or keen enjoyment as those surroundings were congenial or otherwise.

As a conversationalist, especially in his own language, which he spoke perfectly, few were his peers. His wonderful memory of names, dates and events, joined to a rich vocabulary and beauty of expression, made him a centre of great attraction in a social gathering. It was always a surprise to his friends that he could enter so minutely into the accounts of historical events and describe so vividly scenes enacted on the stage of history.

This gift, accentuated by his courteous and graceful manners, made him a welcome guest, especially in the homes of refinement. Writing to a mutual friend, after Dr. Lafleur had been entertained in his home, a college president lately said of him: "A more lovely man I have never met."

As a Christian Dr. Lafleur was not only a true man, a noble man, but also a thorough Christian man. Born in the Roman Catholic Church, when still in his early manhood he severed his connection with that institution because its teachings

did not satisfy his critical mind, nor its spirit meet the cravings of his heart. Living at the time in the home of a Christian uncle, himself a convert from the Roman Catholic Church, he met there the teachings and the atmosphere which suited the needs of his spiritual nature. Not the large village church, with its ornate and complicated ritual, not the confessional box, nor the resplendent altar, where he himself, as an attendant, was wont to serve, but a small corner of his uncle's house, became to him the Bethel which he, through life, referred to with the tenderest emotions; for there had God spoken peace to his troubled soul.

To him, Christianity was above all a life. It meant character or nothing. One of his last utterances to his pastor was this: "God will receive us not for our professions, but for what we have attained." The science of right living was uppermost in his mind. God in man working out his gracious purposes of wisdom and love, more particularly in the evolution of Christian manhood, was a favorite theme in his teachings. He detested cant and formalism, and abhorred insincerity. He on the other hand respected religious sentiment, even when expressed in the superstitious counting of beads, or the erroneous and ascetic practices of ignorant religiousness. A storm would gather on his noble brow, whenever he detected in anyone evidences of disloyalty to truth or virtue, or when he discovered the least traces of insincerity in the lives of professing Christians.

Prayer was to him an interview with the Infinite. One needed only to hear him pray to be made conscious of God's presence, and of the sublime solemnity of prayer itself. When he was a student in Geneva, Switzerland, after hearing him pray in a public meeting, a lady of high culture asked: "Who is this young man who prays like an angel and makes one feel so small before God?" The grandeur of the universe, the display of God's wisdom and power in the works of His hands, filled him with awe and the spirit of adoration. He revelled in astronomy, and again and again, in the course of conversation, or in his discourses, would he refer to the innumerable worlds which God has strewn like golden dust in the immensity of space, or to Aurora, who with rosy fingers, every morning,

draws aside the curtains of night. Again, in one of his last utterances, were these words: "He who created the innumerable worlds, which shine with so much splendor in the wide expanse of heaven, who gave power to man to discover these worlds far beyond the scope of vision, who has given man a mind to study them and to analyze them, will not forget the least of His children."

As a Writer Dr. Lafleur did not distinguish himself by the publication of any great book, but were his writings gathered together and published, they would form several volumes of valuable literature. His sermons, his numerous essays on various subjects, evincing the power of deep thought and literary taste, his articles published in the French papers, *Le Semeur Canadien* and *l'Aurore*, many of which were reproduced by the European press, well deserve publication in book form; and it will be very much to be regretted if some, at least, of this great man's great thoughts are not given in permanent form to the public, and preserved for future generations.

As a Missionary Dr. Lafleur has left an indelible mark upon the history of French Protestant missions.

Madame Feller was by some one accused of having prepared only gentlemen missionaries. In preparing Dr. Lafleur she prepared both a gentleman and a missionary.

More than is generally supposed did this man of God work for the emancipation of his countrymen from the thraldom of ignorance, superstition and error. By writing, teaching, preaching and visitation, he contributed a large share to the great work accomplished among the French in Canada by the various Christian missions.

He was indeed a gentleman missionary, but he did not disdain to visit the humblest homes, and there, hour after hour, pour forth the light of truth which filled his own soul.

Professor Bracq, of Vassar College, writing of Dr. Lafleur, says: "I have always had for him the highest esteem, and considered him a great personality in the Canadian life, and *the* notable personage of our French Protestantism. My first acquaintance with him, our visitation together in the homes of Montreal, to carry the light of the gospel, have left upon my

mind memories that will never fade. He has now joined the immortal dead, who live again in the lives of those they have made better and happier. I am grateful for the privilege given me to know and to love him."

But in no sphere, perhaps, did our lamented friend shine with more lustre than that of—

The Preacher. Dr. Lafleur, amongst French-Canadian preachers, easily ranked first in this sphere. There are at the present time about one hundred preachers in the French pulpits of Canada and the United States. Amongst these, there are able and powerful preachers, but Dr. Lafleur excelled them all. His profound thought, his breadth of mind, the beauty of his diction, and especially the greatness of his soul, made him a powerful and most attractive speaker. He might well have borne the title of "The Silver-Tongued Orator." Whenever he lifted his voice in any assembly, if he spoke in his own language, all remained spellbound.

In an article published in *l'Aurore* of the 8th of November, the able pastor of the French Congregational Church of Torrington, Conn., the Rev. J. Provost, among other things, says:

"Lafleur was a disciple of Vinet; he lived in the company of that great master, but he did not copy him. He must need have ideas to speak, and he spoke well. Lafleur does not preach dogmatically, he simply expounds with breadth of thought the features of the teachings of Christ. He believes in the restoration of man through the power of the Gospel. His discourse on the Prodigal Son is a powerful plea in behalf of right living. He invites the sinner to return to God. He takes him in his arms and places him on the way to reformation and to happiness. After listening to this discourse, Professor Cornu repeated the words of Rambert: "It is great."

I make bold to assert that amongst the French-Canadian preachers, Lafleur alone attained to the sublime. I have many a time felt the thrill of enthusiasm in listening to him. Never did he seem grander to me than the last time I heard him. It was in Springfield, Mass., in the French Evangelical Church, on Bliss Street. He spoke of Canada, his country, so dear to his heart. The veil of sorrow came over his soul as he beheld

the saddening picture of stifling ignorance and superstition which paralyzes the Province of Quebec. Suddenly, he assumed the role of the prophet. His broad brow became all illuminated, and this cry fell from his lips:

"Ah, let us never despair. The struggles and the sorrows of the past cannot remain unfruitful. Tears and prayers are sacred in the eyes of God and man.

"Behold the axemen of the forest! It is winter, cold is intense. The trunk of a mighty tree lies on the ground. One of these brave woodmen stops and says: 'Bring chips.' He lights a fire, the chips burn out and the log remains cold. 'Bring chips!' The fire flames up again to go out a second time. 'Chips, chips! more chips!' And the woodmen warm up to the task and heap up chips on the fire. Presently the log begins to burn, it seems to groan and weep. Chips! Chips! And the flames rise up in the air; they lick right and left. Heat is now intense; the huge log is burning aglow! Joy shines on all faces. The fire will no more go out!

"Our missionaries in Canada have started small fires, let us not allow them to go out. Let us bring chips to these fires—I mean armfuls of souls, honest and true. Ah! I see in the future that honest people, the French-Canadians, rise in power, and start on their search after the good, the true and the beautiful."

After the service, adds Mr. Provost, I took Lafleur's hand and repeated to him the words of St. Beuve to Vinet: "The last page is closed with a look upward."

This sketch could hardly be closed with more fitting and charming words than the following, from the pen of the Rev. A. E. Haydon, of Fort William, Ont.:

THEODORE LAFLEUR.

God lingered in His garden glory-bright,
With love-sad eyes seeking a gift for men;
Then chose a flower that nestled pure and white,
And breathed.—"Fair flower, in yonder earthly fen
Is need of fragrance, sweetness, beauty, light.
Go, dwell a moment; then come home again."
Grateful for all that life of love and power,
Men call him still, "A gift of God, the Flower."

A. L. Therrien.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

II.

WITH the close of his Walden experiment I think we may say that Thoreau's time of preparation was over. He had written a good deal and had lectured at intervals, but for the remaining fifteen years of his life we may say that he deliberately sought to gain the ear of the public for his message. While at Walden Pond, Thoreau had prepared the manuscript of "A Week on the Concord." Ten years had elapsed since he first thought out the plan of this book, so we cannot accuse Thoreau of having hurried into print. He was a master-writer before his first volume went to press.

As before noted, it was in August 1839 that Thoreau and his brother had set out on the little voyage that has served to make him more famous than many a traveler who has girdled the globe. It consisted of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." His account of it he now published in the year 1849. How simple and yet how ingenious is the plan of this little book. After a brief introduction he writes seven chapters, each named after a day of the week. Interwoven with the details of the journey are his reflections on nature, religion, life, philosophy and literature. His treatise on friendship is included in this work and this essay alone would give immortality to it even were the rest of little worth. In reading you have in your nostrils not a close atmosphere, impregnated with the odor of midnight oil, but with the perfume of the pines; not the tick-tock of the midnight clock but the ripple of waves, the music of the night wind, or the morning song of birds. It is true he is "exquisitely literary," to borrow a phrase from one of his editors, but the reader never seems in-doors while reading. The essay on friendship is contained in the chapter called Wednesday and begins: "While we float here, far from that tributary stream on whose banks our friends and kindred dwell, our thoughts, like the stars, come out of their horizon still, for

there circulates a finer blood than Lavoisier has discovered the laws of—the blood, not of kindred merely, but of kindness, whose pulse still beats at any distance and for ever.'' This is the first stanza only of that noble poem.

In the chapter entitled ''Sunday,'' Thoreau expresses some of his thoughts on the subject of religion. He stood for absolute freedom of thought. For New England Calvinism he has nothing but aversion. He says sharply. ''You did not invent it, it was imposed on you, examine your authority.'' Even the Unitarian Church was too narrow for him and he withdrew from it, so we are much surprised when he writes in *The Week*:

''It is remarkable, that notwithstanding the universal favor with which the New Testament is outwardly received, and even the bigotry with which it is defended, there is no hospitality shown to, there is no appreciation of the order of truth with which it deals. I know of no book that has so few readers. There is none so truly strange, heretical and unpopular. To Christians no less than Greeks and Jews it is foolishness and a stumbling block. There are, indeed, severe things in it which no man should read aloud but once: 'Seek first the Kingdom of heaven' and 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth'; If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; for what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Think of this, Yankees.''

Such reflections are interwoven with the most fresh and charming descriptions of the river, the fish of its waters, the flora, fauna and human inhabitants of its shores.

The success of this little work was not immediate. There were one thousand copies printed and he had to store about seven hundred of them in his own garret, after they had been on sale for two years.. He was nothing daunted. He merely cracked a joke about it and went on writing. He said: ''I have a library now of more than a thousand volumes, seven hundred of which I wrote myself.'' He covered the expense of the publishing by working hard at surveying, in which business he was an adept.

In his writings Thoreau frequently employs the allegorical style. There is one little instance of this in "Walden," in which I think he refers somewhat wistfully to the failure of his first work. He says:

"Not long since a strolling Indian went to sell baskets at the home of a well-known lawyer in my neighborhood.

"'Do you wish to buy any baskets?' he asked.

"'No, we do not want any,' was the reply.

"'What,' exclaimed the Indian as he went out of the gate, 'do you mean to starve us?'

"I, too had woven a kind of basket of a delicate texture but I had not made it worth anyone's while to buy them."

We must not think that Thoreau confined his natural history studies to the neighborhood of Concord. He made a number of excursions into neighboring regions and his diary notes have been made into unique volumes during the years that have elapsed since his death. In 1846 he made an excursion into the wilds of Maine. He repeated this excursion and his experiences are narrated in his posthumous volume "The Maine Woods." In 1849 and later he made excursions to Cape Cod to study the phenomena of the sea-beach and there gathered the material which afterwards made up the book called "Cape Cod." But neither of these works appeared in their entirety in his life time. In September, 1850, he visited Montreal and Quebec and wrote up the French Canadian under British rule pretty thoroughly. At that time there were garrisons of regulars in both centres and this fact with the continual spectacle of priests and nuns in their peculiar garbs led him to write: "The inhabitants of Canada appear to be suffering between two fires—the soldiery and the priesthood."

In 1854 "Walden" was published. This book supposedly contains the story of his life in the woods by Walden Lake, but in reality that is only the bread whereon he stretches his philosophy of The Simple Life, or of "Low Living and High Thinking."

The reception with which "Walden" met was very gratifying when compared with that extended to Thoreau's first volume, "The Week." The edition was entirely bought up within two

years. His reputation was now established in spite of much ungentle criticism. He was dubbed "An American Diogenes," "A Humbug," etc., but his genius was so clearly revealed in "Walden" that all attacks were rendered entirely innocuous.

But now, just as he seemed to be entering upon a period of popularity, the first indications of ill-health appeared. This was in 1855. However, for five years longer he was able to continue his excursions and his inevitable note-taking. Two books had appeared from his pen and also a number of magazine articles. We know that two other volumes were definitely projected by him, namely, one on the North American Indian and another on the Seasons. He was indefatigable in his work of accumulating material for the former, and left a good deal of information and suggestive thought upon the subject. The latter, a book descriptive of the four seasons as they occur in Massachusetts, his literary executors have been able in a manner to produce from his wonderful diaries. The *modus operandi* has been as follows: They would go back over the journal and collect all the notes of interest under the heading of June, say, for many years, and similarly for the other months. They were thus able to group together the whole of his observations on the Seasons, though not in the coherent, unified form he would doubtless have adopted. The result was not wholly satisfactory, but it is the best that could be done, and as a result we have four books published posthumously under the titles, "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter."

In 1860 his last long fatal illness began. He had been suffering for years from bronchial troubles but now it became evident that he must die from tuberculosis, the curse of his family. He resisted death for two years, but at the end of that time passed peacefully away on the morning of May 6th, 1862. He was taken away just as he appeared to be entering upon the harvesting time of his patient and laborious intellectual life. It is certain that there was cut short in his case a career of most distinguished usefulness both to science and to literature.

At the approach of death his attitude toward religious questions did not change a whit. When a kind neighbor asked him if he had made his peace with God, he replied, "I have never

quarrelled with Him." When another asked him for his views about the future life, he responded, "My friend, one life at a time is sufficient." Only one change was manifest in him: in the later years and months he became more tender, considerate and affectionate, and he was overwhelmed with kind attention from relatives, neighbors and friends. His passing was indeed noble and beautiful.

His life seems to have been a lonely and isolated one, but it was the loneliness and isolation of a lofty peak. He was greater than he himself or any of his acquaintances suspected. His genius was a peculiar one and he was true to it.

There is a certain pathos connected with Thoreau's life because he chose to walk in an unbeaten path. I think when we have said only what we have of his object that we have not got to the real motive. After reading a great deal of Thoreau's work this much I gather in addition to what I have said. He sought by sedulous study of Nature to enter into rapport with that soul of which, as Emerson tells us, Nature is but the flowing garment, for just as by the little movements, turns of eye, smiles, frowns, etc., we catch the unspoken thoughts of our loved ones, so did Thoreau seek to know by a loving study of natural phenomena something of the thought of God. With Wordsworth he had

> "A Sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky and the mind of man."

He makes you think of the Indian, Buddha, under the sacred tree, through meditation seeking the golden key to the mystery of human life. He was rewarded by many a gleam of knowledge—that was all.

He was satisfied if a day's walk over the meadows or mountains yielded him one beautiful thought.

He sought through meditation what most men seek in the religious life—knowledge of our relations with the infinite. He sought to know something of God's thought as expressed in Nature, and to communicate that to his fellows in his writings.

This seems to me as accurate a description of his aims as it is possible for us to formulate. Never was there a Yankee more un-American. In his diary, June 1851, he says:

"My pulse must beat with Nature. After a hard day's work without a thought, turning my very brain into a mere tool, only in the quiet of evening do I so far recover my senses as to hear the cricket, which in fact has been chirping all day. In my better hours I am conscious of the influx of a serene and unquestionable wisdom which partly unfits me for what is called the active business of life. What is that other life to which I am continually allured, which alone I love? Is it a life for this world? Are our serene moments mere preludes of heavenly joys gratuitously vouchsafed to us as a consolation?"

"Our life," he says, "is frittered away by detail."

"Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count a half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb nail. In the midst of this chopping sea of civilized life such are the storms and clouds and quicksands and 1,000 and 1 items to be allowed for, that a man has to live, if he would not founder and go to the bottom and not make his port at all, by dead reckoning, and he must be a great calculator indeed who succeeds. Simplicity, simplicity! Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five, and reduce other things in proportion.

Again, in one of his familiar letters he says: "What consolation will it be hereafter to have fifty thousand dollars for living in this world? I should like not to exchange any of my life for money."

Thoreau's message was largely a plea for simplicity which would bring with it, he thought, more liberty—physical, intellectual and spiritual. He longed especially for that soul liberty of which Grace Ellery Channing writes—comparing the freedom of the soul to the fredom of the wind:

"I push and shoulder the heaving fleet
Till the snowy canvas rips;
Then—scarcely she knows it—in kisses sweet
I melt on a maiden's lips;

To-day I am North, and to-day I am South,
And to-morrow out of the West
I will gather a rose with a rosy mouth
For dim old Asia's breast."

"And none can tell me an English wind
And none a wind of France,
For from pole to pole, like the human soul,
I range, the Lord's free lance!
They have mapped the earth and charted the sea,
And bound them to man's control;
But I am the Wind, and the Wind is free,
The Wind and the human soul."

William Ellery Channing has written a paragraph which, I think, sums up Thoreau's idea of the principle upon which life should be lived.

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart, to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual grow up through the commonplace."

Thoreau lived in an age when the pursuit of material wealth was the engrossing thought, and so his message was necessary. How much more is it necessary in our time when the pursuit of the dollar is so much more strenuous:—never was there an age when money meant as much as it does to-day. It is a time when material benefits have multiplied at a tremendous rate. To gain access to these, money is requisite. As the genius of the Greeks was consecrated to Art, and of the Romans to conquest and government, so is the genius of the European and American consecrated to the pursuit of material comforts and luxuries—the key to all of which is *money*. You cannot have access to these benefits unless you can turn the golden key. The pursuit of money is the ruling passion of the people of our time. This naturally has created a reaction, and we have such works as "The Attic Philosopher," by Souvestre, and the "Simple Life," by Wagner, and "Walden," by Thoreau.

What Thoreau did was to place the emphasis upon what we term the unpractical rather than the material. He did not be-

lieve that it was any reflection upon the Man of Sorrows that "He had not where to lay his head."

He says of our elaborate homes and hostelries: "Many of our houses and hotels are so vast and magnificent that the inhabitants seem in comparison only vermin which infest them. The herald blows his summons before some Tremont or Astor House and, lo, we see come creeping out over the spacious piazza for all to see a few ridiculous mice which soon shrink into some hole in the pavement."

Thoreau was unlike many teachers. He taught as much by example as by precept. Emerson delivered himself of many truly beautiful epigrams on the conduct of life, but Thoreau's life was an epigram, like Chaucer's ideal pastor—

> "The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve,
> He taught, but first he practised it himselve."

Many a Sadducee unhappily perhaps without a theory of religion, altogether shames by his charity and generosity many of the straightest sect of the Pharisees. Such a Sadducee was Thoreau.

Do not let us quarrel with him then because he was not a Presbyterian or a Unitarian. If every human being in the world was a Baptist what an awful planet this would be! If every human being in the world was a Shaker, what a depreciation there would be in real estate! If every human being in the world became a Wesleyan, what an unutterable monotony life would become. God tolerates them all, for He is not a Baptist or a Methodist, but, like the sun, "He shines on all alike."

Thoreau was not a rounded man, he was not a Shakespeare, but he brought us a message—a beautiful message.

He taught us to love Nature more; he taught us that there is beauty in all her aspects; he taught us to listen to the voices and mark the signs that in Nature express the soul. He says: "I dream of looking abroad summer and winter, with free gaze, from some mountain side, while my eyes revolve in an Egyptian slime of health,—I to be Nature looking into Nature, with such easy sympathy as the blue-eyed grass in the meadow looks in the face of the sky. From some such a recess I would put forth

sublime thoughts daily as the planet puts forth leaves;" and again he says: "Sometimes in a fluttering leaf one may hear the whole of Christianity preached." Thoreau valued Nature-study chiefly because it inspired in him great thoughts. Writing to a friend, November 16th, 1857, he says: "You have been to the top of Mount Washington, let me ask you what did you find there? Going up there and being blown on is nothing. It is after we get home that we really go over the mountain, if ever. What did the mountain say? What did the mountain do?"

I have dwelt at some length on Thoreau's attitude toward Nature and Religion. It remains to say something of his attitude towards Society.

It was, I confess, one of indifference. It was one of aloofness. Political events that to his generation were of tremendous importance "passed by him as the idle wind." Little reference do we find in his writings to the events leading up to the Civil War. The awful feelings generated at the time in the breasts of the men of his generation were not much reflected in his life and thought. He was cold to the aims and enthusiasms of the common people just in proportion as he was warm in his attachment to Nature. It is strange that he who stood so aloof from society should be the author of the famous essay on "Friendship." But his correspondence shows that he was very tender and sympathetic, while his eloquent plea for John Brown shows that his heart could be kindled to flame by wrong and injustice. We know, too, that he assisted many a fugitive slave in his flight to the North—to Canada and freedom. One man cannot attain distinction in many fields. If he seemed to avoid society, it was because of "The expulsive power of a new affection." Not that he loved the Rome of Society less, but the Caesar of the meadows and woodlands more.

I think I can never forget the summer afternoon that I spent in the cemetery at Concord. It is beautifully named "Sleepy Hollow." To any one at all sensitive it is a memorable moment when he climbs the hard beaten path that leads to the "hill-top hearsed with pines." No guard of honor ever had more distinction conferred upon it than this group of sentinel pine trees,

that day and night, winter and summer, watch over the ashes of those who have made this dear New England village famous throughout the English-speaking world. It is not, however, without a vague feeling of being intrusive that we enter their shade. Somehow I think that Thoreau would have chosen to be buried in some other place had he known that the soil above his grave would never cease to vibrate to the footsteps of curious visitors (but he heeds it not). How short was his life! How strangely passed! How opulent was his mind in grand and beautiful thought! Never, perhaps, did such a train of ethereal ideas pass through the soul of a philosopher who was not at the same time a religious recluse.

Thoreau did follow his particular star, but he teaches that we should do likewise. He extends and commends to everyone the same freedom he demanded for himself.

His fame is ever rising. Every year his books establish themselves more firmly in the high esteem of mankind. If you have little leisure for the study of the author of whom I have written, at least read his "Walden." It seems to me that "Walden" will go down to future generations of book-lovers as the work of a great genius. It will be classed, I think, with certain unique and immortal works, such as "The Imitation of Christ," "The Religio Medici," or "The Little Flowers of St. Francis."

After briefly sketching Thoreau's life, I have spoken of him so far as a philosopher mainly, but as a matter of fact he is chiefly known as one who popularized Nature-study. He is known to most as the poet-naturalist, and in conclusion I must say something of him as so designated. To tell the truth, he was so much a poet, that he was not pre-eminent as a naturalist; he was so much a naturalist that he was not pre-eminent as a poet, but he combined the two faculties so as to produce a unique personality, that of a man who was able to clothe the dry bones of science with warm flesh. Darwin confessed in his later years that, though he had been fond of poetry and music in his youth, his long life of devotion to matter of fact studies had resulted in the atrophy of his sense of beauty. But to the last Thoreau was one to whom it appeared that—

> "Earth's crammed with Heaven.
> And every common bush afire with God."

The glory of Thoreau is not then that he was a great and exact observer of Nature—there have been far greater and more exact observers; nor is his glory in being a poet; there have been few poets so poor as he; but his glory does consist in this—that with the keen eyes of a scientist he combined the imagination of the poet, and so made Nature-study popular in every school in America.

Listen to Thoreau as he describes the song of the bobolink—and ask if Gilbert White or Darwin or Agassiz could so speak:

"I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree behind me. He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glasichord, his water-organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat. It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first distant tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. Away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple-blossoms in the orchard. The very divinest part of his strain drops from his over-flowing breast drop by drop in globes of melody. It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all that we possess and are."

The man who wrote that description and many more like it was well named the poet-naturalist.

Here is his account of the flight of a hawk. We have all seen a hawk flying, but not all of us have seen it like this. He says:

"On the 29th of April as I was fishing from the bank of the river near the Nine-Acre-Corner Bridge, I heard a singular rattling sound, when, looking up, I observed a very slight and graceful hawk alternately soaring like a ripple and tumbling a rod or two over and over, showing the underside of its wings, which gleamed like a satin ribbon in the sun, or like the pearly inside of a shell. It was the most ethereal flight I had ever witnessed. It did not simply flutter like a butterfly, nor soar like the larger hawks, but it sported with proud reliance in the fields

of air; mounting again and again with its strange chuckle, it repeated its free and beautiful fall. It appeared to have no companion in the universe, and to need none, but the morning and the ether with which it played. Was its native nest made in the angle of a cloud, woven of the rainbow's trimmings and the sunset sky, and lined with some soft midsummer haze caught up from the earth?''

Once Thoreau visited Beecher's Church in Brooklyn. Beecher invited Thoreau to sit with him on the platform, and Thoreau consenting, strange to say, Beecher introduced him to his audience, saying:

''Here is a man who is able to see God in every flaming bush.''

He was indeed one to whom dry facts were nothing. He was no Gradgrind. He was rather like the exiled Duke in Shakespeare's play ''As You Like It.'' This nobleman was exiled and compelled to live in the forest. But he grew to love it. He said:

> ''And this our life exempt from public haunt
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.''

B. W. N. Grigg, '94.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS PRESS GALLERY.

TTAWA, the seat of the Dominion Government, holds, or should hold, for the average young Canadian, a charm such as no other city of our nation possesses. All history is not made within the confines of the House of Commons and its venerable adjunct, the Senate; in fact, so great has become the force of public opinion as expressed in the daily and weekly press that Parliament has now become, to a large and increasing degree, but a place for registering the legislation demanded in no uncertain tones by the people; still, enough has been done on Parliament hill, and sufficient strenuous wordy battles over great issues, and many more over little and now forgotten ones, have been fiercely fought, since the days of the Fathers of Confederation, to give even a newspaper man a feeling of reverence and awe as he makes his way up the broad walk towards the noble pile of buildings which constitute our national capitol.

Such were the feelings which filled the breast of at least one member of the scribbling profession as he crossed the threshold of the central block of the three administrative halls, on his way to "do" his first session of Parliament.

There was not much time, however, for emotions of any description. No sooner had the necessary words of self-introduction to the secretary of the press gallery been spoken, and a wad of copy paper secured, than the noisy ringing of the bells summoned the members of the House to prayers and business. The newspaper men made their way leisurely to the corridors, sacred while the House is in session, to the members and officials, passing by, without as much as a tremor, the giant soldier who in resplendent uniform guards the entrance. They took their time, for the courtesy of being allowed in to prayers has never yet been extended to the press men, although they might be none the worse for it. The old fiction that the House of Commons meets in secret is still maintained, notwithstanding the fact that the members speak more to the press gallery and through its members to the people at large, than they do to their fellow representatives.

A pause of two or three minutes and then the door to the press gallery is opened from within. Up the dark, narrow, winding stairway climbed the four and twenty scribes who keep the nation posted as to the doing and sayings of its Parliament, and took their seats either on the right or the left of the Speaker, as they represented either Government or Opposition papers. Down in the chamber there appeared to be some business or other going on, but it would be a good wager that you would not be able to guess what it was unless you were an old timer in the House, and then, perhaps, you might have your troubles, for no one except the clerk of the House, and the Hansard reporter (who are paid to), seemed to have the slightest interest in what some member in a back row is trying to say. You might finally discover that he was presenting a petition from his constituents, and presently he would summon one of the pages, who sit at the foot of the Speaker's chair, and the document would be laid on the table.

One of the privileges of a member of Parliament is to ask questions of the various heads of departments, and one has not to be there long to learn that it is exercised to a ridiculous extreme. Questions follow petitions on the order paper, and on the number of the inquiry being called, member after member of the Government rises in his seat to give information, which in nine cases out of ten could have been secured by the inquisitive legislator by a visit to the library, or by five minutes' search in the pile of blue books which are put in his locker, but which he seldom, if ever, looks at. It is about the easiest way for a member to give his constituents the impression that he is earning his salary at Ottawa It also saves labor to the member if he really wants the facts, and it does not require a great quantity of gray matter to ask a question. Occasionally there is information asked for which is pertinent and could be secured in no other way, but as a rule the greater part of question hour is a waste of time and money. One instance in point. The Minister of Public Works one day this session laid on the table of the House a return comprising several thousand pages of typewritten copies of documents, a pile a foot and a half high, which had been asked for by Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition, in the prev-

ious session. When his attention was called to it that gentleman had forgotten what the return was about and what he wanted it for, and yet clerks had spent weeks in preparing it. But this is digressing. That is, however, the easiest way to write, and the balance of this paper will all be digression.

When one enters the chamber for the first time and has become slightly accustomed to his surroundings, he begins to look about the floor of the House for familiar faces. Naturally he looks first for the Prime Minister, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and as a rule he will be successful for there is no more regular attendant or better listener to debates than our first statesman. There he sits on the right of the Speaker, and if you have been an admirer of him before, your admiration of him increases as you watch him. "The Chief," as he is affectionately called by the members of the Press gallery, is a genuine favorite with the newspaper men, whom he always treats with the greatest cordiality, as becomes an honor graduate of the profession. If the debate is an interesting one, if it has any bearing on any matter of Government policy, no matter how dry and labored the speaker may be, the Premier always has an open ear. There is one exception. If the subject relates to figures and combinations of them, such as the French Commercial Treaty, his interest rapidly wanes, and you presently observe him either nodding gently off to sleep, or else deep in the perusal of Hansard, the English Bible, a newspaper, or even the dictionary. One afternoon I watched him read column after column of the last named book, a practice which perhaps accounts in some manner for his large vocabulary.

But it is when Sir Wilfrid rises to speak that you see him at his best. Perhaps the House is discussing some important question, such as the restriction of Oriental immigration. A member of the Opposition has been speaking to an audience, only about one in ten of whom is listening, the others being ranged around in little conversational groups. The speaker sits down amid mild applause from his fellow Oppositionists. The Prime Minister looks inquiringly around on his own side of the chamber, but no one seems desirous of replying. He then rises himself, but before he has said "Mr. Speaker" there is a tremendous pounding of Ministerial desks, which demonstration lasts perhaps a full minute, then "Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant."

Silence reigns supreme as the silver-tongued orator proceeds, broken only by the quiet footsteps of the members on both sides as they make their way to the front seats so as to hear better, for everyone listens to Sir Wilfrid. Word goes out into the lobbies and the members' lounging rooms that the great chief is talking, and gradually the House quietly fills up. The half empty galleries are soon crowded to their capacity, and yet so noiselessly that you could hear the proverbial pin drop. Every now and then some eloquent meaningful sentence is received with acclamation, especially if it is a clever rejoinder to an interruption meant to be disconcerting, but which Sir Wilfrid seldom fails to turn to his own advantage. The most interesting of the debates that took place in the early part of the session was on the Japanese immigration question, lasting as it did from 3 p.m. to 3 a.m., and the gem of the series of speeches was that of the Premier. His peroration on that occasion, punctuated with tumultuous cheering was characteristic of the Laurier style of oratory, and an apology is scarcely needed for quoting a sentence. "Shall it be said in this Parliament, are hon. gentlemen on the other side of the House to vote to-day, that we shall admit Japanese into this country only when they come with a man-of-war in company with the British fleet in order to protect our shores, and that there shall be an enactment of Parliament to prevent them coming in times of peace?"

Perhaps the next most interesting figure is that of Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of His Majesty's loyal Opposition. As one watches him in the House from day to day he sees a man in many ways a marked contrast to the Prime Minister. He is lacking in the personal magnetism, the ready speech, the saving grace of humor, the ability to command the unswerving allegiance of his followers, that one usually looks for in a leader of men. His personality is rather of what might be called the heavier type, and he does not, although when you know him he is a very likeable man, compel you to fall in love with him at first sight. When he is speaking he fails to be convincing because his eyes are generally fixed on his desk or the floor, and he is continually fumbling with some object on his desk, or tearing a sheet of paper to bits and showering them broadcast. Years of experience in Parliament

have not helped him in any great degree to overcome his nervousness. He is, however, a man of high principles, and when the day comes for him to be Premier, as come it will, if he lives long enough and retains the leadership, he will undoubtedly make a strenuous effort to give the country an honest, efficient Government.

It is convenient to look at his deskmate, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, the veteran of many Parliaments, who burdens Hansard with more speeches and speechlets than any other member. One of the ablest men in the House, especially in financial criticism, and by long odds the readiest speaker—he can make a two-hour speech on thirty seconds notice—the bitterness that sticks its face out of almost every utterance has made him many enemies and few friends, even on his own side of the house. His attempts at facetiousness, and there is none cleverer in this respect than he, have nearly always a sting in them. Consequently he is never spared by a Liberal speaker. An incident of the Japanese debate serves to illustrate this. Hon. Sidney Fisher was speaking and had thrown out the suggestion that since the Conservatives were so ready to charge the Japanese with bad faith they would bear watching when their own day of power came.

"This is high politics," sneered Mr. Foster. Quick as a flash Mr. Fisher retorted, "I have been trying hard to get down to the honorable gentleman's level, but have not been able to." "You wouldn't have to go far to get below it," muttered the ex-Finance Minister in an angry undertone, and the by-play was over.

The man who is slated to succeed Sir Wilfrid as the head of the Liberal party is not a big man as far as physique goes. Kipling might well have sung of Hon. W. S. Fielding:

> "O, 'e's little, but 'e's wise,
> 'E's a terror for 'is size."

Like his chief, a graduate of an editorial chair, he is a general favorite with the newspaper men, and also with the members of both persuasions. It would take a professional pedestrian to keep up to him in his ordinary pace around the buildings, and he is the best rapid-fire speaker in the House. He is always ready with the proper speech for the occasion, whether

it is a stump spellbinder, or a comprehensive summary of an intricate financial bill, or the budget. These summaries are a specialty of his own invention, and he generally manages to cram as many essential facts into a speech of half an hour as would take some of his long-winded colleagues two or three hours to elucidate. His contribution to the debate on the speech from the throne was marked by the quick and witty retorts evoked by interruptions which almost invariably made the other fellow wish he hadn't. Mr. Fielding's drawing power is second only to Sir Wilfrid's.

It would possibly be interesting, were there space to spare, to touch briefly on some of the characteristics and peculiarities of other prominent members of both sides of the House, and in so doing endeavor to remove the impression that my sympathies are altogether with the Government of the day. Good subjects for gossipy copy would be the irrepressible W. H. (Billy) Bennett, who has been styled an "Harangue Outang," with his unfailing store of "notorious facts" and "ye Gods and little fishes" exclamations; the wild man from the woolly west, Hon. Frank Oliver, whose facility at twisting an opponent's meaning into something altogether different, is only equalled by the aforesaid Bennett; the patient, long-suffering, and somewhat extravagant Hon. Mr. Brodeur, whose estimates of the Marine and Fisheries Department have afforded so much food for Opposition oratory; the polished diplomat, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, who conducted the recent successful negotiations with Japan, and whose native French eloquence and his superb use of English is most charming to an English auditor; the Hon. Wm Patterson, whose "almighty voice" has been a great Liberal campaign asset; the genial J. G. H. Bergeron, who enjoys a joke on himself as well as one on his opponents; that loyal, true blue and dear old soul, Dr. Sproule, who swings the Orange vote into line behind the Conservative band wagon, and who thunders daily on the iniquities and Roman Catholicity of the Administration; the pessimistic W. F. Cockshutt, who sees nothing but the direst blue ruin ahead unless the adverse balance of trade can be turned into a favorable one, and who absolutely refuses to accept the explosion of his pet theory by economists of all schools; the enthusiastic champion

of British Columbia's rights, R. G. McPherson, who declared that unless there was a cessation of the Japanese influx there would be another "Boston tea party" in Vancouver, and who brought down the House when he said, when called to order for unparliamentary language, that he sometimes found the chamber too confined to enable him to express his feelings; the inimitable Jean Baptiste Morin, the funny, fat little Frenchman, whose most serious utterances are generally heralded with shouts of laughter from both sides, and who has a burning desire to chastise every newspaper man who writes him up; the suave Hon. Mr. Pugsley, who uses the soft answer to turn away wrath, and who is the possessor of a tongue that can cut while it speaks with almost a caressing tone; the Hon. Frederick Borden, who looks the British Minister every inch; millionaire Herbert Ames, the rising hope of the English-speaking Conservatives of Quebec, who makes a hobby of politics, and has applied business methods in his public life as has no other member outside the Cabinet; A. C. Boyce, who bobs his head around in such an alarming way when he is speaking that Mr. Roche, of Halifax, one day expressed the fear that it would fly off and hit him; the gallant Sam. Hughes, who won the South African War; Messrs. Duncan Ross, Johnston and Leighton McCarthy, who are always ready to rush in where angels fear to tread and defend the Government, no matter what the charge, and are therefore said to be shaping for Cabinet positions; old John Haggart, the Rip Van Winkle of the House, who wakes up occasionally, and in a tone of supreme contempt tries to laugh away the Government case; James Conmee, who began to earn his living as a railroad navvy, who is now a wealthy man, as a result, so say the unkind Conservatives, of the many Government contracts he has secured in dredging and railroad construction, and who can be relied on to give an opponent an uncomfortable five minutes if he feels so inclined; Dr. John Barr, the Dufferin statesman, whose little slips in pronunciation are a continued source of merriment; Hon. Sidney Fisher, who is a very effective debater, and has an extensive practical knowledge of agriculture; Edward Norman Lewis, who has decided opinions on the carrying of knives by Italians, and who would punish the man who "shoots another in mistake for a deer, unless it is

purely accidental''; Hance J. Logan, the handsomest man in the House; Hon. Clifford Sifton, who entered the Cabinet a poor man and left it a millionaire; Hon. David Tisdale, the old man champion of the corporations, who approves every restriction on their freedom; Aaron Abel Wright, whose patriarchial whiskers, which go so well with his Christian names, are the finest in the House; Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, who is unfortunately threatened with the complete loss of his hearing, and who is a tower of strength to the Government; Messrs. Roche and Carney, of Halifax, who have managed by taking advantage of every possible legal technicality to hold their seats in the House, though unseated three years ago for corruption; Dr. Roche, of Marquette, who always prefaces his remarks by saying that he had not intended to take part in this debate, and then makes a half hour speech, and last, but by no means least, the Conservative whip, George ''Tears-in-His-Voice'' Taylor, who bewails in lugubrious tones the ''reckless extravagance'' of the Government with the ''people's money,'' and makes lengthy speeches on such subjects as ''39 dickies for the sailors at $1.00 a piece.''

And there are others.

The lot of the independent member, the man whom the majority of us are inclined to admire most, is not a happy one. There are practically four of them. Messrs Armand Lavergne, Robitaille, Dr. Thompson, of the Yukon, and Billy (W. F.) Maclean, the inventor and sole proprietor of public ownership. The first two are nominally Liberals, but their speeches, as a rule, are received in chilly silence by both sides of the House. No rapturous desk thumping greets their utterances, no matter how heated the debate, unless they happen to take a strong stand against the Government, when they get Conservative applause. They are not invited to party caucuses, have no political patronage, and it is altogether likely that the Government will put straight party candidates in the field to defeat them at the next general election. Would that there were many more such men in Parliament, and we should get purer Government, for no Ministry would be able to force Parliament to swallow anything by a brute majority as is possible and is often done at present.

J. H. Cranston, '05.

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Editorial Notes.

The Monthly for May will be in charge of a committee from the graduating years in Theology and Arts. The retiring Editor begs to introduce as his successor Mr. W. F. L. Edwards, '08, who has had charge of "Around the Hall" since Christmas and is returning to the University for post graduate work. Mr. Edwards will be supported by the following staff: Editors—Around the Hall, C. Harris, '09; Woman's Department, Miss Laura Craig, '10; Athletics, C. Detlor, '09; Our Graduates, L. D. Jackson, '09; Here and There, Thos. Wearing, '09; Reporters—J. H. Morgan, '09; A. F. Smith, '09; K. Clark, '10; H. Waters, '10; H. L. Matthews, '11;, and Miss Gladys Jackson, '11, Woman's Department. In bowing himself down and out, the retiring Editor wishes to express his thanks, particularly to those on the roll of graduates, who have helped him by contributing articles to the *Monthly*. He is also greatly indebted to the consulting Editors, Professors McLay and Matthews, who responded to many demands made upon them and allowed him to lay heavy tribute upon their already fully occupied time.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: W. F. L. EDWARDS, '08.

"This life is one demd horrid grind."—*Signor Mantilini.*

EXAMS.—Ah, yes, that which is as smoke to our eyes and as vinegar to our teeth has come, or, rather, "they" have come, for their name is legion. April has been famous for its trinity of showers, elections, and Fool Day; now in its latter part it is infamous for its exams., and we would indeed "rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of." Outside the grass is green, the trees are budding, and the birds sing all day long, but inside nothing but eternal winter reigns. We look back over a past term of various degrees of happiness and of skipped lectures that must now be copied, and,—but all those things have passed and we cannot bear to recall them, for a wide, unbounded prospect with shadows, clouds and darkness hanging over it and all around it confronts our vision. Truly, this intellectual being is full of pain when the old order of college life which prevails during the term yields place to a new order which must prevail for at least three weeks. However, this gloom is only a transient cloud passing through our hemisphere which will soon be dissipated and the sun of a summer vacation, with another pleasant college year beyond, will soon break forth in his usual splendor and shine as before upon the heads of the just and the unjust. We only hope that too many stars may not also seek to shine.

UPON hearing of McMaster's success in again winning the championship for inter-collegiate debating, a graduate of McMaster expressed his feelings in the following lines:

> The Devil slammed his furnace
> And whistled for his crew—
> "Krupp's Gun!" said he, "You're all of you dead tame!
> I thought you knew your business
> And could sling a speech a few;
> By my Fork! you don't begin to know the game.
> But for roaring redhot demons, world without end, Amen,
> Commend to me Old Mac's debating men."

INTER-COLLEGIATE FINAL DEBATE.—Once more, by defeating the representatives of Osgoode in the final debate held in Wycliffe Convocation Hall, Tuesday, March 17th, has McMaster

become the champion of the Inter-collegiate Debating Union. Once more, to use the words of the donor of the Kerr Shield, has this trophy been awarded to "invincible McMaster." A decade has passed since this Debating Union was established, during which time the championships have been distributed in the following order:

1898-'99—University College.
1899-'00—Knox College.
1900-'01—McMaster University.
1901-'02—McMaster University.
1902-'03—McMaster University.
1903-'04—Osgoode Hall.
1904-'05—Wycliffe College.
1905-'06—Wycliffe College.
1906-'07—McMaster University.
1907-'08—McMaster University.

Trinity and Victoria are also members of the league and the Agricultural College of Guelph will enter next year.

The subject upon which Osgoode and McMaster took issue, "Resolved, That total prohibition of Oriental immigration would be in the best interests of Canada," was upheld on the affirmative by Messrs. Hugh John Macdonald, B.A., a grandson of the late famous Conservative leader, Sir John A. Macdonald, and H. C. McDonald, of Osgoode, and on the negative by two undergraduates of McMaster, Mr. M. H. Long, '08, and Mr. W. A. Scott, '09. The judges were Rev. Dr. W. G. Wallace and Messrs. J. T. Clark and F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B. Mr. H. J. Macdonald, B.A., the leader of the affirmative, endeavored to show that Canada's moral welfare is endangered and her national progress impeded by the presence of Orientals. Mr. M. H. Long, the first speaker on the negative, produced arguments economic, social and political to prove that Oriental immigration is not detrimental to Canada's interests. Mr. H. C. McDonald, the second speaker on the affirmative, amplified on his colleague's arguments. He contended that the influx of undemocratic foreigners is a menace to our western civilization. Mr. W. A. Scott, the next speaker on behalf of the negative, agreed with the previous speaker, that it is a grave problem which confronts Canada at the present time. He argued, however, that a highly restrictive policy, such as that of the Canadian Government at the present time, offers a better solution to this vexed question than total prohibition.

Dr. Wallace, in giving the judges' report, said that the debate had been one of the keenest in the history of the Union, and that

while the judges were unanimous in awarding the decision to McMaster, Osgoode was to be highly complimented in her presentation of matter and debating style. The audience, which was composed largely of McMaster sympathizers, was kept amused before the debate, and while the decision was being reached, with enthusiastic McMaster songs from the gallery, which was packed with students. Musical numbers were also given by Mr. F. H. Halbaus, and a humorous reading by Mr. A. G. Emmitt. Mr. L. V. Redman, of Trinity, president of the Union, occupied the chair.

The Double Eye is the appellation under which a Freshman newspaper has been suffering during the year. It has been managed—so we are informed—by an Editor and his assistant, and we therefore had thought the title was "The Double I," until we discovered that the Literary Committee consists of the whole year. This must be splendid practice in writing English; we commend it to other years, for nothing is so inspiring to good composition as the thought that it is to be read orally once a month to a large and intelligent audience. Such has been their method throughout the year, the "reader's" other *alias* being the "Editor." We quote the following passage as a sample of the work being done, which, after a careful inspection of the different numbers submitted to us with teh request to publish something, we consider to be the finest lines of all. They are from a "pome" entitled: "Year '11 to year '10":

> "Scorn every remark that's made,
> Scorn all that dull brigade,
> They, 'too,' have blundered."

This involves much scorn and calls up a picture of dulness which, as the "Editor" would say, is better imagined than described. The word "too" we are glad to say suggests a recognition—though probably unconscious—of their own blunders. For obvious reasons we suggest for the publication the new name of "The Foolscap and Pen-and-Ink Sketch."

The Evangelistic Band.—Since the Band returned from Chatham in February no work has been undertaken outside of the city, but several meetings have been held in the city churches. On the 15th of March a Sunday school service was held in the Bloor Street Baptist Church. In spite of the manifest difficulties of S. S. work this was a splendid and fruitful service. The evening was given to the Kenilworth Avenue Baptist Church, and here again there were a number of conversions. Sunday, March 22nd, was spent in Century Baptist

Church. A service in the Sunday school and the evening in the church resulted in the profession of conversion by a large number. The last service of the year was held in the Bloor Street Church on Sunday evening, April 12th. The music was in the hands of the University Quartet, and was a very effective part of a meeting, which resulted in several conversions.

As we chronicle these last meetings for this year we bring to a close one chapter of the history of the McMaster Band. For four years Mr. W. A. Cameron, '06, has led the Band as undergraduate and graduate student. Now a new leader must be found. Recently Mr. Cameron visited Philadelphia, Boston, New York and Washington on the invitation of the Y. M. C. A. and addressed meetings in the last three places. While in Washington he was asked to accept a very important position in Y. M. C. A. work. Since returning to Toronto he has been called to the pastorate of the Bloor Street Baptist Church. It is probable that he will accept one or the other of these positions. These are flattering offers, but we believe Mr. Cameron worthy of them. He has led the Band to victory in everyone of the many campaigns which he has conducted. Under his leadership the Band has come to a place of much more than mere local importance. What the future has in store we do not know. Certainly this is the end of one epoch. We hope for the sake of the College that the end of Mr. Cameron's leadership does not mean also the passing of the Band.

Overheard at the Phone.—Theologue, calling his bookseller: Hello, have you Dr. A's "Brains and Personality" in stock? Voice (very faintly): "No, we are just out of "Brains and Personality."

The Literary Society.—On Friday, March 13th, Messrs. Newton and Gould were a second time the victorious representatives of the Freshmen, winning over Messrs. Segsworth and Shanks, of Theology, in contending that "The Gothenburg system is preferable to total prohibition for Ontario." The judges were Mr. G. H. Campbell, M.A., and Professors Kierstead and Gilmour. Mr. Singer rendered a piano solo and encore, and Miss Iveson, '11, favored the audience with a violin selection, while, to fill the gap between the final speech and the judges' decision, Mr. Anderson, Th., gave an impromptu reading. The last meeting of the year was held on the following Friday. President W. B. Waters, '08, in the chair. The programme was an excellent one. Miss Henderson favored with two piano solos, and Miss Henderson, accompanied by Miss Kent, rendered a delightful vocal solo and encore. Mr. J. G. Williams, Th., sang one of

his beautiful Welsh songs, and Miss Arkell, '11, gave an interesting reading. An amusing pantomine illustrating an embarrassing courtship situation was presented by Misses Pugsley, Duncan and Pratt, of the year '10, and Misses Dickens and Fraser, of the year '11. Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, closed the programme with a humorous paper on the "News of the Week." We congratulate the Society on the excellent standard of programmes maintained throughout the year.

ON THE IDES OF APRIL.

I sat in my room at midnight,
  As the clocks were striking the hour,
And I plugged at Greek and Latin,
  And at Hebrew with all my power.

And sometimes I paused for reflection,
  Or to read up a page in my "key,"
Or to hear the remark of a room-mate,
  "Well, this subject's too deep for me."

While outside the whole long evening
  The light of a big round moon
Had been tempting through hazy distance
  Like the middle of May or June.

And I thought of my hard lot of cramming,
  And trembling with hopes and with fears,
And a flood of thoughts came o'er me,
  Of exams. for the last four years.

How often, oh, how often
  In the years that had gone by,
I had sat at my table at midnight
  And plugged till I thought I would die.

How often, oh, how often
  I had wished that every exam.
Could be blown to the end of the universe,
  And leave life decently calm.

And my heart grew hot and restless
  As I saw all my nights of care,
And the thought of the burden before me
  Almost made me sit up and swear.

But pshaw, there's no use in grumbling
  And singing a doleful lay,
After all there s one pleasing reflection—
It soon will be the middle of May.

In the Sociology Class.—Theologue (giving his report on improvements for the poor): "Then they have public baths where they can be washed clean for once in their lives. I was there twice myself."

Y. M. C. A.—Wednesday, March 31st, is marked as the first devotional day entirely under the supervision of the newly-organized Y. M. C. A. and the last in the College year 1908. Inspiring, practical addresses, combined with the very sincere devotional exercises to make the day a profitable one. The first session opened at 10.30 a.m. with Vice-President W. Raithby in the chair. After a short prayer and praise service Dr. Farmer spoke of his recent trip to the Sunny South. There he has been delivering a series of lectures at the Southern Theological Seminary, Louisville, Kentucky, and at Baylor University, Waco, Texas. His portraiture of Southern life and conditions was intensely interesting. Following him Mr. W. M. McKay, B.A., Secretary of Varsity Y. M. C. A., presented the claims of the Niagara Student Conference, and Mr. C. W. Marsh, Th., gave a description of his missionary work among the British soldiers in Egypt. In the afternoon the election of officers for the ensuing year took place. The report of Mr. G. G. Vichert, '08, a delegate to the International College Y. M. C. A. Convention at Louisville, whose indisposition prevented him from being present, was read by Mr. E. J. Bingham, '08. Mr. H. Mullownney, '09, gave his impressions of the Y. P. M. Convention of Pittsburg. Coming after these reports Professor Matthews' remarks aimed to show that the enthusiastic convention, where so many were enlisted actively in Christian service, was simply the expression of the student life throughout the universities. Greater consecration among the rank and file ought to achieve even greater things in the future. His remarks closed a most helpful afternoon and day. The sessions were, perhaps, the more deeply appreciated by those who are this year bidding adieu to their Alma Mater.

The Debating Society.—"Resolved, that travel is a better educator than an Arts' course," was the subject for one of the best debates of the year, held on March 14th. Mr. W. J. Donald led the affirmative and Mr. H. P. Waters the negative. Mr. Iveson sang a vocal solo, "The Young Royalist," after which the usual discussion took place from each side. Professor Gilmour offered a very excellent criticism on style. The judges, Messrs. W. F. L. Edwards and W. B. Waters, gave their decision that the negative had won. On March 31st, the last regular meeting of the Society for this term was held. The subject debated was, "Resolved, that McMaster University should establish a faculty of medicine." Mr. J. A. Bracken, '11, upheld the affirmative, while the negative was upheld by Mr. J. G. Chadwick, '10. After a piano solo by Mr. S. E. Peron, '09, and a somewhat free discussion of the resolution.

Mr. R. C. Bensen, B.A., gave the critic's report, and Mr. L. C. Harkness gave the judge's decision in favor of the negative.

In the English Class.—Professor (talking on the powers of music): "Why, music is used to cure the insane. This may be beyond the experience of most of us, but it may not be so remote from some of us." (Agitation in the class.)

The Theological Society.—The Theologs met in secret and solemn conclave on March 25th to elect officers for the coming year. Dr. Keirstead was unanimously elected Honorary President. R. Segsworth is to carry the theological banner on next field day, assisted by E. H. Shanks as his right-hand man. The onerous duties of keeping the theological records and handling the cash fall to the lot of N. McCausland. On the Lit. Executive H. J. Bryce will voice the theological sentiments, while as representative to the Athletic Executive, N. McNaughton will see that theology plays the game next year. On Thursday afternoon, April 2nd, the Society was fortunate in securing Rev. B. W. Merrill, who gave an interesting and practical talk on Sunday school work. The meeting was open to all the students, but not as many as should have done so availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing a practical talk on such an important work.

The Student Volunteer Band.—The Band met on March 20th, with most of the members present. Letters were read by the President from Rev. A. S. Woodburne, B.A., and Rev. A. A. Scott, B.A., missionaries in India. The letters were very interesting, and brought the mission work in India before the Band in a very real way. Mr. R. C. Bensen also gave a helpful and encouraging talk on the call of a volunteer. The last meeting of the Band was held April 3rd for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. L. C. Whitelaw was elected as President and representative to the Executive of the City Volunteer Union, and Mr. A. Segsworth as Corresponding Secretary. The work of the year was briefly reviewed and plans discussed whereby the Band might do more efficient work. Two members of the Band, R. C. Bensen and C. L. Timpany, sail for India in the coming fall.

The Annual Sermon of the Fyfe Missionary Society was delivered this year by Rev. A. P. McDonald, M.A., B.Th., of the Aylmer Baptist Church, on the afternoon of April 5th. Mr. H. S. Mullowney, secretary of the Society, conducted the opening exercises and introduced the speaker, who is an old McMaster graduate. The text was from Ephesians 1: 18-19, and the ser-

mon centred around the ideas of God's calling, God's inheritance, and God's Power and Purpose. In spite of the inclemency of the weather a goodly number was present. The music was furnished by the Male Quartette.

Dr. C. A. Eaton, pastor of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church of Cleveland, Ohio, was our guest in chapel the other morning. His suggestions to the students and remarks to the faculty were full of all the humor and inspiration that make him so popular with McMaster students as well as with everyone else. He is always assured of a warm welcome here.

An Interesting Feature of the Literary Society's meeting on March 27th was the presentation of a Debating Challenge Cup to the Society by the year '09. This was done to arouse more interest and enthusiasm in the Inter-year debates with a view to developing an increased efficiency of debating in the College. We wish to commend the liberality of the year in presenting such a handsome cup, as well as the spirit which prompted the giving of it.

A Month of Elections.—Considerable interest and no little excitement have attended the various elections of the different societies and the organizing of the different years. The following is the result of the many different pollings:

Literary Society.—Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, W. A. Scott, '09; First Vice-President, R. C. Crowe, '10; Second Vice-President, Miss M. Farmer, '09; Recording Secretary, J. L. McLaurin, '09; Corresponding Secretary, E. D. Gray, '11; Treasurer, W. H. Firstbrook, '10; Secretary of Committees, V. Price, '11. The Curator being now a salaried official is appointed rather than elected as heretofore. Some of the offices were hotly contested, requiring two or three ballots before they were finally settled. Mr. D. H. Williamson, '08, entertained with several songs and a reading, and the old Executive retired and the new assumed office with three rousing cheers and a tiger.

The Debating Society.—Honorary President, Mr. G. H. Campbell; President, J. E. Anderson, '10; Vice-President, C. Harris, '09; Secretary-Treasurer, E. T. Newton, '11. During the elections entertainment was provided by the Freshman Quartette and a few warm discussions.

Y. M. C. A.—Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, Wm. Raithby, '08; Vice-President, C. S. Edwards, B.A.; Recording Secretary, L. S. Haverstock, '10; Corresponding Secretary, A. F. Smith, '09; Treasurer, Professor Matthews.

The Sporty Seniors, '09, for such we must now call them in their new organization, have appointed the following officers: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, J. H. L. Morgan; Vice-President, Miss L. Tapscott; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Hutchinson; Musician, Miss G. Murray; Bandmaster, O. E. Rutledge; Rugby Captain, D. G. Bisset; Soccer Captain, J. L. McLaurin; Hockey Captain, E. Layng; Track Captain, E. A. Haydon; Representatives to the Literary Society, A. F. Smith; to the Y. M. C. A., J. Doherty; to the Student Body Executive, C. A. Detlor; to the Debating Society, S. McMullan; Bard, Thos. Wearing; Class Historian, Miss E. R. McLaurin. With such an ample Executive we trust that next year they will be enabled to stand against all wiles of the world and other things.

The Genial Juniors, '10, whom we fondly expect to graduate from the Sophomore stage, are lined up as follows: Honorary President, Dr. Hogg; President, W. C. Ronson; Vice-President, Miss Dengate; Secretary-Treasurer, L. D. Blackader; Musician, Miss Pratt; Rugby Captain, C. S. Robertson; Soccer Captain, J. G. Chadwick; Hockey Captain, Gordon McKay; Track Captain, J. E. Anderson; Representative to the Literary Society, Miss Pugsley; to the Y. M. C. A., T. M. Richards; to the Student Body Executive, W. H. Hodgson; to the Debating Society, W. J. Donald; to the Athletic Executive, N. Curtis; Bard, R. Gilmore; Class Historian, Miss Grierson. They are probably out for the Matthews' Cup again. We predict a hot fight.

The Silly "Sophomores," '11, have also congregated and contrived to writhe order out of chaos with the Executive herein named: Honorary President, Dr. A. L. McCrimmon; President, Wm. Ramage; Vice-President, Miss Arkell; Secretary-Treasurer, Evan Gray; Musician, Miss Jackson; Rugby Captain, Thomas Dales; Soccer Captain, F. Poole; Hockey Captain, F. McLachlan; Track Captain, L. McCrimmon; Representative to the Literary Society, Gordon Holmes; to the Y. M. C. A., Wm. Waters; to the Student Body Executive, R. Willcox; to the Debating Society, J. Howes; to the Athletic Executive, E. D. Gray; Bard, L. Matthews; Class Historian, Miss Tucker; Editor of *The Double Eye*, J. A. Bracken; Assistant Editor, Miss Montgomery. With this Executive they, too, expect to win the Matthews' Cup, capture the '09 Debating Cup, and set the pace for College life. Time alone can tell.

Another Hard Stroke.—Old Gentleman (to theologue who has just preached): That was a fine sermon, my boy, a fine sermon. Student (pleased): I'm glad you enjoyed it, sir. Old Gentleman: Yes, a fine sermon. I don't get out often any more. I had a sunstroke last summer and have not been quite right since.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ELSIE R. MCLAURIN, '09.

"'Adieu!' she cried, and wav'd her lily hand."
—Gay.

WITH the close of the school year of naught-eight there comes also to a close this, the third chapter in the book of the chronicles of the women students of McMaster. With mingled relief and regret the scribe climbs down from the editorial stool, and with unqualified satisfaction she sees the former sub-editor established in her place. School life as seen through the bonny blue eyes of our quondam assistant cannot fail to be interesting, and it is with all confidence that we wish Miss Laura Craig every success during the coming year, and predict for THE MONTHLY an excellent woman's department.

Two great ordeals face the college girl with the coming of the month of April, the writing of spring examinations and the choosing of an Easter hat. Which of the two is the more terrible we would not venture to say. We have seen the face of a co-ed when we came around the corner of the "Merry Widow" sailor she was trying on, and we have seen it again when she was trying to review three months' notes in the last ten minutes before an exam., and the measure of its despair seemed in both cases the same. But, however she may shrink from the prospect of being the sole visible, or partially visible, means of support of a specimen of the modern hat, or of absorbing the wisdom of the ages before the coming of that day which is numbered 24th, every head must be bowed to the inevitable, and furnish both within and without before the month draws to a close.

Y. W. C. A.—An exceptionally interesting meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on March 25th, when Mrs. Jean Blewett was present. Mrs. Blewett's reading of several of her own beautiful poems was thoroughly enjoyed, but perhaps the wise and kind words she spoke personally to the girls, and the interest and understanding shown in them were even more deeply appreciated. Mrs. Blewett spoke of the glorious privilege of girlhood, of her highest "right" to make herself as true and sweet and good as nature intended and she in her life can realize. Woman to-day stands in the dawn of full realization of this freedom to develop the possibilities of her womanhood to the full. To fit women for

her place in the home are needed every grace and power nature can give and endeavor can perfect. Miss Gladys Jackson and Miss Evelyn Kellock added greatly to the pleasure of the programme by the contribution of vocal selections.

At the meeting on April 1st, Miss Eva Wilkins was with us, and showed two very interesting missionary exhibits which are used in teaching missions to children of primary classes. The exhibits were of Africa and Japan, and included models of the homes and people of these countries. Miss Wilkins has been teaching the children in the primary department of Jarvis street Church Sunday School, this winter, about Africa. Consequently she was able to tell us the story of Shobo and Selina, two little black savages who were supposed to live in the hut. We were shown a couple of Japanese dolls, also, but we exhibited more interest in the young cannibals. Miss Wilkins' talk was very much enjoyed and appreciated by all the girls. She took this opportunity of urging any who could possibly do so, to attend the Y. W. C. A. Conference to be held at Silver Bay, in June.

Aftermath the Second.—When the invitation came from Mrs. Arnton, for all the girls who took part in the play, to take afternoon tea with her, the non-players were rather disappointed that they were not included. But "all things come to those who wait," and so did the invitation. We spent a very happy time at Mrs. Arnton's on Tuesday afternoon, March 17th. To be sure, we could not enjoy the wit of Gratiano, or the love-making of Lorenzo, but even nonentities may sometimes contrive to spend a few pleasant hours, especially with such an entertaining hostess as Mrs. Arnton.

The following heartless mutilation of Queen Mary's famous Latin prayer shows what hardening effects the prospect of a fail in Latin may have upon even the tender heart of a sophette, in whose possession was found the following touching, if ungrammatical appeal, addressed to our professor in Latin:

"Benignus Prof. Campbell,
Spero in te,
O magister doctus,
Nunc propa me.
In dubito duro,
In pavore misero,
Languendo, geniendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Oro, imploro,
Ut probes me!"

W. L. S.—On Friday, March 26th, Dr. Margaret Gordon addressed the Woman's Literary Society on "Woman as a Citizen." Mrs. Gordon first gave a most interesting account of woman's political status in Toronto at the present time, and then a larger view of what might be considered woman's special field of duty in legislation, mentioning especially the regulation of sanitary conditions, and such questions as that of child labor in the Southern States. Mrs. Gordon also gave some account of the aims and methods of the now famous "suffragettes" of England, and of their prospects of success. Miss Muriel Kennedy of Moulton furnished the musical part of the programme, and Mrs. Arnton favored us with one of her most delightful readings, Stephen Phillips' "Marpessa." After the most interesting matter of nominations for the following year had been attended to, the meeting concluded with the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

THE bulletin board in the ladies' room rarely fails of some choice bit of humor, unintentional for the most part, but sometimes, as in the case of this latest specimen, written with "malice prepense." Below the familiar notice "Lost, Strayed, or ——, a pair of rubbers, with anchors on the soles; finder please return to A—— B——," some passer-by wrote the kindly advice, "Get heavier anchors!"

ELECTIONS.—Elections of the W. L. S. were held on Friday, April 3rd. Emma Kennedy, the President, occupied the chair, and gave a brief resume of the year's work. The following executive was chosen: Honorary President, Mrs. R. W. Smith; President, Florence Edy, '09; Vice-President, Gertrude Pratt, '10; Secretary, Sadie Iveson, '11; and Musician, Laura Craig, '10. The elections of the Y. W. C. A., which took place on Wednesday, April 1st, resulted in the choice of Elsie McLaurin, '09, as President; Annie Grierson, '10, as Vice-President, and Bessie Arkell, '11, as Secretary.

THE morning of April 1st was celebrated with much enthusiasm in rooms three and four, not to mention in the hallway between. For, besides a variety of entertainment provided in the ladies' room itself, a tentative line was thrown out into the streets of life that passes by the doors, to see what amusement might be derived from that source. There were reports of several "big catches," but finally a whale got on the line, and breaking it, made off with the tempting bait and ended the morning's sport.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: C. S. EDWARDS, '06.

Now 's the time to let us see the good of all this schoolin'.
—*The Mill on the Floss.*

OUR Women Graduates:—To follow the wandering footsteps of McMaster's fair Alumnæ since the days they left their university and sallied forth to fresh fields and pastures new, is not the task the Editor has set himself for this month. That would be a journey to daunt the stout-hearted Ulysses. Our purpose is to have a woman's rally, to get acquainted, and recall old times; to jest a little, laugh a little and gossip—*ad libitum.*

McMaster's daughters number fifty, all of whom are living, but one. Just fourteen years ago, May, '94, the first of these were admitted *ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus,* with all the rights and dignities pertaining thereunto. With the exception of '95 each year has added to the number. To each of these Apollo has appealed.

"To share his ecstasy of flinging beams."

How have they answered him? More than a third have given the god the mitten. Shedding radiance was dull work, they thought, compared with home-making. They married. And now their glory, as Aurora Leigh would say, is

"To sit and darn and fatten household sinners"

The rest—are flirting with Apollo, we fear.

CLASS '94, as all the world knows, is McMaster's first batch of bachelors. What a unique experience was theirs! No sophomore ever combed their freshman heads; no junior ever snubbed their sophomore arrogance; no senior ever said to them: "This is the way: walk therein." They were *sans mentor* and *sans tormentor.* Those were the days when the bewhiskered theolog occupied the land from Dan to Beersheba. As for the ladies, they were so few that when they organized their Modern Language Club, all the members thereof were embarrassed with offices. Those were the days when the Literary and Scientific Society in all its doing and being was monotonously male. It was lonesome business being a woman student in McMaster's early days. Think of it! That first year McMaster called her

roll of Arts (1890) two solitary freshettes were present for the glory of co-education. The next year there were four, the next seven, and before the first class graduated, nine merry Co-eds were making things lively in the Ladies' Room and showing the sterner sex how to write off a row of firsts.

Who were the girls of '94, the first of our fifty to wear the ermine hood? Go back in imagination to that scene in Walmer Road Baptist Church when McMaster's first commencement was held. Three broad-browed young women are there to receive their degrees. There is Annie M. McKay, the mathematical genius, but it is not a riot of conic sections that bathes her happy face in sunshine to-night. There is Eliza P. Wells, with the poet's passion shining in her eyes' pensive depths. There is Minnie Smith, in whose pleasant face the strong-willed mistress of the school-room is clearly seen. These are the path-finders of our Alumnæ.

Fourteen years of wandering in the world has enriched their several lives, but left them widely separated. One is within sight and sound of the Atlantic's surges. Miss Wells, as Vice-President of the Ladies' Seminary of Wolfville, N.S., is finding a scope to exercise her lofty views concerning education. Miss Smith upon the Pacific slope is the genial goddess of the birch gad, to whom the youth of Summerland, B.C., resort for information and for—reformation. Miss McKay, finding matrimony more attractive than mathematics, settled down in Toronto as Mrs. H. L. Stark. Here she has

> "What every woman counts her due—
> Love, children, happiness."

Our next Alumna belongs to '96, and that famous class boasted only one, but she alone would have made the class famous. The undergraduate days of Miss M. E. Dryden were a succession of brilliant doings. She was clever everywhere, and she had her finger in every pie. There was mirth in the Ladies' Room when she pranced upon the scene, and the place was dull when she left. She wrote poetry—the kind that gave '96 a good opinion of themselves. She helped the *Monthly* go to print in a highly respectable style. The Modern Language Club (which became the L. L. L. in '94) delighted in her oratory. Both science and literature were rivals for her affection, and she sported with mathematics with all the intimacy of a chum. Exam.-time was her picnic. She always bore away a string of firsts with ease, while the majority of her laborious class-mates sweated hard for lesser laurels. A genuine, whole-hearted, fun-loving, brilliant girl was '96's choice contribution to the Alumnæ. Of course, the whole year worshipped her (in

secret), but only one (so far as we know) dared to discover it to her. That gave a tone to graduation and put into her eyes:

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Graduation is a thrilling time, and the ermine is a glory, and the flowers are a rapture, but the marriage-service is a joy forever. A year and a half after graduation, Miss Dryden was married to Rev. J. C. Sycamore, '96, who was then pastor of the Brockville Baptist Church. To-day their home is in Hamilton, where Mr. Sycamore is pastor of the James Street Church. There Mrs. Sycamore is living the same bright, busy, helpful, happy life as she used to live in McMaster.

When Class '97 entered McMaster five vigorous freshettes took possession of the Ladies' Room. The three seniors submitted to the invasion with dignified meekness, the solitary sophomore with outraged impotence. Juniors there were none. Things looked inauspicious for the moral training of the newcomers. What high jinks went on between lectures, it would be injudicious for us to expose. Tradition says the freshettes of '97 were full of innovations: the class-rally and the Junior Lit. were launched with their assistance. They discussed gowns or no gowns with a vigor approaching the obstreperous. Of course you would expect them to turn out bad. But they didn't. They swept through exams. with stately ease, and no more distinguished looking ladies were ever made bachelors.

(We do not intend the pun. But seriously, we do confess to a secret irresistible desire to coin the term "maid-bachelor" in connection with our subject.)

97's five lady graduates are still pursuing a vigorous career. Mrs. J. T. Marshall presides over a Baptist parsonage in Berlin, Ont. Miss E. M. McDermid has her hands full subduing original sin at Moulton. Miss M. F. Woolverton entered the strenuous life of a minister's wife. As Mrs. P. G. Mode she is assisting her husband in theological tangles at Brandon College, Man. Miss Minnie D. Eby holds a position in a ladies' college in Trenton, N. J. Miss M. E. Burnette is helping the Dominion Government administer the affairs of the Interior.

To Class '98 came an honor that no other class ever received. Dr. Rand immortalized them in a poem. We presume it was the winsome fair ones of the class that thrilled the worthy Doctor's poetic pulse. We have their pictures before us as we write, and we feel like taking to verse ourselves. What poetic madness must have seized the undergraduates of those days! What amorous

ditties must have flowed! A. B. Cohoe, of '98, became inspired. The result was, he persuaded Margaret A. Bailey to become the inspiration of a parsonage. Their home is in St. John, N.B. Miss A. G. Iler made T. H. Marshall sunny for life by becoming his muse and he is now singing round the Hall and taking Fourth Year Arts. Miss E. R. Whiteside, as lady principal of Brandon College, is responding magnificently to Dr. Rand's exhortation:

"Onward, onward, Ninety-Eight."

"Just One Girl" had class '99. And she was wondrous clever and jolly-hearted. She did everything well, but mathematics was her field of triumph. In vacation time she would "work algebra for fun." That was before Fred Eby, '95, began to resort to Muskoka. After that she spent her vacations—otherwise. The result was, Elizabeth N. Newman become Mrs. Fred. Eby. Their home is in Baylor, Texas, where Mr. Eby is Professor of Education in Baylor University.

The Century girls! What a bright, lively, attractive quintette they were! From the start they were interested in what Pope calls the proper study of mankind. So they debated with the wisdom of Sappho the resolution that the influence of man is greater than that of woman. Not being able to prove it they proceeded, after graduation, to study their subject at first hand. Bertha Gile is now Mrs. Arthur G. Thompson, living in La Paz, Bolivia. Octavia Gaylord became Mrs. Curry, and her home is in Winnipeg. Nelly Cohoon married Hugh N. McKechnie, of '97. Their home is in Chicago, where Dr. McKechnie is a successful physician. Bertha McLay, as Mrs. A. M. Overholt, has recently moved with her husband to London, Ont. Jessie E. Dryden is happily settled in Guelph with her husband, E. J. Zavitz.

"The Naughty-Ones" were McMaster's eighth graduating class. Their mode of greeting was Hulla-ba-loo-ya! That means: "The Naughty-Ones are not so bad." With respect to the girls, it was true at any rate. They had five; some were clever, some were pretty, some were both—all were good. Olive Mae Clemens married Mr. J. S. Barrick. She lives in Toronto and is a faithful friend of McMaster. Three are clever teachers in Ontario schools. When last heard from E. E. Delmage was on the Stratford Collegiate Institute staff. Her sister, Edith R. Delmage, is Mathematical Master in the Clinton Collegiate Institute. Miss Sanders is teaching Science in the Dunnville High School. Elizabeth McLaurin has pitched her tent in Ottawa, where all good people hie themselves. Her daily rendezvous is a departmental office on Parliament Hill.

Naughty-Two! What memories of athletic championships these words recall! All credit to the Naughty-Two girls. Did they not dance up and down the side-lines and wave their bonnets and shrill ——————— ———! —— — ! until their doughty heroes were aflame with trophy-fire? Those stirring times are past. More sober days have come to Naught-Two girls. Helen Iler's solemn business is solving for x in the High School of West Concord, Minn. Miss Norton is *pro tem.* instructress at Moulton. Miss Blackadar, who became Mrs. G. H. Campbell, is now training a kicking freshman and soothing yells more barbarian than Greek. Minnie Seldon—with sorrow we record it—has gone

> "To the island-valley of Avilion
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow."

She died at Shanghai, China, Dec. 23rd, 1904.

Before Naughty-Three went the way of all graduating classes they were told that henceforth their duty in the world was to give. Whereupon Naughty-Three's five excellent young ladies in an access of generosity offered themselves, heart and hand, to their needy brethren. Mr. Ralph Burnaby joyfully accepted Grace Wallace, and now they have a cosy home in Bedford Park, North Toronto, where we are all welcome to—spend vacation. The other four were accepted—by several fortunate institutions of learning. Isabel Munro deals out Mathematics at Moulton, Annie McNeill teaches English and Science in Baylor University, Texas. Mary Ardley dispenses erudition in one of the public schools in Ottawa. Elizabeth Cameron is giving whippings in Vancouver.

"Naughty-Four has got the floor." At last the Editor begins to feel at home. With these, at least, we once rubbed elbows. Naught-four graduated four gentle damsels, all fired with Pestalozzian zeal. All four went teaching. Two years passed, during which, we surmise, many a youth got his ears cuffed, for the good of Pestalozzian zeal. In '06 Jessie Shields became Mrs. A. Imrie, and a parsonage in Brantford supplanted the Prescott High School. A year later Mabel Culver sacrificed Pestalozzi for R. A. F. Macdonald, teacher of classics in Woodstock College, and the Waterford High School shed tears over her apostasy. Lillian Layng and Kate McLaurin ar estill piling on the fuel, the former in Kemptville, the latter in Pembroke. They declare—but, phsaw!

> "I am not old for nothing,
> I know the weather signs of love."

Naught-Five coined Paugawaugau for its own exclusive use. It signifies achievements. If you weren't clever Naught-five would fire you. In cleverness, the ladies led the class. If we may distort a line from Mrs. Browning, we should say:

"To know them was a liberal education."

Hitherto they have employed their talents teaching. Lillie Senior gave two years to the work in Grande Ligne, and is now living at her home in Toronto. The Aurora High School captured Annie Windsor. Edith Hartley has located in *terra incognita.*

Naught-Six ushers in the Hashamayim ladies. Mrs. McKinnon lives in Toronto with the care of two "teddy-bears" upon her hands. A year after graduation, Olive Harton became Mrs. Lewis, and went to Milton to set up her hearth and altar. Grace Stone is teaching moderns at Moulton. This includes a daily walk along the Rosedale Road beating time for a double file of merry maidens. Charlotte Burk is attending the Faculty of Education of Toronto University.

Naught-Seven added six bonny bachelors to our Alumnae. Blanche Shields, Claire Hitchon and Louise Moule are taking the advanced course in Education at Toronto University. Barbara Johnstone is teaching at Kimball. Anita Waters and Eva Wilkins are taking lessons in housekeeping with a view to future usefulness—abroad.

Alumni Association.—The treasurer of the Alumni Association desires hereby to acknowledge the receipt of the Alumni membership fee of one dollar from the following graduates during the year which closed April 1st, 1908. While this fee is a purely voluntary one, it is the only means we have of meeting our annual expenditure for alumni programme, and other incidental expenses. The contribution of such fee from each graduate will keep the treasury in a healthy condition:

Mr. T. N. Ritchie, Arts '97; Miss E. E. Delmage, Arts '01; Miss C. A. Sanders, Arts '01; Mr. D. G. Munro, Arts '05; Mr. H. B. Parker, Arts '05; Mrs. Chas. Lewis (*nee* Miss O. Harton), Arts '06; Mr. H. L. Werden, Arts '07; Mr. C. W. New, Theol. '06; Mr. T. E. Miles, Theol. '03.

Alumni Library Fund.—The following contributions to the Alumni Library Fund have been paid in since April 1st, 1907, the date of the last report:

First Series (1904-1906)—Five dollars, Ernest Grigg; three dollars, G. W. Connors, J. A. Gordon ; two dollars, J. D. Freeman, H. N. MacKechnie, Miss I. Munroe, W. P. Reekie ; one dollar, J. F. Ingram, H. E. Jordon, B. W. Merrill, Miss J. M. Norton.

Second Series (1906-1908)—Two dollars, W. Findlay, D. A. McGregor, Miss C. Sanders, H. C. Speller ; one dollar, J. F. Calvert, J. H. Cranston, F. R. Crosby, B. Davies, P. K. Dayfoot, W. S. Fox, R. Garside, A. C. Newcombe, H. A. Porter, E. S. Roy, J. Stuart, A. White, H. W. Wright, E. J. Zavitz.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: H. R. NOBLES, '06.

"Farewell to the training-camp, and now for the diamond of life. The bases are full; there's two out, and it's up to you."—*The Editor.*

STRUCK OUT.—With this issue we strike out. There is no apology to offer—no dreams of the golden age in the by-gones, no visions of the gilt-edged future. We have no little poem of farewell, no rollings of the eyes skyward, no tears splashing down on the ink, no heart-throbs of regret to think what might have been if—we hadn't played in the rain that day—if we had only done this and left undone that. Ladies and gentlemen, you who are true sports, what's done is done. Let it stay there. There are those who would dream over the grid-iron of the past; there are others who would indulge in pipe-dreams of the future. Forget—beg pardon—unremember it, or better still, dismember it. Here's a cup to the grand army of the past—more influence to their prowess. Here's another to the warriors of the pig-skin, the fiends of the track and the terriers of the puck yet to come, to see and to do their opponents. Mr. C. A. Detlor will occupy the editorial barrel-head this year. We wish him many adjectives, a lot of news, and a dignified and unruffled bearing at all times and specially at those times when he sits upon the barrel. Mr. A. E. Kelley deserves the thanks of the editor, and here they are in print, large type and good ink.

An Unpardonable Error.—In the March issue, through a grave oversight, the name of Mr. L. D. Jackson was inadvertently omitted from the list of the hockey players of the year 1909. This was due to a mistake on the part of the editor, the type-setter, the proof-reader, the business manager the editorial department, the printer's devil and others, the Toronto Street Railway and His Worship the Mayor. We all apologize, and trust hereinafter to record every public performance of the gentleman above named.

Frenzied Finance.—The Athletic Association has ended a splendid year, financially speaking. There are no cups on the pegs, but there are crisp dollar bills in the treasury. The receipts for the year were $543, and the disbursements $404.20, leaving a balance on hand of $138.80. This is very gratifying indeed. We trust that this money will be expended, or better still, reserved wisely for future use. "Stand pat; leave well enough alone." The Athletic Association has never been burdened with money. Now that there is a balance on hand, and a good one, hang on to it. It will be needed, and that in a short time, we trust.

New Officers.—To the Executive of the past year is due the hearty thanks of all the members of the Athletic Association. The President, R. C. Bensen, and his Executive have worked hard. The new officers are: Hon. President, Prof. McLay; President, G. S. Jury; Vice-President; W. J. Haydon; Sec'y.-Treas., E. P. Lewis; Business Manager, W. L. Robinson; Representative to Emblem Committee, J. O. Robinson; Rugby Captain, Bruce Leckie; Association Captain, A. Bisset; Hockey Captain, J. O. Robinson; Track Captain, J. G. Chadwick.

During the year embelms were voted to the following: G. Vichert, J. O. Robinson, B. Leckie, D. A. MacGibbon.

Baseball is now the order of the day. In a game on Saturday afternoon, April 11th, McMaster defeated Beverley Street Baptist 21-3.

Here and There.

EDITOR: M. H. LONG, '08.

QUATRAINS.

I.

One touch of color, and the slumbrous sky
  Wakens, as might some sleeper at a kiss:
A flash—a flame—and dawn, a butterfly
  Bursts golden-winged, from Night's black chrysalis!

II.

O'er ripened Day falls from its fading husk;
  And look! where Sunset loosed her rosy bars,
Deep in the purple pastures of the dusk
  A wan moon-shepherd leads the straggling stars!

—*Hilton R. Greer, in the University of Texas Magazine.*

DURING the last five months a number of new exchanges of excellent quality have found their way to our sanctum. Among the number is the Columbia Literary Monthly. As the title indicates the interests of this magazine are exclusively literary, and even the brief editorial comments are severely relegated to a few back pages. As a literary publication, however, the Lit. ranks well among college magazines. In the February number "Palinurnus" and "The Fates" are worthy versifications. The "Sea-Child" is a somewhat weird story told with considerable realism. "A Keltic Sonata," "The Salt-Gatherers" and "David's Decision" are more ambitious attempts at verse than the ordiniary university magazine can boast. They are, however, well sustained throughout. "The Man from Canada" is a rather weak sketch, but the essay, "Emerson and Transcendentalism" was well written and pertinent. The Columbia Lit. is on the whole excellently edited and we welcome it as a distinct acquisition to the circle of our exchanges.

THE BRUNONIAN is also one of our new acquisitions. When we first gazed on its artistic and elegant brown cover we settled down expectantly into the easy chair and prepared for a treat, nor were we disappointed. The articles on Governor Hughes, whom, by the way, Brown University claims as an alumnus, were exceedingly interesting. The "Half-Ballad of Dead Gods" is a rather pretentious piece of verse, but on the

whole well executed, while in "The Put and the Race Track" we found a true Edgar Allan Poe short story which kept us in a state of pleasurable horror and suspense from start to finish. The series of Sketches, Realistic and Otherwise, proved to be mostly realistic and exceedingly well wrought. From the "Brunonian" we take the privilege of printing:

A GYPSY LULLABY.

Who spreads the threads out on the grass,
And in the flower-bell?
Whose tears are on the cobwebs, lass?
The gypsy maid can tell.
Tink—tink—tink-a-lee,
Wand'ring Romany.

My maiden's music wild and sad,
Many a skein she weaves;
Oh, where do you think she sleeps, lad?
Under the scarlet leaves.
Tink—tink—tink-a-lee,
Wand'ring Romany.

Along the roadside far away,
Sound the honing numbers;
My maiden sits and spins all day,
Now my maiden slumbers.
Tink—tink—tink-a-lee,
Wand'ring Romany.

—*Earle C. Ross.*

We have also two or three other new friends to welcome: The "Ottawa Campus" comes bright and breezy from Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kansas. The magazine is well put together, has snappy editorials and college notes and maintains a fair literary standard.

From Colgate University we have received the "Colgate Madisonensis." The Madisonensis is published fortnightly. From the fact that the college news and editorials occupy the largest and most prominent part of the magazine, we judge that its primary purpose is to serve as a college newspaper, and this function it performs admirably. The literary section, however, though subordinate, is by no means without merit, and we must confess to an honest envy of the column of college verse which the Madisonensis possesses. This is always well filled and frequently elicits efforts of real merit. We have also enjoyed several worthy short stories in the course of our brief acquaintance with the magazine.

THE "Hamilton Literary Magazine" hails from Hamilton College, Clinton, New York. Although the outward appearance of the April number is somewhat unattractive, yet the issue is amply retrieved by the nature of its contents. "The Gordian Knot" is one of the best-told stories we have read for some time, while the monologue, "Ebson," is very cleverly written and shows the result of considerable character study. Of the verse the "Crescent Moon" and the sonnet on "Homer" proved most pleasing. The literary section of the magazine is nicely balanced off by well-written editorials and college notes.

THROUGHOUT the year an exceptionally large amount of fine verse has made its appearance in the Nassau Literary Magazine, Much of the best poetry we have reprinted has come from this source, and we are again indebted to its pages for the following charming poem:

A SONG.

The west suffused with deeply blushing light:
An evening star;
The forest waiting breathless for the night,
And from afar
One bird's song sweet and clear—
Wait patiently, the night is near.

The grey mist lying like a dreamless sleep
Along the hill;
The brooding forest towering dark and deep
And strangely still.
Hushed is the silver song—
Sleep peacefully, the night is long.

—*W. J. Funk.*

THE "University of Virginia Magazine" also, throughout the past session has maintained the high standards of preceding years. Among the stories, the series entitled "Brink o' Dawn" appealed to us as especially well executed. There is a certain originality in the style and a forcefulness with which the writer gets down to human nature, which mark the stories out from the ordinary, and make them quite refreshing reading. The sketches on "Some Charming Southern Towns" have been uniformly good, while some competent essays and criticisms have also appeared. The verse throughout has been of its usually high quality. "The Shuttles," by James C. Bardin, in the February issue, is a very choice play upon words which are not lacking in poetic feeling:

THE SHUTTLES.

Shuttles of silver, shuttles of gold,
  Shuttles that waver, shuttles that sway;
Weaving a fabric brilliant and bold—
Fabric of silver, fabric of gold,
  Delicate, filmy, brighter than day—
  Shuttles that quiver, shuttles that sway.

Shuttles of midnight, shuttles of gloom,
  Shuttles that waver, shuttles that blight;
Weaving a fabric pregnant with doom,
Fabric of midnight, fabric of gloom,
  Awful, portentous, blacker than night—
  Shuttles that waver, shuttles that blight.

Shuttles of silver, shuttles of gloom,
  Shuttles of midnight, shuttles of gold;
Weaving gay pleasures, weaving grim doom,
Fabric of silver, fabric of gloom,
  Beautiful, frightful, hideous, bold—
  Shuttles of midnight, shuttles of gold.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following exchanges: William Jewell Student; Mercerian; Acta Victoriana; Oracle (Neepawa High School); Hya Yaka; Viatorian; In Cap and Gown; Oracle (Woodstock Collegiate Institute); Acadia Athenæum; 'Varsity; Athenæum (Morgantown, W. Va.); Vox Wesleyana; College Index; University of Virginia Magazine; O. A. C. Review; Acta (Davis-Elkins College); Philomathian Monthly; Nassau Literary Magazine; Collegian; Presbyterian College Journal; Harvard Monthly; St. Hilda's Chronicle; Manitoba College Journal; Columbia Literary Monthly; Notre Dame Scholastic; Ottawa Campus; Queen's University Journal; Brunonian; Trinity University Review; Vox Collegii; Hamilton Literary Magazine; University of Ottawa Review; University Monthly (Fredericton, N.B.); Colgate Madisonensis; Starkey Seminary Monthly; St. John's College Magazine; Mitre; Dalhousie Gazette; Bessie Tift Journal; Lux Columbian; Solanian; Allisonia; College Argus.

As the May issue of The Monthly will be the annual graduation number, our incumbency of the editorship of "Here and There" ends with the present month. It is accordingly a great pleasure to us to introduce to the reader, Mr. Thomas Wearing, '09, the editor-elect, who will take charge of this department in the fall. If we may for the nonce assume the role of prophet we will venture to predict on the basis of our own experience that Mr. Wearing has a very pleasant year in store for him in making the acquaintance of our college contemporaries, while from our knowledge of Mr. Wearing's own literary taste and abilities we are confident in assuring the reader of a department which will be excellent in every respect.

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THE
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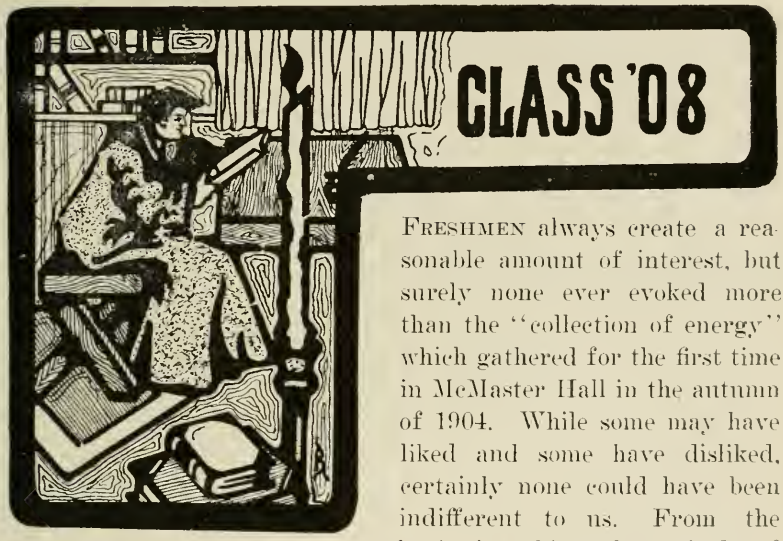
GRADUATION NUMBER, 1908.



FRESHMEN always create a reasonable amount of interest, but surely none ever evoked more than the "collection of energy" which gathered for the first time in McMaster Hall in the autumn of 1904. While some may have liked and some have disliked, certainly none could have been indifferent to us. From the beginning this stalwart body of students chose to make itself felt and heard.

Naughty-Eight! This was the name whereby we were known in college history. It was also the rallying cry to which our class-spirit eagerly responded.

The other members of the student body who had already passed through the primordial stage believed that if you spare the jollying you spoil the Freshman. Certainly, then, Naughty-Eight might almost expect the attainment of perfection, for the conscientious interest taken in her welfare was limitless, judging by the bitter sarcasm, withering witticisms and innumerable poetic effusions which were hurled indiscriminately at the newcomers. Although thus early learning that adversity is one of the paths the student has to tread, Naught-Eight "did not sit

and wail her wrongs, but cheerily sought how to redress her harms."

The first thing was to call a class meeting, which was done on October 3rd. Then indeed was heard the "hum of mighty workings!" With due deliberation and much consultation the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Professor Smith; President, G. G. Vichert; Vice-President, Miss B. M. Pugsley; Secretary-Treasurer, L. Jackson. Then the positions of Musician, Historian, and Bard, had to be filled and representatives chosen to the Literary Society, Student Body and Athletic Association. Nor did we forget the Captains of the Association and Rugby Football Team.

The next event of importance, we were told, was to be the annual "Freshman hustle"—an ambiguous term to us, the uninitiated, who were as yet uncertain whether we were to figure in the active or passive voice. At once we began to prepare for the fray. Having learned that when the members of the different years should assemble on the campus it was "by their yells we should know them," we immediately determined that ours should resound as lustily as the rest. Another consultation and some more results, but as to what we had chosen for our slogan the members of the other years were kept in ignorance. Well, the eventful day did arrive at last, and hiding any trepidation we might feel, we marched to the field under a banner resplendent in green and gold.

Encouraged by the "preliminaries," viz.: the athletics, where they scored ahead of the Sophomores, the Freshmen then entered the battlefield to which "fate led the willing and dragged the unwilling." At the signal of her leader Naughty-Eight raised her war cry:

Millie Oika! Millie Oika! Mac-a! Boom-a! Bah!
Naughty Eight! Naughty Eight! Rah! Rah!! Rah!!!

Then was displayed a scene of "Saxon force and Celtic fire" not soon to be forgotten. Though some could not quite make out "what they fought each other for," yet most were of the opinion that " 'twas a famous victory"—for the Freshmen, and "although the object of the labor might be small, yet not so the fame."

Closely following this event, which augured well for the future, was held the first social function in our career as a

class. Miss Firstbrook, one of our number, gave a Hallowe'en party for a most worthy and specific purpose—that the members of our year might become acquainted with one another. Needless to say results were gratifying.

Rugby and Association football absorbed the attention of the athletically inclined for some time, but concluding with that modestly so seemly in a Freshman, that it was "better to leave undone than by our deeds acquire too high afame," we left the field very early in the contest. We still held the same opinion when it came to a matter of hockey and contented ourselves with beating the juniors only.

The men of Naughty-Eight, ever gallant in their treatment of the women of their year, were true to their already established record when it came to a matter of inter-year debating. Would they take precedence over the women? Not they! Rather did they choose to win nothing in this line, and thus proved an excellent foil for the oratorical prowess of Miss Vansickle and Miss Pugsley who won from the Seniors in the ladies' debate.

Lest we should be mistaken for members of other years, the precocious spirit of Naughty-Eight so early in her history decided to have a "class-pin." Then was heard on all sides the dismal universal hiss! But this "relic of the Middle Ages," or "modern weapon of warfare used in the Sandwich Islands," with its design of "Sunflower Canadensis"—for it was called by all these names—was worn with serene satisfaction, and it was proved more than once that "call it what instrument you will, you cannot play upon it."

After the mid-year exams had been written, the Freshmen looked around for some outlet for their exuberant spirits.

"They did not know just where to go;
Yet they determined even so,
They would their animation show,
And have a sleigh ride."

All too quickly the ride, and the social time afterwards at the home of Miss Scott, was over. However, work must now begin again, and the sooner the better. The sad truth dawned upon us:

"When our old exams. are by
Some new one still is nigh;
Oh, fair variety!"

Time passed—as it always does in college—more quickly than anywhere else, and before we knew it we were at the close of our first year of college life. After the commencement exercises, where we saw with envious eyes the proud winners carrying off the coveted degrees, we parted in the hope of meeting shortly again.

As we looked back upon our year spent in this new environment we felt that it had done much for us. It meant something to us to have come in touch with the professors and to realize that our interests were theirs. Then the daily influence of the students upon one another was felt. In the class-room, at social functions, and, perhaps more than anywhere else, in the never-to-be-forgotten weekly class prayer meeting, the members of Naught-Eight learned to know and help one another.

The summer was spent in many and divers ways, and then autumn, and back came Naught-Eight to work again. We met, but the "joy of meeting was not unmixed with pain." We were depressed to find that nine of our number had not returned. However, on further introspection we were comforted. We discovered that we were "one to the good" and a most cordial welcome was tendered the new-comers. Thirty-six sophomores! With such a force, was there anything that Naughty-Eight could not do?

The autumn of '05 marked an epoch in the annals of Mc Master University. The Senate and Board of Governors had celebrated the entrance of '08 into her sophomoric privileges by appointing our popular professor in mathematics to the honorable and responsible position of Chancellor of the University. Certain other changes and additions to the faculty had been made, so that '08 entered this, her second, year under rather different circumstances from that of her first appearance the year previous.

In order to have smooth sailing it must now be determined who were to hold the helm. N. S. McKechnie was chosen Commodore. Next in rank came Miss Kennedy. These were supported by a competent staff, and with Professor McLay for High Admiral, our ship of state was fairly launched into her sophorescent sea.

When the elections were over it was urged by those with philosophic tendencies that as that action is best which procures

the greatest happiness for the greatest number, it was well for the comfort of the school that the Freshmen undergo the "hustling" process.

So on Field Day, when the races had been run and the discus had been thrown and many wonderful feats had been performed in which Naught-Eight refrained from participation to any undue extent, everyone prepared to enjoy the "grand finale." Truly we did not stint our necessary actions! It was soon over. The storm had passed but—what a change! Who are those who "look not like the inhabitants of the earth but yet are on it?" We were soon assured that those faces of inky blackness belonged to the men of '09. Strange to say the Freshmen did not take kindly to the somewhat vigorous application of lamp-black. However, time works many changes—and so does soap! It was not long until they took a sensible view of the case and realized that there was some truth in the constantly reiterated words "all for their good."

"Actual life comes next!" Naught-Eight felt it incumbent upon her to win the Matthews' Cup, and straightway set about her duty. First of all there was rugby. To make sure of victory, Weston was made captain, and he rewarded the confidence placed in him by bringing his team out champions. Captain Vichert did the same in soccer. Ambition has no rest! The hockey championship was sought and once more victory crowned the Sophomores. "All we had willed or hoped or dreamed of did exist" and these good sports received the coveted cup, emblematic of the inter-year athletic championship.

Only in one thing had '08 to yield the palm. In the inter-year debates she was not successful. We were born for other things!

Now it was that there came about an important addition to The Monthly. The number of women had increased so that they were given their "small corner" in the college paper. Miss B. Edy, whose literary contributions had been received with such favor, was made editor of the "Woman's Department" where she might record the doings and sayings of the hitherto rather unknown realm, the "Ladies' Room." Other members of '08 began to prove the pen their clarion. Long and MacGibbon did efficient service on the reportorial staff, while Waters proved indispensable in the business department.

The Literary Society was favored from time to time by the

Misses Kennedy, Murray, Vansickle and Pugsley, while McKechnie and Edwards, who were members of the far-famed McMaster Quartette, often delighted the audience.

All too soon our Sophomore year ended, and when Naught-Eight again rallied they found themselves dubbed the "jolly juniors"—at that stage when "they know, and know not that they know."

The twice-told tale! When the roll was called seven were missing from the ranks. However, some new men were recognized as worthy of joining Naught-Eight and the hand of fellowship was given to six.

No time was lost by Naught-Eight in choosing her new executive. Words are unnecessary to evidence the partiality of the year for our Dean. The fact that he was re-elected Honorary President is sufficient to prove the popularity of Professor McLay with us. M. Long as President, and Miss Alway as Vice-President were loyally supported by a competent executive. Again hope ran high.

The year opened with ambitious designs on the part of the juniors to remain possessors of the Matthews' Cup and to carry off the inter-year debating honors. But alas! "We saw ourselves as we wished we were, as we might have been"—but were not.

In rugby, McKechnie was not willing that his team should take a subordinate place, and accordingly took them to a position of second to none. In association and hockey, splendid games were played, but in the finals success floated away. So Naught-Eight lost the cup—but she, never dejected while another was blest, decided to look on the sunny side, and besides —self-sacrifice means self-culture!

One of the pleasing social events that Naught-Eight enjoyed in her junior year was the reception at the home of Professor McLay. The class rally on St. Valentine's Night at Mr. Moyle's was also a pleasing affair.

Although never displaying any particular weakness for the debating championship, when speeches were required Naught-Eight produced the men. She had orators. M. H. Long was the first to prove his rhetorical powers. This he did at the Lit. banquet in February, when he proposed the toast to Canada in admirably chosen words and phrases. The junior collation

was deemed an auspicious occasion for the display of the eloquence, wit and wisdom of Edwards, McKechnie and Ware.

Naught-Eight could boast a larger number of women than any preceding year and perhaps it was this numerical strength which encouraged her girls to give a dramatic presentation of Cranford. At any rate, "what never had been was now" and the faculty and their wives and the students found themselves transported back to "ye olden time" when were seen bonnets, calashes and the crinoline.

Thus and so did our days pass! Our life as juniors is over and we are now in our final year with all the privileges and honors accorded seniors. More than this, the entire college makes demands upon the abundant resources of Naught-Eight, and in the cares and responsibilities which devolve upon her she finds herself taking an active and efficient part in the University regime.

We had believed that "what was whole would increase no more"—but not so! The privilege of graduating with Naught-Eight proved too enticing for some to withstand and four more decided to cast in their lot with us.

Our exclusive right as seniors was first shown in the choice of Honorary President, and in accordance with the wish of all Chancellor McKay filled this dignified position. On R. D. Moyle as President and Miss B. Edy as Vice-President was imposed the important duty of piloting us on the homestretch.

To N. S. McKechnie was entrusted the "gavel" symbol of his authority as High Kakiak. On the executive of the Student Body, L. C. Harkness and A. J. McLaren were the year representatives.

The Literary Society of the University has this year met with unprecedented success. This is due chiefly to the energetic efforts of the President, W. B. Waters. Miss Pugsley, who in her Sophomore year had helped win the championship for McMaster in the Ladies' Inter-college Debating Union, holds the position of Second Vice-President of the Lit. In that capacity she fully repaid the students for the honor shown electing her to that office by a graceful speech at the annual banquet of this society. W. F. Edwards was made Recording Secretary and at the meetings was the source of much amusement for "he doth, indeed, show some sparks that are like wit." Messrs. McKechnie, Edwards and Williamson as members of the Quartette,

gave on many occasions well-received selections. For the widespread interest and large attendance at the meetings, credit is largely due to R. B. Ritchie, whose clever advertisement of the programmes aroused the curiosity of all who saw them.

Few in the year have been imposed with so pleasant and yet so arduous a task as has fallen to the lot of D. A. MacGibbon. Virtue is truly its own reward! The faithful work of this clever writer has received the compensation he so well deserved, and now he holds the position of editor-in-chief of the McMaster Monthly, the first undergraduate in Arts to be appointed to that office. W. F. Edwards as editor of "Around the Hall," and M. H. Long as editor of "Here and There," have ably assisted him in making the college magazine a success.

The history of the Fyfe Society this year has been a marked one. Throughout our undergraduate course it has been the subject of much heartburning debate as to whether or not the constitution of this missionary organization should be changed. "Out of the strife of conflict" the Society has come—the same and yet different. A Y.M.C.A. has been formed and is enjoying "the calm that follows storm" under the wise direction of G. G. Viehert.

Miss E. Kennedy as President of the Women's Literary Society and Miss A. Macintosh as President of the Y. W. C. A. have been loyally supported by the girls of the college, whose co-operation have made both societies a happy success.

A call came to Naught-Eight from the athletic spirit of the University and to E. F. Cohoe came the honor of being chosen Captain of the college rugby team, and to F. R. Jordan, Captain of the hockey team.

With the cares of the whole University weighing so heavily upon her, what wonder that Naught-Eight could not devote herself to the minor matters! So the seniors beamed while the others scored successes in the inter-year competition.

Only once the idea dawned upon us that we might at this late date win in the inter-year debates, and when Messrs. McKechnie and Long vanquished the Sophomores it did indeed appear as though the championship was to be ours; but "*Dis aliter visum.*" However, although we did not win any more in the interyear debates we forget all about our loss when it came to the matter of inter-college debates. M. H. Long helped to

win the championship and the Kerr shield for McMaster in the final debate against Osgoode Hall, and Naught-Eight was satisfied.

Among the social events of the year none have given more pleasure than the evenings spent in the homes of Miss C. L. Murray and Miss B. Pugsley, who entertained the year in most novel and interesting ways. All that is necessary to say regarding the delightful times spent is that it is indeed true that "students are merriest when they are from home."

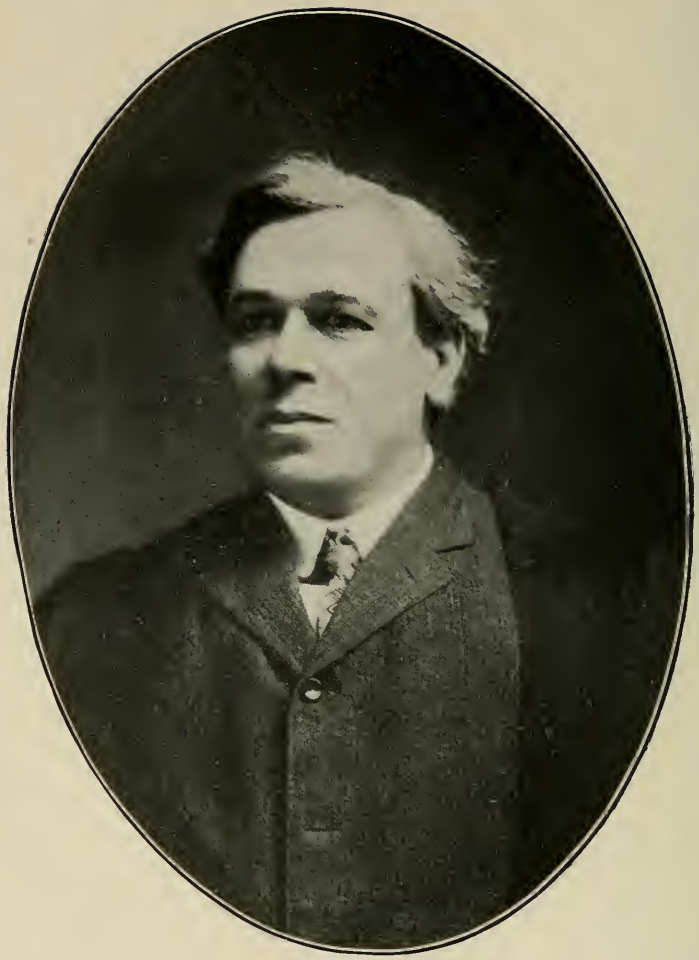
The cosmopolitan nature of our class is evidenced in the different courses pursued by the various members of the year. The conservative spirit of Naught-Eight is apparently great, judging by the large number who have specialized in English, all of whom affirm "we are not such truants since our coming as not to know the language we were born in." Science comes next in popularity, claiming for her own ten devotees. Who of these will not vouch for the truth of the saying regarding this special of their choice "the heart it humbles, and it bows the knee?" Three, with keen desire after intellectual honesty, have specialized in Classics. The rest have chosen diversely. Moderns, History, Education, Economics and Philosophy, all claim their adherents.

"In such a synthesis the labor ends!" Now we are nearing the end of our last year. A few short weeks and all is over. As we look back on our course there are indeed regrets, but thoughts also arise which fill us with satisfaction. The broadening of our sympathies, the widening of our horizon, and above all the friendships formed have meant a great deal to us.

We must soon say good-bye, but "if we do meet again we'll smile indeed," for

> "We'll never meet on the world's wide range,
> More noble hearts and true."

Anna Bertha Macintosh, '08.



Alexander C. McKay, B.A., LL.D.

Chancellor
Professor of Physics

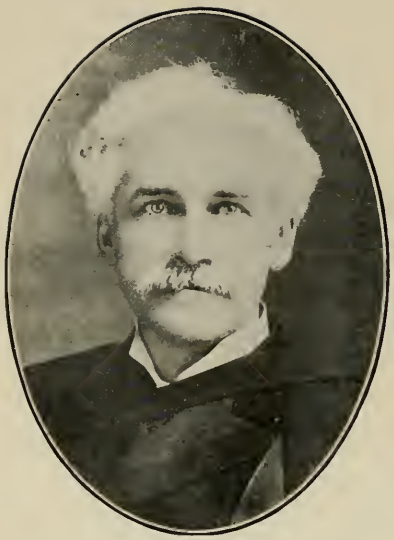
THE FACULTY

JONES H. FARMER, B.A., LL.D.

Dean in Theology
Professor in New Testament and Patristic Greek

WALTER S. W. MCLAY, M.A.

Dean in Arts
Professor of English



O. C. S. Wallace, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

Chancellor, and Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, 1895-1905

Calvin Goodspeed, M.A., D.D., LL.D.

Professor of Systematic Theology, Christian Evidences and Church Polity, 1890-1905

Peter S. Campbell, M.A.

Professor of Greek

Malcolm S. Clark, B.A.

Professor of German

JAMES TENBROEKE, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics

R. WILSON SMITH, B.A., PH.D.
Professor of Biology and Geology

WALLACE P. COHOE, M.A.
Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, 1900-1906

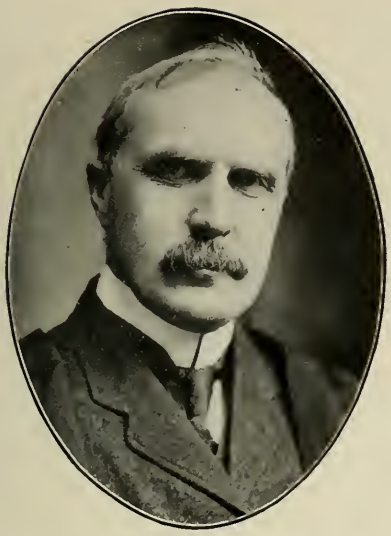
GEORGE CROSS, PH.D., D.D.
Professor of History

ELIAS M. KEIRSTEAD, M.A., D.D.
P rofessor of Systematic Theology
and Apologetics

WILLIAM FINDLAY, M.A., PH.D.
Professor of Mathematics

JOHN N. DALES, M.A.
Professor of French

A. LINCOLN MCCRIMMON, M.A., LL.D.
Professor of Political Economy



J. L. Gilmour, B.A., B.D.
Professor of Pastoral Theology

J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D.
Professor of Chemistry

I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.
Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Exegesis

Glenn H. Campbell, M.A.
Lecturer in Languages

R. H. Mode, M.A., B.Th.
Lecturer in Hebrew and Old Testament, 1904-5

Edmund H. Oliver, B.A., Ph.D.
Lecturer in History

John L. Hogg, M.A., Ph.D.
Lecturer in Physics

E. J. Bengough, B.A.
Registrar

CLASS '08 (ARTS).

Elora Alway.

"And true she is
As she has proved herself."

It was a fortunate day for the Class of 1908 when the eastward bound train from Waterford brought Elora down to McMaster. For the first year she was a special student, but in her second year she decided to take a full course and graduate with Naughty-Eight—a decision reflecting credit on her discretion. Throughout her course she has maintained a high standing, and has also taken an active part in all phases of College life. In her third year she was Vice-President of the class. Her winning ways and sunny disposition have endeared her to one and all and have won for her many friends who "wish her all the joy that she can wish" throughout the coming years.

Ernest James Bingham.

"He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower."

Ernie first looked upon the world at Coventry, Warwickshire, England, and he immediately set out with high ideals. At the age of three he insisted on coming to Canada. He entered Woodstock College in 1898, and after completing the course there spent a year in the West. In 1903 he came to McMaster and joined the Freshman year. At the end of his second year he decided on an evangelistic tour of Colorado, returning in the fall to become a Junior with '08. Ernie has been a "tower of strength" on the rugby field and an active worker in other phases of University life. He has been President of the Debating Society and one of the chief promoters of our Y. M. C. A. He is one of a family of five preachers. We predict for him great success in the ministry.

Edgar Francis Cohoe.

"Flower o' the rose,
If I've been merry, what matter who knows?"

Edgar Francis Cohoe joined the class as a Junior and his genial bearing has made him a favorite, not only among the fellows of his own year, but also throughout the school and among the co-eds. Edgar has been especially prominent on the football field. His strength earned him the name of the "baby elephant" at Woodstock and in McMaster he bore the brunt of many a hard-fought battle on the gridiron. In his Senior year he was elected captain of the school team, and in this position he retained the confidence and esteem of every rugby player by the way he handled his men. In a lesser way he has been notorious as a room-mate this last year of "Bill" Edwards, "Spike" McLaren and "Froggie" Jordan. In this little republic he has kept all in good humor by virtue of his sunny ways. Edgar has specialized in chemistry and economics. At present he will farm on the old homestead. To whatever he may turn his hands, Naught-Eight is sure he will make good.

Clarence Arthur Curtis.

"Night after night
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."

Out of the everywhere into this mundane sphere came Clarence Arthur Curtis, alighting on a Norfolk County farm and almost immediately thereafter commencing scientific investigation in his father's fields. As time moved on the public schools and the Port Rowan Collegiate furnished the mental exercise necessary for the successful prosecution of his work. At eighteen he began to teach, soon going to Ottawa for a Normal certificate, and afterwards settling for four years at Wallacetown, Ontario. Here Mrs. Curtis was installed as chief adviser, with the result that both came to Toronto in 1904. At McMaster he has earned the reputation of being a scholar of the first rank. The Pratt Scholarship for general proficiency was awarded to him as a Freshman. The second year he took extra-murally, coming back to capture the "Craig Prize" in third year Bible. "Arts's" wagon is hitched to the star of "Scientific Research," and Chicago will be the scene of his post-graduate labors.

CHARLES ROBERT DUNCAN.

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it."

This good-natured young man has had an eventful career. He selected Hull, Yorkshire, as his birthplace, but as the town didn't quite meet his expectations he boarded the first train leaving for Aberdeen, Scotland, where he lived until his seventh year. But the Old Country was too slow to meet the requirements of this rapidly expanding life, and so "Dunk" set his face towards Canada. Landing at Montreal in 1889, our hero soon began to make things lively for the French-Canadians there. On matriculating he became theologically inclined and journeyed to McMaster in '03 to join the ranks of the Theologues. Theology was too slow for Charlie and he therefore joined class '07 in Arts the year following. In the spring of '05 Avoca, Que., was without a preacher. "Dunk" volunteered and was "accepted," but the fall of '06 found him back to McMaster, enrolled under the banner of Noughty-Eight. He will hold down a Baptist pulpit somewhere and uphold the principles of orthodoxy.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN LUXTON EDWARDS.

"And certainly he was a good felawe."

The hero of this short sketch first saw the light a quarter of a century ago in Lobo Township. While Bill was still quite young he started to attend public and Sabbath schools and being an apt pupil was soon through with both. At Strathroy he took highly successful courses in the Collegiate Institute and the Model School. Then for a couple of years he held sway undisputed over the youth (and elders also) of a rural school section. The fall of 1904 brought Bill to McMaster Hall. He has since led a busy life. His splendid bass voice has been heard in the Quartet for four years. He has been a member of the Evangelistic Band, has served on Class, Athletic and "Lit." Executive, and has served his apprenticeship on THE MONTHLY, of which he will be Managing Editor next year. His specials are History and English, in the former of which he will take his post-graduate work.

Mildred Blanche Edy.

"And she is fair and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues."

Once upon a time a dryad of the trees was smit with longing to become a mortal maiden. Granting her wish, the gods transformed her into winsome Blanche Edy. When Blanche came to McMaster memories of her former life impelled her to write the sketches in which she discoursed pleasantly of the beauties of field and woodland. During her course she has had her share of academic honors. She was chosen as the first editor of the Woman's Department of The Monthly, in which capacity she set a high standard of excellence. Her graceful impersonations of "Celia" and "Portia" and "Lady Psyche" were marked features of the public dramatic readings from Shakespeare and Tennyson. Was she not an ideal "Miss Matty" in the presentation of scenes from "Cranford"? Amid her many activities she found time for her studies, as the class lists in Special English and Science show. Always a favorite among her fellow-students, she was honored in her last year by being elected Vice-President of Class '08.

Ralph Gilbert English.

"Old Greek and Latin speaks with greater ease
Than hogs eat acorns or tame pigeons peas."

It was among the hills of old Vermont that Ralph made his debut into society. At the high school of Woodstock, in that State, he became infected with the unholy zeal for the Classics which has relentlessly pursued him ever since. Graduating as valedictorian after leading the class in general proficiency for the four years of the course, Ralph for a time applied himself to training the rising hope of the neighboring republic. In the fall of 1904, however, the lure of learning drew him across the border to register at Queen's. In the Limestone City he enjoyed two years' successful academic work, and did good service on the inter-year debating team. Then he decided on another change of habitat and migrated to McMaster, where his scholarship has swept off all prizes in the Classics course. In the fall Ralph will form another of '08's contributions towards the regeneration of Theology.

Leonard Chester Harkness.

"High Nature amorous of the good."

The subject of this sketch was born near Sarnia. He received his early education at School Section No. 12, and later at the Sarnia Collegiate Institute. After leaving the latter institution he spent a year in business life in Petrolia and Detroit, as well as a year in Woodstock. Since joining Naught-eight, he has been a staunch member of his year, serving two years on the Student Body Executive. During his final year he won the respect of his fellow-students by the efficient way in which he filled the office of Vice-Kakiak. He has pursued the Special Philosophy Course, which, owing to his peculiar temperament, he has enjoyed to the full. As "Len" has the happy faculty of making warm friends wherever he goes, we predict for him a successful pastorate in the Canadian West, where he will take a church for a year before continuing his theological studies.

Marie Anetta Harris.

"There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face."

If all St. Maryites resemble our winsome and clever Marie Harris, may McMaster draw many more students from the same source! Owing to her modest habit of hiding her light under the proverbial bushel, it took many moons for her fellow-students to fully appreciate her capabilities and sweetness of character. After a brilliant career in the public school and Collegiate of St. Marys, she turned to McMaster, in the fall of '05, and, having a natural adaptation for language, enrolled in the Modern and English Course. The wisdom of this choice is proved by the high standing maintained throughout her course, and that without neglecting the other phases of college life. As Vice-President, *pro tem.*, in the fall of '07 she proved herself indefatigable in furthering the interests of the class, while her musical talents and able papers have lent interest to many meetings of the literary societies and Y. W. C. A.

Thomas Hindle.

"The luxury of learning is not to be compared with luxury of teaching."

Thomas Hindle was born at Weston. He did not like the place and persisted in eloquently voicing his disapproval. His parents had a fondness for a moderate measure of quiet, to secure which a move was made to Northern Ontario. After experiencing the trials and joys of public school life, Thomas attended high school at Barrie. He attended Model School and passed out with very creditable standing. Then he taught. He attended Normal School in London, and again he taught. While happy in imparting knowledge to the younger folk he continued to study himself; as a result in little more than two years actual attendance at lectures in McMaster he has qualified himself for the Bachelor's degree. He has been too engrossed in work to care to indulge in athletics, though it is said he is a quick one between soccer goal posts. Last summer his work for the Reading Camp Association in the West was highly praised. He will likely teach.

William Henry Holman.

" * * * art thou the man to catch the fiend and hold him?"

Cheltenham, in Gloucestershire, is noted as being one of the largest and most fashionable of English spas. To test the medicinal properties of its mineral waters during the brilliant season of 1884, came, trailing clouds of glory, William H. Holman. After seven years treatment he was pronounced strong enough for an ocean voyage to Canada. Hamilton, "the Ambitious City," accorded the Holmans a hearty welcome, and the public school opened its doors to our young Anglo-Canadian. In 1904 his name appeared amongst the matriculants from the Collegiate, and the autumn of the same year enlisted him in '08. During the ensuing four years he has paid special attention to English, Philosophy and skating, purposeful, as such, at "Little Vic." He is recognized by all wearers of the "black and green" as a terror at Rugby. As regards attendance at lectures, those who know solemnly asseverate that his motto has been, "Punctuality is the thief of time." His plans for the future are, to him and the rest of us, shrouded in mystery. "*Quis protest dicere?*"

FRANK RUSSELL JORDAN.

"Calculus racked him."

In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, on the twenty-third day of the merry month of June, "Froggie" made his first croak in Lemonville, Ontario, and almost immediately started to public school and to play hockey. He also attended Sunday school, and later on spent some five years in Markham High School. Coming up to McMaster in the fall of 1905, he joined Naughty-Eight, and immediately began to make his influence felt in sports. "Froggie" has served his year and Alma Mater well in this department of college life, being as famous for his drop-kicks as for his long shots with the puck. He captained the hockey team in his final year. His special is Mathematics, in which course he took a scholarship in his second year. He intends to enter actuarial work.

EMMA KENNEDY.

"She always said the thing she thought
And always thought the thing she ought."

All her friends call her "Kit," though her real name is Emma. For the first few years of her life she lived on a farm in Victoria County, and she made her first public appearance in the Scotch Line Baptist Church, when she ran up and down the aisles and disturbed the preacher. Her parents moved to Lindsay while she was quite young; her primary education was gained there. Then a year was spent in Moulton College, and in the fall of '04 she entered McMaster. From her first year she has been active in the Women's Literary Society, and has been President for the year '07-08. She also served as Vice-President of the class in her Sophomore year. Her special has been History. Although she is unable to complete her year because of ill-health, her class-mates have insisted on printing her photograph with the rest.

Winnabel Elliott Kerr.

"And therefore in herself she stands,
Nothing but sweet and womanly."

Mrs. W. F. Kerr became a member of Naughty-Eight with the term just closed. Mrs. Kerr's maiden name was Winnabel Elliott, and she is a native of Leeds County, and of United Empire Loyalist stock. After a collegiate course at Athens Model and High School, she entered McMaster. Here she took three years work, but an interruption occurred when Cupid took a hand in the scheme of things. Making a determined onslaught with his shining arrows he displaced Apollo from his supremacy and Miss Elliott became Mrs. W. F. Kerr. This year Mrs. Kerr decided to complete her course, and thereupon she joined Naught-Eight. In the short time in which she has been a member of the year she has made many friends.

Morden Heaton Long.

"Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil."

When Morden came to McMaster from Woodstock, he brought with him the nickname "Deac" and the reputation of being an incorrigible "plugger." As to the latter, several scholarships and the Governor-General's Medal at Woodstock College suggested a liberal consumption of midnight oil. In regard to the former, rumor hath it that Long *pater* noting in Long *filius* a sedate gravity of deportment dubbed him "the deacon," and prophesied for him an honorable career as a Presbyterian clergyman. The name has stuck, but "Deac" says he would rather be a pedagogue. He has had a brilliant career at McMaster, as the following long list of offices and prizes indicate: Governor-General's Medal for highest proficiency in the first and second year Arts; Zenas Freeman Prize in Latin; Class President third year; Monthly reporter and Editor "Here and There"; inter-year debater twice and intercollegiate debater on the champion inter-college debating team 1907-8. He has specialized in English and expects to enter the Faculty of Education next fall.

DUNCAN ALEXANDER MACGIBBON.

"Much may be made of a Scotchman if he is caught young."

Duncan hails from Buckingham, Quebec. After some years in newspaper work his eyes were dazzled by the two little letters that twinkled at the end of an Arts course. Accordingly he headed for McMaster. For two years he "plugged," but in his third year "Mac" resolved no longer to let his studies interfere with his education and rounded out the term by making the 2nd Rugby team, ably editing "Around the Hall" and capturing the D. E. Thomson Scholarship in Special Economics. The secretaryship of athletics, a position on the Student Body Executive, a place on the 1st Rugby team and the managing editorship of THE MONTHLY, not to mention other activities, have all combined to make his final year by no means the least strenuous of the course. On the side, he has contributed a series of articles to the pages of *Saturday Night*. Duncan will this summer resume his journalistic work on the staff of the *Toronto Daily Star*.

ANNA BERTHA MCINTOSH.

"She hath wit, and song, and sense,
Mirth, and sport, and eloquence."

Mention "Glengarry" and the minds of ordinary mortals immediately revert to "The Sky Pilot," but to McMaster students Glengarry suggests but one, this talented daughter of the McIntosh clan, whose exclusiveness, according to Scottish tradition, led them to build an ark of their own. Even the little red schoolhouse of Breadalbane owes a great proportion of its fame to her achievements, and the Vankleek Hill High School loves to boast her name. A specialist in science, she was the moving spirit in the Lab., where her pointed remarks and Scotch humor caused many a laugh. Her sympathy and frankness made her a universal favorite, while her musical gifts enlivened many a festivity. She has effectively filled the offices of Class Historian, Secretary, Vice-President and President of the Y. W. C. A., also representing that society at a convention in Montreal, and her contributions to the Literary Society programme cannot be classified as "unknowns."

NEIL ST. CLAIR MCKECHNIE.

"His limbs were cast in manly mould
For hardy sports or contest bold."

A little more than a quarter century ago, under the shadow of the college walls of Woodstock, a sturdy baby boy started to sing baritone. It was "Old McKeck." Passing successfully through the public schools of the town, he spent five years in Woodstock College, graduating with the class of 1899. The model school and three years of teaching followed; then leaving some surveying in the West, he joined Naughty-Eight in their Freshman year, and started out by winning a scholarship in German. His life for four years has been an active one. He has served on the Fyfe and Literary Society Executives, played inside wing on the Rugby team, and captained the year Rugby team to victory. He has been an active member of the Evangelistic Band, president of his year, and President of the Student Body. All through the course his rich, deep baritone has been heard in the male quartette. His specials are History and English, and he will preach.

ARTHUR JAMES FERGUSON MCLAREN.

"O, he's a ranting, roving lad!"

Some nineteen or twenty short summers ago Arthur was first born up among the famous lumber mills of Buckingham, Quebec. After remaining here for some half-dozen years, he decided that the educational facilities of the capital city were better than those of his native town; consequently he moved to Ottawa for a part of his public school course, finishing it in Bredalbane. His high school training was in Vankleek Hill, and from here he "hiked" for Toronto in the autumn of 1904 to join the Freshman class of Naughty-Eight. And here endeth the career of "Arthur James Ferguson" and that of "Spike" begins. Everybody in the College—many in Moulton College as well—knows "Spike" and his happy smile. His life for the past four years has had plenty of "variety." He has sat upon the Executive of the year, and as a Senior he was Secretary-Treasurer of the august Student Body. His course is Special Science, and he is contemplating post-graduate work.

Mary Campbell McPhail.

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heather dash'd the dew."

This winsome Scotch lassie was born at Belmeade, Dundas County, Ontario. After a course in the elementary schools, she went to Kemptville, where she attended the High School, from which she graduated with a good standing. She then became schoolmistress for two half years and graced one of the little red schoolhouses of rural Ontario. Seeking the large outlook she joined Naughty-Eight in its Sophomore year. In McMaster she has taken the general course, and also some special Mathematics. While pursuing her studies conscientiously and faithfully, she has taken an interest in all aspects of college life, and her sunny disposition has gained her many friends.

Thomas Alexander McWhorter.

"Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile."

Since "Tommy" rejects the "pre-existence theory," we must commence our account at his birth. It was on September 9th, ——. that the morning stars sang together and the announcement was made at the McWhorter household that a man-child had been born. Sarnia, the town where this remarkable event took place, immediately went "en fete," the streets were decked with bunting, and the brass band played a lively air. And the marvel grew; Tommony became older. In due time he matriculated from Sarnia High School. For the three succeeding years he lustily wielded the birch. But this was merely preparatory to threshing out the problems of Philosophy. To accomplish this Tommy became one of the "Special Philosophers" of the year '08 in McMaster. Our hero can propound theories of life, teach, preach the Gospel, play rugby, and milk a cow. This embryo Baptist parson may be back next year for Theology.

Troward Harvey Marshall.

"Sowninge in mortal vertu was his speche
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche."

Born in Birmingham, England, in 1877, Marshall came to Canada at the age of ten and received his high school education at Belleville, Ontario. He then joined the Freshman class of '98 at McMaster, but interrupted his course to teach a couple of years. In 1899 he was again at McMaster, after which business claimed his attention till 1903, when he entered on a Theology course at Colgate University. Graduating with the class of 1906, he was ordained and spent a year preaching in New York State. Then hearing that the great Naught-Eight class were about to graduate, he came to take his final year in McMaster's with a view to post-graduate work in Philosophy. He says we may also add that in November, '06, he was married to Miss A. G. Iler,

Robert Davies Moyle.

"Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste;
Pound at thy powder . . . "

This young man began life as a farmer —that is to say, he was born on a farm in Brant County. Having early made up his mind to secure a good education, Bert persuaded his father to move to Toronto. On the completion of his public school education, he spent four years in Woodstock College. Then when the Freshmen gathered in McMaster in the autumn of '04, Bert was among them. He made the University Rugby team in his first year, and since that time his tackling has been the feature of many a game. This year he played cover-point for the hockey team. The Literary and Debating Societies have also profited by his activities. During the season '07-'08 he has been President of his class. He has specialized in Science, expects to enter business life and will make good.

C. Lilian Murray.

"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her."

Lilian Murray claims Mitchell as her birthplace. She moved, however, to Toronto after one year's residence in that pleasant borough. In this first year it may be said in passing that Lilian gave large indication of her future ability as a musician; she had no difficulty in striking the high notes. Matriculating from Parkdale Collegiate, she strolled into McMaster in the fall of 1904, and became a charter member of the year Naught-Eight, which promptly elected her to the post of Musician. This office she has also held for two years in the Woman's Literary Society, of which she was Treasurer as a Freshette. Miss Murray has specialized in English and History, and has taken high standings in Moderns throughout her course. She has been a most popular girl about the school, and has very unselfishly placed her musical talents at the disposal of worried programme committees on many occasions. Her home, too, in Parkdale, has been the scene of a number of jolly festive gatherings.

Bessie May Pugsley.

"'Twas the way you talked and looked at things,
That made us love you so."

With her characteristic insight into the fitness of things, Bessie chose Toronto—the city of learning—for her first home and received her primary education here. Brought up in such an environment, and naturally of an inquiring mind, she inevitably chose a university career. Port Dover and Simcoe, however, laid their claims upon her for some time, but after graduating from the high school she decided to return to the Queen City. Again exercising discrimination she chose McMaster for her Alma Mater, and '08 for her graduating year. Her college course has been a series of successes. She was elected Vice-President of the class and obtained the Ryrie French Prize in her Freshman year. Her Sophomoric honors were even greater. She carried off the Campbell Scholarship in Special Classies and also helped win the championship for McMaster in the Ladies' Intercollege Debate. As the Women's representative to the Nashville Convention, and as second Vice-President of the Lit., her popularity with the student body is indicated.

William Raithby.

"Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
Who knew no wish but what the world might hear."

In the month of May, 18—, in the picturesque little hamlet of Auburn, Ontario, William Raithby first arrived at "a state of consciousness, as such." "Bill" has been a philosopher ever since. Here he received his primary education, and in 1898 migrated to California. Not being of the butterfly order he returned to Canada in the fall of 1900, and enrolled at Woodstock College. Here he proved his ability and industry by capturing both the Calvin Scholarship and the Governor-General's Medal. Thirsting for more knowledge, he entered McMaster in 1903, with '07. During the term of 1905-06 he had charge of the Baptist flock at Gravenhurst, returning to the ranks of '08 the next fall. "Bill" is a Theologue, a strong preacher, and a popular pastor. So far he has remained faithful to his benedictine vows, and intends returning next year for post-graduate work.

Robert Boyd Ritchie.

"As I looked at this, and learned and drew,
Drew and learned, and looked again."

"Boyd" spent his early childhood days at Lyn, Ontario, drawing pictures and mixing mud pies, thus showing a marked predilection for painting and science. At the age of three he advised his parents to move to Bathurst, where he attended public school and then went West to receive his high school training at Strathcona. A term at the Regina Normal, and two years or more of teaching followed, after which "Boyd" hurried to McMaster to join Naughty-Eight in the Sophomore year. Since then he has been active in most departments of college life. He has done good work on the Rugby team; has piloted the year soccer team to victory, and won points for the year on the track. He has been class Secretary-Treasurer of the Debating Society and has sat on the Lit. Executive. His specials are Science and Economics, but everyone who has seen his drawings predicts an artistic career.

ROY G. SAUNDERS.

"Forest on forest hung about his head."

Roy was born in the year 18—; well, we know his age but we are not going to tell it. The scene of his advent was a fine farm near Tillsonburg. At a tender age he began to read the history and doctrines of John Calvin. He attended public and high schools in Tillsonburg, and then spent one year each in Woodstock College and Woodstock Collegiate. The following year was spent on the farm and then he joined the class of '08 as a Freshman. It took but a short time for him to acquire a name by which he has been known ever since—Dr. Munyon. He has specialized in Science and intends to pursue studies in Agriculture next fall, either at the Ontario Agricultural College or at the University of Illinois. In his fondest dreams the "Doc" sees himself "boss" of broad acres over which herds of thoroughbred cattle pasture lazily.

JOHN J. STAPLETON.

"Deep, sir, deep—and devilish sly."

This grave-faced gentleman claims that he was once a smiling lad in Brantford, but a course in Special Mathematics congealed the genial currents of his soul. Be that as it may, Naught-Eight knows him as an all-round good fellow, but of a rather retiring nature. He has gotten up early enough, however, to gather in a long row of "first." Often at brink o' dawn he has been seen with an armful of "Chamber's Tables" waiting for the library to open. A warm admirer of Pestalozzi, he is also an enthusiastic believer in mid-year examination. Jack is undecided as to whether he will teach or preach. Whichever career he may choose is bound to be successful.

JOHN M. TELFORD.

"An affable and a courteous gentleman."

Valens, Ontario, claims the distinction of being John's birthplace. In this delightful rural spot he trod the preliminary windings of wisdom's devious path, and early manifested his theological bent by the marked attentions he paid to the little pig-tailed and pinafored lassies across the aisle. The *wanderlust* of youth for some years led John through the bad lands of the West, but finally the call of higher education prevailed and he returned to pursue a successful course at Woodstock College. He registered at McMaster with '07, but after three and a half years of delving into the mysteries of "Divine Philosophy," he finally decided to cast in his fortune with '08, and he has spent the interval in touring Great Britain and the Continent. During his course he has filled with ability the exacting positions of THE MONTHLY advertising and business managerships. John will return in the fall for Theology.

MABEL VAN SICKLE.

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Mabel was born in Toronto and attended the public schools of Ontario until she was twelve years old. Then, alas! the slipping nature of tender youth, off to the West she tripped and, "Fire in each eye and papers in each hand," brilliantly passed through the high schools of Nanaimo and Vancouver. Here she also took her Normal course. The next two years were spent in teaching the young idea of the West. In the fall of 1900 Mabel entered McMaster, and her literary and musical talents were soon recognized. She was the year representative to the general Lit. She also took an interest in Y. W. C. A. work. But it was "the languages, especially the dead," which inspired her, and gained for her the Elmore Harris Prize in Latin and Greek in her first year. Thus she continued her course, "Seeing only what is fair, sipping only what is sweet."

GORDON GRAHAM VICHERT.

"A soul as full of worth as void of pride."

Gordon says he was born March 2nd, 1881, in a rough-cast house on the third concession of the Township of Blenheim, in the County of Oxford, the county so noted for its famous men. At the age of two Gordon went to Gobles, where he attended public school and got an inspiration to preach the Gospel. A course in Woodstock College followed, from which institution he graduated with the class of ninety-nine. This was followed by a few years of business in Princeton. Then hearing that the Freshman class of Naught-Eight were a pretty good bunch and needed a president, Gordon came down to McMaster in the fall of 1904, and a busy college course began. Besides serving the year in various capacities, he has been President of the Debating Society, President of Fyfe, has served on the Student Body Executive and made himself famous at centre scrimmage. His special is Philosophy and he will preach.

NORMAN JOSEPH WARE.

"Sure of the Fortieth spare arm chair
When gout and glory seat him there."

Some twenty odd years ago on a balmy summer's day a brand new citizen arrived on this planet in Tillsonburg. This particular stranger soon registered under the imposing name of Norman Joseph Ware. A couple of years later he moved to Chatham, and afterwards to Lindsay. Norm is next heard of in Toronto, where he commenced his educational career at Rosedale public school, continuing it at Westmount Academy, Montreal, and Parkdale Collegiate, Toronto, respectively and respectably. In the autumn of 1904 he hied him to join the assembling Freshman class of 1908. Since coming to McMaster he has played two years on the senior hockey team. He captained the year team in his first and final years, and made considerable reputation as an orator in inter-year debates and by proposing toasts. Norm is a good student, and above all "a proper man as one shall see on a summer's day." His specials are English and History, and he contemplates post-graduate work at Chicago.

WILLIAM BROOKS WATERS.

"A soldier and a man."

The owner of this transparent cognomen was born in Guelph. After the usual preliminary he went to the Collegiate Institute, where in the Cadets he won the officer's sword. After leaving the Collegiate he spent four years in business and was subsequently connected with the Royal Canadian Regiment at London, where he obtained his captaincy and passed a field officer's examination. With this training he came to McMaster and made war on the Arts curriculum. He has won many battles, particularly in Latin and Mathematics, and came through three campaigns with colors flying. This spring the senate capitulated, and by way of a peace indemnity granted him a B.A. degree. Between battles the captain has served on his year Executive, held various offices on THE MONTHLY, including business manager; last year was Vice-President of the Literary Society, and this year its energetic President. He will now turn his heavy guns on Osgoode. He has them loaded with History and Political Economy, in which he specialized.

FREDERICK WILLIAM WESTON.

"Fair in sports, faithful at work, and above all, endued with a high sense of honor."

On January 21, 1885, somewhere in the "wee sma' hours" a tiny ranger of the outer spaces wandered by chance into a certain household in an eastern section of this city, and after a preliminary survey decided to become a full-fledged denizen of earth under the imposing name of Frederick William Weston. Freddie passed through the city public schools and then packed his trunk for Woodstock College. After captaining the College Association Team to the head of the League, lifting the Hiram Calvin and S. J. Moore Scholarships and the Henry Moyle Gold Medal, Fred entered McMaster. During his course he has led the year Rugby team to victory, gained a place on the school track squad, and captained the University Association team. Fred has also filled the poistions of Secretary of the Student Volunteer Band and THE MONTHLY Board. His special has been Science, and the twin stars of his destiny are Medicine and matrimony.

SOME MEMBERS OF NAUGHT-EIGHT

Hindle bids farewell to the Lab.

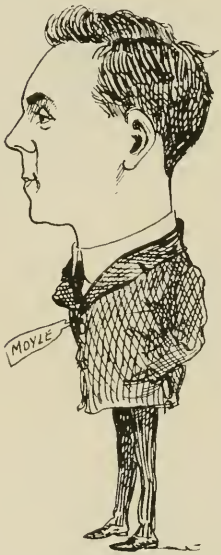
"McKech" admonishes the Theologue in Room 12

Long presents the constructive argument for the negative.

Saunders sees himself "boss" of this "job."

'Shun!

Bingham knocks New Theology.



Moyle decides he will not become a poet.

The Editor reviews the "Double Eye."

Our Rugby Quarter crooks his wicked thumb.

Knowledge "per Ardua."

Ritchie, Naught-Eight's Raphael.

On the river, Jordan.

TO McMASTER UNDERGRADUATES.

AND so with the annual troubling of the intellectual pool of Siloam another class has been graduated. The year Naught-Eight as an undergraduate entity is no more. Having tarried the appointed time at the well of learning, it comes forth:

> "All furnished, all in arms,
> All plumed like estridges that with the wind
> Bated, like eagles having lately bathed;
> Glittering in golden coats, like images,
> As full of spirit as the month of May."

But it is not of Naught-Eight that we now desire to speak Naught-Eight has added its tiny increment to the wealth of associations which cluster around McMaster, and in greater or less honor its record is engraven on the annals of the institution. We address ourselves to you who are undergraduates, to you who yet remain within college halls and who are susceptible, we trust, to admonishment when offered with kindly intent. For we would tender you some counsel. We admit that you are probably conscious of your own defects, but yet there is an advantage in being seen through alien eyes. The Philistines often wax merry over mistakes of the elect which might easily have been avoided. And in your case we would not have you a subject for jest. We admire you for your many sterling qualities. We know not. We respect you. But we have a few things to tell each of you as a year. Our desire is only to correct certain undesirable tendencies, to stimulate certain activities, to enlarge your vision. We wish to tell you how to keep step the better in the procession now that Naught-Eight is gone; to warn you of certain peculiarities which destroy your effectiveness, in short, to give you a fuller appreciation of your responsibility and the greatness of your opportunity. We therefore trust that no contumacious spirit will render nugatory our well meant efforts or stultify our advice. For, the nonce, like the Ancient Mariner, we take the floor:

To the Theologues:

It is to our friends the Theologues that we would address the first of our little homilies, and lest the common layman's speech should not prove sufficiently intelligible to the clerical mind we shall arrange our discourse sermon-wise and couch our language in the mould of holy writ.

Firstly, then, a Theologue in the days of his youth shall not go up unto the halls of learning and set himself aloft and aloof from his fellows, but he shall remit his shekel to the Monthly Board, cast his mite into the Athletic Treasury, become a member of the Lit., and in all ways conduct himself in humility and seemliness.

Secondly, a Theologue shall not with pastor-like and gracious smile greet unknown Arts men on the stairs, nor in the corridors stand in questioning groups around the professors, for verily in so doing he appeareth unto the learned one as an ass which openeth its mouth to bray.

Finally, brethren, it is not becoming that a Theologian should shun the campus, but rather let him arise in his might and, having girded up his loins, hie him forth into the scrum and smite the Philistine both hip and thigh. Thus, in the later days, will he be prepared to do battle with the wiles of the Evil One.

And, lastly, friends, be ye intellectually honest. Borrow not unduly of thy neighbor Arts man's notes, but, having pointed anew thy quill, prepare thyself to follow wisdom's winged words. Thus shalt thou observe the law of intellectual honesty that sages have of old proclaimed upon the house-tops.

In conclusion, beloved, cleave ye more closely unto one another nor be ye ashamed oft to proclaim that Theology is still in the land of the living by lifting up your voices in the ancient battle cry of "Hallelujah Hall."

And one last word, O Theologue! When thus armed for the fray, thou dost at last don the funereal coat, the clerical collar and the pastor's smile, these shall set with true benignity upon thy person and the name of Theology shall be great in the land.

To Naught-Nine.

And now a word to the Junior. We would have it known, dear young friends, that we bear in our hearts an especial love

toward you. Ever since you first came to McMaster as a body of Freshmen, "like a lot of young bears with all their troubles to come," we have sought to do those things for you and to you which would be for your welfare. If at any time we chastised or rebuked you, be assured that it hurt us to do it. But true love is always prepared to sacrifice!

You are about to become Seniors; in fact, though we can hardly think of you so, you are now Seniors. As such grave responsibilities will be laid upon you. It will be incumbent upon you henceforth so to walk that you may be for an example to the lower classmen. This experience will try you sorely. You are now the Seniors. No longer will you feel the quiet and kindly but firm restraint of a class above you. You will be thrown upon your own responsibility and your own initiative. Do not let your new-found freedom beguile you into unknown ways. Keep this maxim ever before you, that fresh Seniors make fresh Freshmen. Therefore keep yourselves above little things and respect yourselves. Be courteous, be dignified, be diligent. Have a kindly oversight over all the younger students. But especially guard the Juniors. We fear for them. We leave the school in your hands. Live up to your high responsibilities. We shall often think of you with solicitude.

To Year Ten.

"Nor you, ye Sophs, impute to us the fault
If memory o'er your tomb no trophies raise."

For it may be that our tiny chapter of advice may bring you the prominence so long desired. Take it from us who have been long since o'er the college path you seek to tread, don't be too eager to court popularity by establishing precedents early in life, for, alas, often the theories are in diametrical opposition to the constitution, and things are not what they seem. Nor having failed in an object does the assumption of a dour and din aspect and temperament enhance innate charms, but rather tends to arouse a suspicion that single blessedness in odd ideals has soured certain ones to the college world. It is always better for a youngster to imitate and keep his fingers out of the fire, you know, than to burn those fingers in attempting to heap coals of fire upon the heads of amused elders. Also let us whisper that indecision is as bad as, or worse than, solemnity,

for an attitude between familiarity and respect runs the danger of becoming nauseous rather than ridiculous. It does not do to be too familiar by half with a friend and at the same time make him wish we had less diffidence. And, having won the Matthew's Cup, do not attempt to scale the empyrean riding on windbags, for it is won every year and usually by the Sophomores. But after all you have many good elements in your make-up and it needs but one of the many accidents that happen to change you from a race that don't fit in to a good all-round year.

To Year Eleven.

Let us now turn to you who are members of the year Eleven. We do not intend to expatiate on the gaucheries which have marked your actions during your first college year, nor do we, with damp and deprecating eyes, intend to remind you of the blunders which you have committed. First years are pretty much the same, we take it, the world over, and are aptly described as "demented collections of aimless and untoward things." But as Sophomores-elect, however, we wish to enforce upon you how much more will be expected of you in intelligence, in deportment, and in college spirit than was expected of you as Freshmen. In your first year you have been treated by the faculty with a large and forgiving charity, but as Sophomores you will find you will stand strictly upon your merits. If you are not in earnest over your education you had better stay at home. Your ornamental qualities are not such as would make you desirable statuary in the new Rockefeller building.

Your deportment will also require your deepest thought. You will be rather surprised when you return in the fall to discover that members of the faculty are able to recall your name and that some even evince a slight pleasure at seeing you again. Do not be unduly elated. Professors have on rare occasions seen the rawest, crudest freshmen become polished and urbane Seniors. They may with golden optimism view you as just such a possibility. You will also be called upon to sustain peculiar relations to the year below. Be content to dance to the ancient tunes; *noblesse oblige* requires that you do more for your successors than your predecessors have done for you. Plan to keep in touch with student life in all its phases. In estimating your expenses religiously include the fees to the various organiza-

tions within the school. Divorce yourself rather from a few "plunks" than from your fellows.

Above all things, do not become filled with your own conceit. It will be very pleasant when you return in the fall. Between yourselves and the year Twelve you will perceive there is a great gulf fixed. You will find their mistakes "simply killing." Be charitable, remember that you have been somewhat of a joke this year. However, if you really and sincerely pull yourselves together and set out to acquiring a full-rounded training there is the shadow of a possibility—just a mere hazy shadow—that you may evolve and become as good a year as old Naught-Eight. In the words of the comic opera:

> "Of course you can never be like us,
> But be as like us as you're able to be."

In Conclusion.

Just a few general words in closing. Doubtless along with the rest of human kind you have often breathed out the prayer:

> "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Our effort has been to answer your prayer. We have tried in a cool, dispassionate way to picture you as you appear to the world at large. We hold up the mirror before you. The revelation may be startling. But profit by it. Be it known to you that "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, these three lead life to sovereign power." Self-knowledge you now have unless you obstinately close your eyes. How you are to acquire self-reverence in view of self-knowledge is a question beyond our power to answer. Self-control will come by first submitting yourselves to the control of others. Seniors, obey the faculty; Juniors, give heed to the Seniors; Sophomores, be obedient to the Juniors; Theologs, harken always to the voice of the Home Mission Board. You have great opportunities before you. You are yet young. The roseate hues have hardly faded from the eastern skies. The day lies fair before you. Opportunity knocks at your door. Open to it men and maidens. One and all farewell.

HISTORY OF CLASS '08, THEOLOGY.

HE records of the doings of the graduating class in Theology would be a history of individuals rather than of the class as a unit. A McMaster Theologue spends as much of his time in work outside college walls as he does in the routine of student life. Graduation for him means no plunge into the proverbial "cold world" of graduation speeches; he has been acclimatized to its chill already. To gather, then, the true and unabridged history of Theology '08, we should have to search not only the back files of THE MONTHLY, but also the records of sundry small churches scattered over half of Ontario.

Notwithstanding all this, however, it must not be supposed that such a class never acts as a unit. On the contrary, many times has '08, Theology, made its presence apparent. Far be it from us to boast after the vulgar manner of Arts historians, but a cloudy day obtrudes itself on our memory when Arts sat in chilly silence as Theology's representatives carried off the Sports' Day honors, including the McNaught Cup. The final appearance of the year in the way of sports was a tie game of association football with the seniors. Everybody enjoyed the game, and departed well satisfied. Soon after, All-Theology departed to their churches and could never be gathered together long enough at a time to finish out the series.

It is in the class-room, however, that Theology's history is to be most consistently traced. The two years have meant much to us here. Week by week our patient and long-suffering professors have led us through the fields of learning; Biblical Exegesis and Theology, History, Greek and Hebrew, Systematic, Sociology, and all the rest. We wish at this place to pay a tribute to the men who have been our guides. Their characters have spoken louder than their lips, and the man is dead indeed who can spend two years under the influence of their manly earnestness and Christianity, and not be uplifted by it.

More as fellow students than as teachers in Theology we have faced our problems together, worked shoulder to shoulder, and triumphantly won through. The value to a mass of

theological students at such a period of life of such men as compose McMaster's theological faculty is not to be weighed by mere words. The new worlds of thought and endeavor that lie new-opened before us, the men and books to which we have been introduced, the new visions of life and service, of deeds yet undone and realms yet undiscovered, are all part of the history of the class.

The class-room is not the only, or the greatest factor in these two years of progress. Our own meetings on Monday evenings, the chapel services, Fyfe meetings—all have played their part. The Day of Prayer for Colleges has a large share in the history of every class, and on that day, as we all realized a great work to be done by our class, we felt drawn together as never before. All these forces, combined with much hard routine work, essay writing, reading of obstruse theological works and a more than occasional opportunity of airing ourselves in various pulpits, have made up the every-day history of class '08 during the theological course.

It is not without some regret that we leave all that has meant so much to us. But our whole training has been such as to direct our eyes forward, to make us eager for the larger work. The McMaster ideal is not that of the cloister, but the field. We read her motto and, as we go, we carry it as the first and best among all the inspirations that have come to us during our stay within her walls.

CLASS '08 (THEOLOGY.)

Roy Carlyle Bensen.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—gentleman."

"Ben," known to many of his host of friends, as the orthodox athletic parson, learned to play the game in Chatham. He fought and vanquished all the little colored boys in town, and then his pa sent him off to school. He did good work there, principally playing ball, and wondering what he would be when he grew up. McMaster became his goal and he scored. They put a B.A. after his name in the spring of 1906. This year he will get a B.Th. in the same place. To record all of his achievements would be to attempt the impossible. As a Theologue he has been a championship debater twice, President of the Athletic Association, Captain of the senior rugby team, a tower of strength to the hockey team, and Pastor of the Kensington Avenue Baptist Church, Hamilton, which church was organized under his energetic leadership. Like others of old '06, he has India in sight. Ben sails for the Orient in the early fall, and not alone.

Alfred S. Cross.

"The mind's the standard of the man."

Mr. Cross claims Utopia, Simcoe County, as the place of his birth. After receiving his collegiate education at Barrie, he remained in his native county, where for four years he instructed the rising generation. He is a worthy son of McMaster of an earlier period, a graduate of Arts, 1899, completing in 1907 the required work for his M.A., in the department of History. After obtaining his Arts degree, he indulged in one year's theology, completing his course this year. In 1901 he was ordained while serving as pastor at Walsh and Pine Grove. He has been also pastor of the church at Hartford and at the present time has in charge the work at Caledonia, where he is most efficiently carrying it forward.

Charles Durrant Jones.

"Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty."

The little town of West Flamboro' (spelt American and pronounced English) is famous in its own way, but chiefly as the birthplace of the irresistible "C. D." Here his baby feet pattered down the towpath of life until he stubbed his toe, and then everyone knew from his complacent smile, in place of tears, that he was destined for something. He packed his trunk, swiped some apples, and flew into McMaster, many, many moons ago, like an insurance agent in a thunderstorm. Here he has done hard work, graduating with '06 in Arts, and by the same token he will wear B.Th. from now on. Who is there that has not been obliged by Charlie? His long term of service in the usher's office has won for him many friends. His happy smile and his pun (this is his weakness) have always been acceptable. He is faithful and diligent and has always done his share of the grind. This summer he anticipates taking up work in the railroad construction camps under the Reading Camp Association.

Clifford James Loney.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place."

This clerical-looking young man landed on Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands, some years ago. He created quite a sensation there by refusing to eat the fish supplied by the local mongers, and so they brought him to Canada. Since then he has lived in peace and quietness as a citizen of Toronto. He attended the public schools of his adopted city, and then jollied the teachers in one of the business-colleges. After a business experience, he entered the Toronto Bible Training School, from which institution he graduated with drums flying and colors beating. He preached for the Friends of Pine Orchard for one year and a half, and then proceeded to take the English course of McMaster, which he completes this year. For over two years Clifford James has been the sky pilot of the Eastern Avenue Baptist Mission of the city.

John Bates McLaurin.

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

When John was very young the stork dropped him off at Samulcotta, India. In his early youth, when he wasn't sliding down the Himalayas or riding a crocodile down the Irawaddy, his hours were spent in cracking jokes with the natives and telling them funny stories. But when John became a young man he "blew over" to Canada, "cleaned things up" at Woodstock College and came to McMaster in the fall of '01. After graduating with the "Pogga-Woggas" in the spring of '05, J. B. held down the pulpit in the Minesing Baptist Church for a year and returned to pursue the course in Theology. He has been editor of The Monthly twice, and has brought distinction to McMaster in several inter-college debates. Besides this he has served the Dufferin Street Baptist Church as pastor during the past year of his course. No man has filled a larger sphere in the University's life. We predict for him a brilliant future.

Harry Roscoe Nobles.

"Pour the full tide of eloquence along
Serenely pure and yet divinely strong."

The subject of this sketch bears the appellation of H. R. Nobles, alias "Hank." Born in Sussex, New Brunswick, he at an early age packed his grip and took up his residence in Ottawa. As a member of the Arts Class '06, McMaster, he always not only did his share of the work of his year, but served on other committees *ad infinitum*. As a junior Theolog, in order to keep his theology straight, he held the position of President of the Athletic Association. His debating ability gained for him a place on the inter-collegiate debating team, which first brought in triumph to McMaster the coveted Kerr shield. This year he has led the senior class of Theologs on to victory. While pursuing his course in Theology "Hank" has had charge of what was formerly known as Christie Street Mission, but which, owing to his energetic work and enthusiasm, has recently developed into an organized church. "Hank" is a worker and cannot be kept down.

Victor C. Reid.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."

Vic. dropped into Mount Forest one day thinking it to be about as good a birthplace as any he could select. The fishing was poor in this town and so he moved to Stirling, where he puzzled the school teachers and amazed the finny tribe in the brooks of the neighborhood. Dundas was the next happy hunting ground, from which place he eloped one day with a suit case for McMaster. He graduated in Arts with '02. Then he went West, was bucked off a broncho in the foot- hills, took three years to recover and then came back to Alma Mater and saddled Hebrew. This time he stayed in the saddle, drove the nag hard, and will wave his B.Th. henceforth at all oncomers. Vic. is big and husky; a good student, and liked by all who meet him. As a minister there is no doubt he will make good, and some church will be the better off for his ministry.

Clarke Llewellyn Timpany.

"For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,
How fine, how blest a thing is work!"

"Timp." is not such a dangerous character as that second name of his might seem to indicate. Daylight first became an objectitve reality for him in Aylmer, and it was predestined before the foundation of the world that he should be a missionary. With this end in view he packed his trunk and landed at McMaster in the fall of '03. "Noughty-six" was his choice, and Clarke always proved a loyal and valuable member of the year. In the summer of '06 he started a Baptist "cause" at Dryden. In his Theological course, during which he straightened out many theological kinks, "Tim" has been burdened with his share of offices and has performed his duties faithfully and well. As leader of the Volunteer Band he has aroused a keen missionary spirit in the institution, and he knows enough about missions to fill an encyclopædia. Clarke leaves in the fall for the Orient, to help settle the social and political problems of India.

J. Glyn Williams.

"Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere."

J. Glyn Williams took his first glance skyward in Glynneath, Wales, and hence he is a Welshman. The light of the sun proved too strong for his eyes, and therefore he descended far into the bowels of the earth, and there remained, as a miner, in the famed coal mines of his native land, for several years. During these years the desire to enter the ministry came to fruition and accordingly Mr. Williams prepared himself for the work in Pontypool College and University College, Cardiff. His first pastorate was his only pastorate, in Wales. For sixteen years he was the popular and much-loved minister of the Baptist Church in Nantyglo. While there he always took a keen interest in all of the local movements of the town. Two years ago he came to Canada, fell in love with the maple, learned the dialect, and settled down in McMaster for Theology. So successful has he been that he will wear a B.Th. henceforth in his button-hole. Mr. Williams has travelled extensively, speaks Welsh fluently, sings well also in Welsh, and whistles while he works.

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Editorial Notes.

THIS issue of THE MONTHLY was edited by a Joint Committee is also greatly indebted to Mr. A. L. Brown, '09, business posed of Messrs. J. B. McLaurin, H. R. Nobles, M. L. Long, R. D. Moyle, W. F. L. Edwards, N. S. McKechnie, E. F. Cohoe, W. B. Waters, Miss E. Kennedy, Miss L. Murray and D. A. MacGibbon. The cartoons with which the number is embellished were drawn by Mr. J. W. Bengough, the well-known cartoonist, and by Mr. Boyd Ritchie, who also designed the cover. The Committee is also greatly indebted to Mr. A. L. Brown, '09, business manager of THE MONTHLY, for services in conneetion with the printing of the magazine.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

The Junior Collation.

THE Collation dinner, which always opens the commencement exercises, was this year one of the most successful yet held. Never before had so many alumni and friends of the University gathered with the undergrads and faculty around the festive board of Alma Mater, and never before had more enthusiasm and devotion been expressed for her ideals and aspirations. The Juniors proved themselves to be excellent hosts, and menu, decorations, toasts, in short, the entire function left little to be desired, and maintained fully the high standard set in former years.

When ample justice had been done the menu, glasses were filled, chairs pushed back, and Mr. E. P. Lewis, '09, President of the Junior year in Arts, and toast-master of the evening, arose to introduce the speakers. After the toast to the King the health of the graduating classes in Arts and in Theology was proposed in a very charming manner by Mr. Thomas Wearing, '09. He compared the undergraduate life to a journey through green pastures and beside still waters, over rocks and streams, through forests and passes, up hills and mountains, until at last the peak was reached. In happy terms he referred to some of the history of the graduating classes, and on behalf of the Junior year extended congratulations and hopes for future successes. On behalf of the Arts, Mr. R. D. Moyle replied in a thoughtful address, in which he told of the influence of McMaster upon her sons and daughters. The great desire which she placed in their hearts, he said, was for more efficient service. Mr. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., replied for Theology in a speech where humor mingled with earnestness. He showed that, contrary to the idea often entertained, undergraduates did not live the cloistered, other-world life, but were in touch with the world and at work upon the problems of life. His address was followed by the installation of the new Kakiak—Mr. Norman

McNaughton, B.A. Mr. N. S. McKechnie, '08, the retiring Kakiak, introduced him to his office and humorously instructed him regarding certain duties not laid down in the constitution. Mr. McNaughton, replying in the same vein, announced a stricter regime for the coming year, especially regarding the observance of the Sabbath by the Theologs.

Mr. H. S. Mullowney, '09, then proposed the toast to the Alumni, mentioning some great names which appear in the list, and speaking of McMaster's affection for them all. Rev. J. J. McNeill, B.A., replying on behalf of the Alumni, expressed their love and devotion to their College, and showed the part they play in the University structure is no nominal one. While the undergraduates, in a certain sense, do live the cloistered life, the graduates are out in the world, fighting its battle and bringing their experience back to the old school for the benefit of the undergrads. Professor McCrimmon then, in a neat speech descriptive of the glories of athletic contest, presented the Matthews Cup to Mr. L. S. Haverstock, '10, who received it on behalf of the year, expressing the hope and determination of the year to win it again next year.

Alma Mater, which is always the toast of the evening, was proposed by Mr. H. R. Nobles, B.A., and responded to by Professor Cross. Mr. Nobles, after his characteristic humorous introduction, spoke of the influence which a university should have in forming character. Three things, he claimed, every university should give her sons and daughters: self-respect, deep-rooted convictions, and a world-wide vision of the kingdom. These he showed were what McMaster taught among other things, and teaching this deserved the respect and loyalty of every man who came within her walls. Dr. Cross, in replying, spoke eloquently of the McMaster's ideal position in education. The uniting bond of the College, he said, was not a list of Jesuitical rules, which guided each alike, and by which each must shape the course of his life; not a single standard to which all must strictly conform; but the bond of mutual love and confidence among students, among professors, and between professors and students. McMaster, he continued, trusted her children, had confidence in them and their work; demanded nothing of them because it was taken for granted that they would do their duty.

He closed his reply with an expression of confidence in McMaster, and the ideals for which she stands.

The next item was the presentation of the '09 Debating Cup. Mr. E. P. Lewis, '09, in a few well-chosen remarks, formally delegated it to the care of the Literary Society, and Mr. W. B. Waters, '08, the retiring President of the Society, received it, expressing appreciation for the spirit of the year in presenting the cup, and a hope that the object of increased efficiency in debate would be attained.

To the happy lot of Mr. C. A. Detlor, '09, it fell to propose the toast to the Ladies, and he did it in a humorous style that revealed admiration for as well as intimate knowledge of his subject. Miss M. Blanche Edy, '08, Vice-President of the year, replied on behalf of the ladies, taking the college girl as her theme, and in eloquent terms describing the important influence and results of higher education for women. Then the company sang the National Anthem, and another delightful Collation dinner had passed into history.

The Baccalaureate Sermon.

The second meeting in connection with the closing exercises was held in Walmer Road Baptist Church, on Tuesday evening, May 12th, when the Baccalaurate Sermon was preached by the Rev. Emory W. Hunt, D.D., LL.D., President of Denison University. Chancellor McKay presided over this serivce, at which a large audience was present. Dr. Hunt's thoughts were suggested by the words of Ephesians 3:19: "And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." The first thing which the text would reveal to us may be somewhat startling. Knowledge and not mere feeling is made the basis of the deepest spiritual experience to which the apostle would lead his readers. Perhaps the weakling and perhaps the cynic would say that in religion the reason must be laid aside, but Paul says "to know." We must not refuse to exercise our God-given faculty of reason. We must not, then, be content to say that critical problems do not bother us very much for that is intellectual laziness. Nor will it do to fear lest the searchlight of reason may rob us of the sweet old

faith. For that is intellectual cowardice. Let us decide it once and forever, that no truth can come between us and God. But first it must be firmly fixed in mind that God is truth. Then, having the conviction, the truth must be sought always. Our search may result in the shattering of old idols and the abandoning of old positions. But the facts that are left to us are rooted all the more firmly because they have stood the test of truth and will be preached with greatly increased power.

Then we note what it is that we must know—"to know the love of Christ." The cynic cannot say that to attempt such knowledge is to abandon reason simply because this is beyond the range of the powers of our senses to perceive. If he takes this position in everything he must abandon many things which he now holds as facts. And surely it is important that we should know Christ for "all things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made." Surely if we can know Christ, the great First Cause, we shall be far on our way. But, coupled with these thoughts we find a warning—"which passeth all understanding." After we have done all that we can let us not imagine that we know the love of Christ in its fulness. For there still remain depths that we have not sounded, breadths that we may not traverse, and heights to which we may not climb.

Dr. Hunt's words were strong, thoughtful and inspiring and were delivered in a fashion which easily held the attention of his audience. Professors Gilmour and Farmer, Rev. John MacNeill and Rev. Alexander White assisted in the service.

Convocation.

The Annual Convocation was held on Wednesday evening, May 13th, in Castle Memorial Hall. Although the usual educational address was omitted from the programme this year it was not until nearly eleven o'clock that the proceedings came to a close. Chancellor McKay presided, and on the platform were seated members of the Senate, of the Faculty, the Board of Governors, the recipients of the honorary degrees, and a number of other gentlemen, including Provost Macklem, Dr. Geikie, Prof. Ballantyne, School Inspector Chapman, Prof. Bell, Prof. Baker, Prof. Keyes, and Prof. DeLury.

Dr. Farmer, Dean of the Faculty of Theology, presented Prof. J. L. Gilmour for the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Dr. Perry Rev. B. D. Thomas. For the degree of Doctor of Laws Mr. Archibald Blue was presented by Dr. D. E. Thomson, K.C., Principal Falconer, of 'Varsity, by Prof. McLay, Dean of the Faculty of Arts; Principal Emory W. Hunt, of Denison University, Granville, Ohio, by Rev. Elmore Harris, and Mr. R. A. Thompson, Principal of Hamilton Collegiate Institute, by Prof. A. L. McCrimmon.

Prof. Tingle and Mr. H. F. Rolker were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts *ad eundem gradum*.

The following received the degree of Bachelor of Arts:—Elora Alway, Waterford; Ernest James Bingham, Burk's Falls; Edgar Francis Cohoe, New Durham; Clarence Arthur Curtis, Blayney; Charles Robert Duncan, Montreal (*in absentia*); William Franklin Luxton Edwards, Komoka; Mildred Blanche Edy, Toronto; Ralph Gilbert English, Woodstock, Vt.; Leonard Chester Harkness, Sarnia; Marie Anetta Harris, St. Mary's; William Henry Holman, Hamilton; Frank Russell Jordan, Regina, Sask.; Winnabel Elliott Kerr, Victoria Harbor (*in absentia*); Morden Heaton Long, Woodstock; Anna Bertha Macintosh, Breadalbane; Duncan Alexander MacGibbon, Buckingham, P.Q.; Neil St. Clair McKechnie, Woodstock; Arthur James McLaren, Ottawa; Thomas Alexander McWhorter, Sarnia; Troward Harvey Marshall, Toronto; Robert Davies Moyle, Toronto; Carrie Lilian Murray, Toronto; Bessie May Pugsley, Toronto; William Raithby, Auburn; Roy Garfield Sanders, Tillsonburg; John J. Stapleton, Brantford (*in absentia*); John M. Telford, Valens; Mabel Rachel Vansickle, Vancouver, B.C.; Gordon Graham Vichert, Princeton (*in absentia*); Norman Joseph Ware, Toronto; William Brooks Waters, Guelph; Frederick William Weston, Campbellford.

Of Master of Arts:—Ralph Victor Bellamy, Edmonton, Alta.; Agnes Claire Hope Hitchon, Belleville; Robert Alexander Fyfe McDonald, Woodstock; Everton Acheson Miller, Toronto; Robert Herbert Roberts, Stratford; Herman Frederick Rolker, Baltimore, Md.

Of Bachelor of Theology:—Roy Carlyle Bensen, Chatham; Alfred Spurgeon Cross, Caledonia; Charles Durrant Jones, West Flamboro'; John Bates McLaurin, Toronto; Harry Roscoe

Nobles, Toronto; Victor Ernest Reid, Cremona, Alta.; Clarke Llewellyn Timpany, Aylmer; John Glynn Williams, Wales.

Messrs. Thomas Morris, of Owen Sound, and Charles Hiram Schutt, of Toronto, were granted the degree of Bachelor of Divinity.

Prof. P. S. Campbell addressed the graduating class in a short but able address. He insisted upon the necessity for thorough, sincere work in life if good is to be accomplished. The student had learned in the class room his limitations in the realm of the intellectual. He must also recognize the need of moral tuition and let the Divine Spirit inform his mind that he might become a force in society.

The recipients of the honorary degrees gave brief addresses. Dr. Gilmour, who was the first speaker, recalled the time when he was a student at 'Varsity with Chancellor McKay and Dr. D. E. Thomson. Referring to his illness, Dr. Gilmour said he owed the Chancellor a personal debt of gratitude. He felt honored to receive a degree from the University on the staff of which he was a Professor, and which represented the denomination of which he was a member.

Dr. Hunt said that for opposite reasons he also appreciated the honor conferred upon him. He was a stranger and the citizen of another country. Denison University, however, held to similar ideals as McMaster, and there was therefore a sympathetic bond between the two institutions. The aim of education was to make big men. This required ideals, convictions and broad interests and sympathies. Because McMaster stood for this conception of education he felt honored in receiving a degree from her Senate.

Dr. Blue declared that not enough attention was paid to reading, writing, spelling and cyphering. The necessity of correct physical and sanitary conditions had also been largely overlooked. To demonstrate this he read a short paper, weighty with statistics, which showed the good results following increased attention along these lines.

Dr. Thompson said his experience with McMaster graduates at the Ontario Normal College had early convinced him that McMaster aimed to develop men and women.

Dr. Falconer received an especially hearty round of applause

on rising to speak. He referred to the degree as a token of the friendship between the two Universities and of the loyalty to their alma mater of graduates of 'Varsity who are connected with McMaster. He believed that if McMaster could combine the strong denominational power she possessed with the ability to look at facts just as they are, then she would be in a position to realize ideals and move forward in the right direction.

The singing of the National Anthem brought the year's work to a close.

Class Elections.

After the results were announced Tuesday morning Naught-eight met in classroom 8 and elected permanent officers. Mr. Edgar Cohoe was chosen President and Miss Anna B. MacIntosh Secretary. It was decided to hold a reunion in 1913.

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